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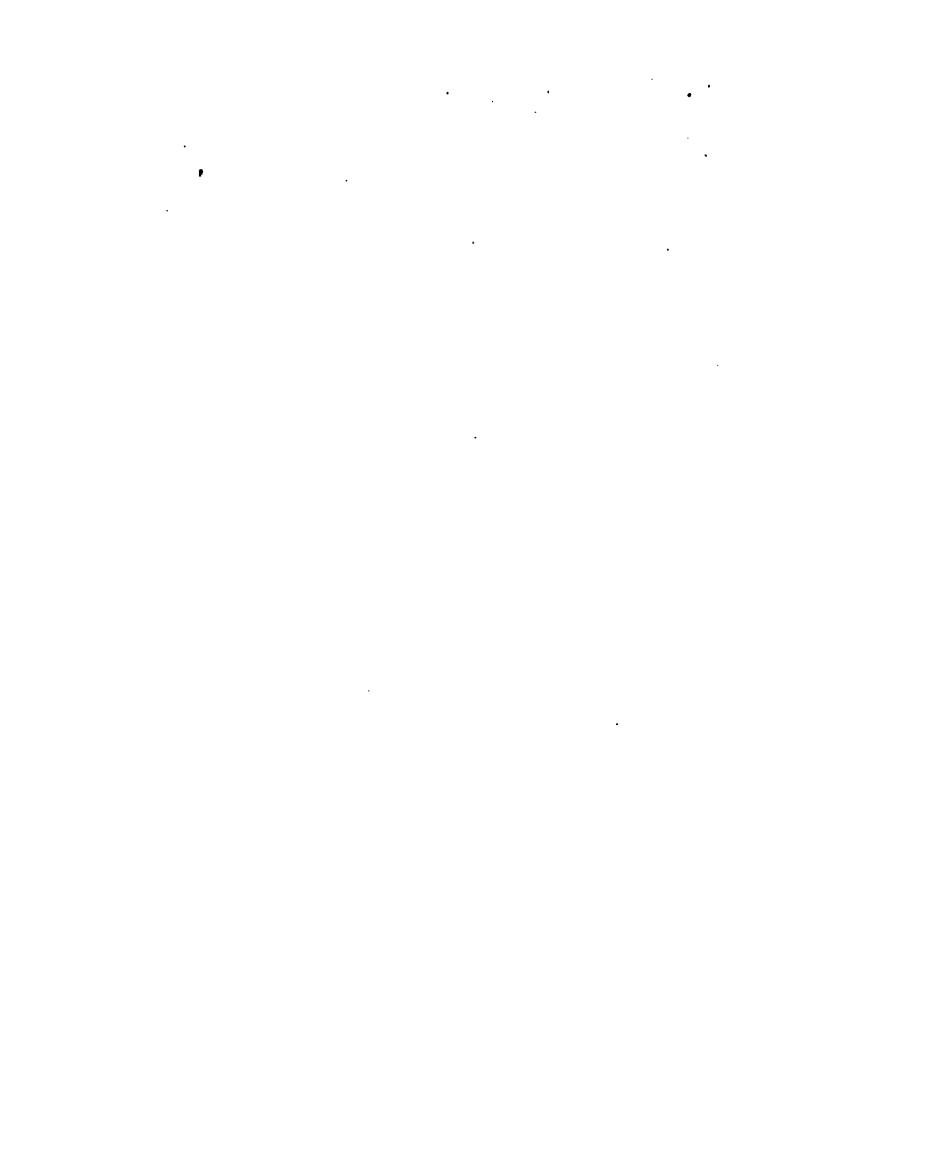
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THE  
**Juvenile Missionary Herald.**

M.DCCC.LIII.



Head of a Mexican Idol.



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# Index.

	PAGE		
Missionary Letters from Africa.		The Right Way of Reading	
By the Rev. J. Wheeler. No. 1		Bible .....	
(with an Engraving) .....	1	Sale of Gods in India ..	
What will you Have? A Piece		Intelligence.—Glasgow ..	
for to-day .....	5	Krishna Pal. The First	
The Fête Dieu .....	7	Convert. No. 1 (with a	
The Banian Tree (with an En-		graving) .....	
graving) .....	11	The Child-Colporteur .....	
What is Prayer? .....	12	What the Gospel can do;	
The New Year's Gift. Written		Missionary Meeting at	
for the Nursery .....	14	Cannibals .....	
Missionary Letters from Africa.		Saint Dionysius of Zante (	
By the Rev. J. Wheeler. No. 2		an Engraving) .....	
(with an Engraving) .....	17	"Where there's a Will there	
"Safe! Safe! Safe!" A Mis-		Way" .....	
sionary Fact .....	20	A Happy Death-bed .....	
How Bretons Live .....	22	Krishna Pal. The First Hindu	
The Cocoa Nut Tree Climber		Convert. No. 2 (with an En	
(with an Engraving) .....	25	graving) .....	
Chinese Method of Curing the		What does the Missionary Bo	
Sick .....	27	say? Part 1 .....	
The Violet-Sower. A Sketch		More about the Zulus .....	
for the Young .....	28	Temple of Shiva (with an En	
Each one can Pray .....	30	graving) .....	
Intelligence.—Battersea Juvenile		Saleh, an Arab Convert .....	
Missionary Working Society.—		The Blind Boy and his Bible...	
Vernon Chapel Sunday School,		A Testament Spolling a Dog...	
Pentonville .....	32	Annual Juvenile Meetings, Lon	
Missionary Letters from Africa.		don .....	
By the Rev. J. Wheeler. No. 3		Missionary's Hut in the Tree	
(with an Engraving) .....	33	(with an Engraving) .....	
Little Bessie; or, I would be a		What does the Missionary Bo:	
Missionary .....	35	say? Part 2 .....	
The Zulus (with two Engravings)		How a Half-finished Idol Looks	
Demonology of Ceylon. By Mrs.		By the Rev. William Ashmor	
Davies .....	44	Benares (with an Engraving) .	
What Black Children in Jamaica		Instances of Successful Juvenil	
do .....	47	Effort .....	
Perils of the Sea (with an En-		The Malay Boy and the Tiger .	
graving) .....	49	Brabmin carrying Holy Water	
Eather; or, The Little Mission-		(with an Engraving) .....	
ary .....	52	"I want to do something for God"	
The Rhodias of Ceylon (with two		A Singhalese Letter (with two	
Engravings) .....	56	Engravings) .....	
More Missionaries for India ....	58	Railways among the Heathen	



	PAGE	
Budha .....	122	The Duallah Ladies at
Happy Death of a Little Caffre Girl .....	124	(with an Engraving)
Fire in a Zulu Kraal .....	126	Isalah's Satire on Idol
Krishna Pal. The First Hindoo		The Sugar Banana ..
Convert. No. 3 (with an Engraving) .....	129	Do you Pray? .....
Hard to be Good .....	132	An African Letter....
Traveling in Negro-land (with an Engraving) .....	135	The Fingoes (with a tag) .....
The Italian Boy .....	137	Little Austin's Wish
A Boarding School at Nellore ..	139	Gifts and Conditions
The Woman of Cochin China ..	141	A Happy Hindoo Girl
A Missionary Deified .....	142	Trick of a Hindoo De
The Little Karen Child .....	143	Thankfulness of an In
The Boy who Read to some Purpose .....	143	A Fitting Resolve ....
An African Tree (with an Engraving) .....	145	
Krishna Pal. The First Hindoo		<b>Poetry</b>
Convert. No. 4 .....	147	Earth and Heaven.
Remarkable Deliverance of a Missionary .....	150	Richardson .....
Hair Cutting among the Brahmins .....	154	Clara Bell. By Mrs
Missionary Boxes .....	156	Judson .....
Scripture Illustrations .....	158	The Child's Talent ..
Serpent Charmers (with an Engraving) .....	161	The Dying Sunday &
Krishna Pal. The First Hindoo		By Mrs. L. H. Sigo
Convert. No. 5 .....	163	The Little Child's Pr
An Essay by an Hindoo .....	165	A Child's Summer H
Seed Springing up at Cameroons (with an Engraving) .....	168	Christ at the Well ..
		"Children, have ye a
		By Caroline A. Bri
		The Violet's Lesson
		J. D. Chaplin .....
		Little Emma's Drea
		F. Gould .....
		The Missionary's Far

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



Missionary Letters from Africa.

No. 1.

BY THE REV. J. WHEELER.

Clarence, Fernando-Po, March 10th, 1852.

My dear Walter,

I was much pleased at receiving a letter from you, and hearing that my coming out to Africa had made you feel more interested in missionary work. You ask me about the heathen here, and their language. With the exception of this settlement, they form the population of the island, and  
(January.



live in a very primitive state. They are very inoffensive although energetic when provoked; and it is said here that Spanish or Portuguese settlers were to come to the island they would massacre them or drive them away, so keenly do they still feel the bad treatment received from each in past times. As you may expect, they are very dirty in their persons, daubing their bodies with red earth, and working it well into their bushy hair. They wear no clothing, but the "gentlemen," as they are called, adorn their bodies plentifully with beads, grass-made chains of their own plaiting, and suspended lumps of goat's fat! Their talk is very pleasant to the ear, but their language not easily acquired. They talk so quick, and glide one word so much into another, that a learner will make continual mistakes. What has already been done is too imperfect to be a safe guide, and the much there is to attend to among the people of Clarence, and my illnesses, have prevented my making any great progress myself. I have paid one visit to them, and you may be glad to hear some account of it. I had long been wishing to go, but the rains and my illness had quite prevented. I found, however, a favourable opportunity before the end of the year.

Having fixed a day, I started early in the morning with one of our deacons, who has had a little school-house built in a Bubi village called Basili, about five or six miles up the mountain, and who is engaged to spend at least half the week in endeavouring to gather some of the children, or any that will come, to receive some instruction. We were accompanied by two others, settlers in this place (Clarence). One of these is Bubi born, and knows a little of the language, but imperfectly, for he left the mountain to live here when very young. Passing from this house to the further corner of the town, we soon came amongst lower bush wood, and, getting over a little style, just like English excursionists, we got well into the path to

the bush. The underwood was not very thick on each side, but often so close on the path that we had to brush or break through it. The dew was still thick upon it, just as thick as the drops after a smart shower in England; the consequence was, that the long coat I had on was soon wringing wet at the skirts, and my legs did not escape. I now began to observe some of the farms of the town people on either side,—portions of the bush which had been cleared and paled in, and then planted with yams or other things, which the settlers make their food. Most of the people here have these farms, and when their regular work is slack they give more attention to them; but the principal labour is performed by boys, *i. e.*, servants of any age—Bubi, Bimbila, or Cameroon men, who come to the town to get engaged.

As we advanced the tall trees increased, the sun began to throw more of his rays through the branches and across our path, increasing the beauty of the foliage, &c. We soon came to the first brook which we had to cross,—there it lay in a deep hollow, pouring its sweet, clear waters quietly along; but it was like a panther at rest, for when the heavy rains come the brooks swell, and rise, and dash forward and downward with irresistible impetuosity; so are our sinful feelings when at rest, but when temptation comes to stimulate, how they will defy all restraint!

And now, to such a stay-at-home traveler as I am, came a little difficulty. Hitherto, indeed, although the season was dry, and the path called good, it yet had been rather troublesome walking; there was rather a greasy slipperiness about the earth, and it was interspersed, as all the ground here is, with hard stones of different sizes, all pretty large, and, further, the path was crossed by tortuous roots of trees. Here, at the brook, besides these, the way down was most steep. I was glad to exchange my umbrella for the long Bubi stick of our leader.



However, the descent was made without any unpleasant slip. On coming to the stream, my guide, tucking up his trousers, waded into the water to lead me over the stones, which abound in the brooks, as well as everywhere else. It was, perhaps, more difficult to clamber up the opposite side. Here our leader and another had a decided advantage; indeed, all the way; they had no shoes, and hence could pinch and fit their feet as they liked, to the inequalities of the way.

We now got into the thick of the trees—palms, cotton, red wood, and others. The appearance of the palms was very beautiful, especially at one part. A considerable group shot up their fine tall trunks uniting their plume-covered tops so as to form a rich verdant roof, lightened and beautified by the peeps of sunshine glistening through them. It was a natural cathedral,—the light and graceful columns,—the springing arches, formed by the branches as they shot forth from the tree and expanded, meeting, at points, the others,—even the regularity of the trees combined to make one to feel,—Here is a temple to worship the Lord of Heaven and Earth, but how few the worshipers! Some of the others are most noble trees, shooting up a hundred and twenty feet and upwards,—a hundred or more feet straight up without a branch or even a knot, smooth and grey, here and there richly marked with dashes and stripes of brown or red moss. The cotton trees have most singular trunks, sending out nearer their base, from their sides, portions like buttresses, and often in so fantastic a way that they look as if they had been put up against the tree afterwards, in consequence of some discovered weakness. If, in looking at them, I was not reminded of a cathedral, I was of some of our old country-churches, where you find their failing walls propped by various buttress-additions. Amid so much foliage we had but little of the sun, but where it gained an opening its light dappled our path most sweetly.



## What will you have?

A PIECE FOR TO-DAY.

Now, at this pleasant season of Christmas and the New Year, how many little hearts are beating high with bright hopes and fond anticipations of happiness; happiness, perhaps, in meeting dear friends, whose presence always brings gladness; or in preparing gifts to surprise and delight beloved ones; or in receiving like offerings of love, of gratitude, and kindly feeling.

Suppose, my little friends, you were permitted to choose your holiday presents, and to have whatever you like; what would it be?

"What!" exclaims some bright-eyed little girl, "have anything I want, and choose for myself! Oh, let me see!" and away flies her busy fancy—whether on wings of thought or on her living feet, no matter—to the shops and shops of pretty things, she has so often looked upon with wistful, longing eyes; believing, in the simplicity of her young heart, that with such treasures as these for her own, she could need nothing more to make her happy.

"And I," shouts some noisy boy, "it wouldn't take me long to tell what I'd have, while Sam Jenks has that perfect beauty of a grey poney to dispose of! How I would pet him, and train him, and take care of him, all myself! That's the horse for me, and I'd ask nothing better."

From this side and from that come again the gay voices and merry laugh of happy children, all eager to tell what they would prefer; changing their minds perhaps a dozen times in as many minutes, and, after all, returning to the first choice as the best.

Whose heart is not warmed in the presence of happy children?

Really happy children, I mean, and of course, therefore, *good* children; because it is well enough known that only the good are truly happy. Who does not delight to sympathize with them and to smile upon them with love and kindness, desiring to bless them and to do them good? While you, dear children, are rejoicing in the cheerful festivities of the holidays, I have been thinking of a little Scotch boy, and the gift that *he* preferred before all others for a coming New Year; and this made me wonder, in my own mind, what you would choose for yourselves. Shall I tell you about this boy?

Well, his name was Jamie; and he was poor. He hadn't many of the comforts of this life. "Oh," you say, "I guess he asked for some new clothes and some nice food; he must have needed them." Very possibly he did need them, but it wasn't *these* he asked. Jamie was sick. He had suffered many months, and expected to die. "Perhaps, then," you say, "he wanted a great deal of money to hire doctors who would try to help him."

No, no. Jamie would have liked to be well and strong, the same as any young boy, but it wasn't even health, precious as it is, that he most desired. So I will tell you.

"Margaret," said he, on the last day of the year, to the kind sister who nursed him, "I will tell you what I would like for my New Year's gift: I would like a praying heart, and a heart to love Christ more."

This was Jamie's greatest desire; a heart to pray, a heart to love Christ more! You look to your parents and to your earthly friends for your gifts; to whom did Jamie look for his? To God, his heavenly Friend, who alone could answer his request. How willingly, how freely God bestows such a blessing upon all who desire it! Have you the slightest doubt of the feelings with which your friends give you these tokens of their *love*? Oh, no! You are sure they come from their kind,

warm hearts, with the desire for your true good and happiness; and it is this confidence, as well as the gifts themselves, that affords you pleasure. So God is truly willing to give a praying heart and a loving heart to all who ask it. Find the text, Matt. vii. 11: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Learn this, to repeat; say it often. It is a precious verse. *Believe* it in your very hearts, and love and obey Him who spoke the words.

A neighbour called in to see Jamie, and said, "Poor Jamie, you'll get no fun this New Year." But Jamie, in his turn, pitied her, and said, "Poor body! I have far better than you have, though you had the whole world. This is the happiest New Year's day that ever I had, for I have Christ." She was a poor deaf woman, and ignorant of the joys of religion, which made Jamie pity her, and often pray for her. At one time, when his father said, "*Poor Jamie!*" he replied, "Ah, father, don't call me poor, I am rich; they that have Christ have all things."

Now, you see why this sick boy wished for such a New Year's gift. Every one desires what will make him happiest. How many of you, children, would esteem the gift of an humble, praying, loving heart, from God, as one more to be desired for its real worth and excellence than any other thing in all the world?

### The Fete Dieu.

It was a bright, beautiful day when, one Sunday, three years ago, I found myself in Antwerp. It is an old city, with curious houses, having pointed roofs and high gables. At the cor-

ners of the streets are images of saints, before which wax lights are often burning, and the people bow in worship as they pass on their way. As there was no Protestant church or chapel in the town, I went, soon after breakfast, to the Cathedral. It is a noble structure, more than six hundred feet long. A tall spire rises up to the sky on one side of the grand entrance, filled with chimes, whose tinkling tunes had been heard floating over the wide city for hours before the time for high mass had come.

I entered the doorway. There before me was spread out the grand nave, or central aisle of the building, with many rows of lofty pillars on each side, bearing on their summits the pointed arches, over which, in long lines of light, were the windows of stained glass, shedding their soft brilliance in wavering lines and points of colour over the thousands of people below. Some twenty thousand people were gathered within its walls. It was a high day. In all manner of coloured dresses the people stood, or kneeled, or walked about. Some counting their beads. Some bowing before the image of the Virgin Mary. Some praying prostrate before a huge cross, on which, as large as life, was a figure of our Saviour crucified. While many more were chatting together, waiting till the service should begin.

At last the organ pealed forth its grand sounds of harmony. Priests in white robes, with gorgeous vestments over them, of purple, and silver, and gold, were seen approaching the altar, and, amid the silence of the people, and the sweet melodies of the choir, bowing on the altar steps. Now mass was said. Now, at the tinkling of little bells, the people bent down their heads and prayed. Now, a bell pealed loud and shrill as the priest lifted up, in a golden vessel, the holy wafer for the people to worship and adore.

*The priests say this little round piece of bread is no longer*

bread, when they have muttered over it the words our Saviour spoke, as he supped with his disciples and gave them bread to eat, saying, "This is my body." The priests' words are said to have changed it into the body and blood of Christ. Even his bones are there, they say: although it continues to look like bread, and to taste like bread, and to touch like bread. But they falsely speak, for Christ is not there. He is in heaven, at the right hand of God.

Mass being over, by degrees the church filled with monks, and friars, and priests. Also many of the men clothed themselves in white garments. In the hands of some were tall tapers, burning and dropping the melted wax upon the ground. In others were lamps of gold and silver, held up on high on the top of tall poles, with lighted wax candles burning in them. While others carried banners of purple and gold, glittering with jewels, or ornamented with rich devices and curious patterns. Then came a canopy of cloth of gold, supported by four pole bearers, and surrounded by many priests in surplices. The procession being formed, the holy wafer, in its golden shrine, was taken down from the altar, and the bearer of it placed himself beneath the canopy.

Amid the sounds of the organ, and the chanting of the priests, the procession began to move. First it walked round the cathedral. Then it went forth into the street. At its head was borne a large gilt crucifix. Then followed lines of surpliced men with the tall tapers. Next came the priests; and, last of all, the canopy, and the host, or holy wafer.

I left the cathedral by a side door, and hastened to the street, where the chief event of the day would happen. It was a very broad street, becoming narrow by degrees at some distance from the top. In the narrow part was erected a small stage, ascended by rows of steps. On the top was a seated image of the Virgin Mary, crowned with stars, and all around beautiful

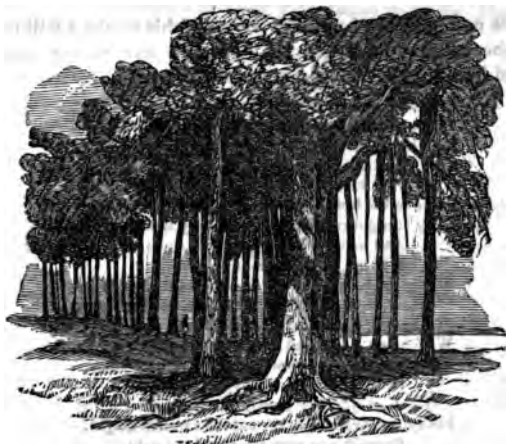


banners and tapestry. Fragrant flowers lined the steps up to her feet. Here crowds of people were waiting the approach of the procession. An hour passed away before the procession could reach the place. It had to pass through many streets, and very slowly, in order to give the people opportunity to worship as it passed. At last, however, the voices of the chanting priests were heard in a side street, and every one stood on tiptoe to catch the first glimpse of its approach. Soon the banners were seen floating above the heads of the people. The voices were clearer; the loud trombone resounded along the houses of the street, leading the chant; and as the ranks of attendants came near to the Virgin's throne, they parted on each side, for the priest bearing the wafer to mount the steps.

As the priest's foot touched the lowermost step, every voice was hushed. Then slowly mounting, the sweet tones of a children's hymn arose from one side. It was a hymn to the Virgin. And now the priest stood alone before her image. A small crucifix was placed at her feet, and then the holy wafer elevated in her presence. The smoke of incense, in clouds of fragrance, hovered around, while the priest chanted a few prayers, and often bowed the knee. Then, with the golden vessel in his hand, the priest turned to the people, and as he lifted up the wafer, every head uncovered, every knee bent, and many thousands of people worshiped the god their own hands had made. This done, the priest descended, the canopy moved on, the chants died away in the streets of the city, and, after a while, the procession returned to the cathedral.

It was the day of the Fête Dieu—"The Feast of God."

Thus is the gospel of Christ perverted by Romish priests. Thus do people who call themselves Christians practise idolatry and forget the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not make any graven image, or the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, to bow down to it."



### The Banian Tree.

Among the many beautiful trees of Ceylon there is none so grand as the banian tree. The Hindoos of India regard it as a very sacred tree. They say their god Vishnu was born under its branches. It is not propagated by seed; but from every branch fine fibres descend to the ground and take root. These gradually grow larger in size till they multiply in such numbers, that every tree itself forms a beautiful grove.

In his noble poem of "Paradise Lost," Milton thus describes it:—

"Branching, so broad along, that in the ground  
The bending twigs take root; and daughters grow  
About the mother tree; a pillared shade,  
High over-arched, with echoing walks between.  
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
Shelters in cool; and tends his pasturing herds  
At loopholes cut through thickest shade."



The poet Southey has given in one of his works a still more lengthened description of it. Perhaps our young readers would like to learn it by heart:—

"'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,  
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,  
And in the midst an aged banian grew.  
It was a goodly sight to see  
That venerable tree,  
For o'er the lawn irregularly spread,  
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head;  
And many a long depending shoot  
Seeking to strike its root,  
Straight, like a plummet, grew towards the ground.  
Some on the lower boughs, which cros'd their way,  
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,  
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;  
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway  
Of gentle motion swung;  
Others of younger growth, unmov'd were hung  
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.  
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,  
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor;  
And through the leafy cope that bower'd it o'er  
Came gleams of chequered light.  
So like a temple did it seem, that there  
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer."

### What is Prayer?

About twenty years ago, a little boy was put to bed at day by his sister. He kneeled down before a chair to say his prayers. A young lady, a visitor, was present, and she listened whilst he repeated them. He knew that she was observing him; and he said them in a very careful manner, with his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands clasped. "How sweetly *prays,*" whispered the lady. This was all she said; but

heard it, and his heart was filled with gratified pride. He had scarcely thought of God in his prayers; yet he went to bed glad and happy—not because he felt that he had pleased God, but because he himself had been praised! Was this prayer? I will tell you what he did afterwards, and then you can judge.—

One day he made a kite; it would not fly, but turned round and round. After trying awhile to make it rise in the air he became angry, and dashed the kite on the ground, and stamped upon it with his feet. No one was near, and he cursed the kite—not loudly—but softly, least somebody should hear him. He did it with the same tongue which the young lady said had “prayed so sweetly.” He forgot God when he cursed, as well as when he said his prayers. Had he prayed?—

A few years passed away. He was now eight years old, and he often felt much troubled when he thought of his sins. There were no simple instructive books published at that time, to teach young children the way to be saved. He knew that he ought to pray; but he did not rightly understand how Jesus Christ was his Saviour. It is true that he often had heard the minister and his mother speak of Him; but no one explained to him, in a manner that he could understand, that he should love and trust the Saviour just as he would confide in his father. To quiet his conscience, when it was uneasy, he resolved to say three prayers secretly every day. This plan he followed for a time: he then grew careless and forgot to pray, until something alarmed him, when he began again; and to make up for lost time, he counted up the days in which he had forgotten his devotions, and remained on his knees until he had repeated three prayers for each neglected day. But it was very tiresome to stay so long on his knees, and he therefore hastened over them as rapidly as his tongue could move, little feeling that something more was needed than mere repeating of words. Was this prayer?—

Many years passed away, and he became a man. His father and mother died, and many of his friends beside. There were very few left in the world to love him; and he wandered to another city. He was sad and lonely: he felt that everything worldly was vain and unsatisfying. He had no true happiness here, and he had no hope in looking to the life to come. He knew that God was not his friend. God could not be pleased with sinners; and he felt that he was a sinner. One Sabbath he went into a church, and there heard of God in such a way as he had never before heard. Overcome with sorrow, he went to his bed-room, and, in the agony of his soul, he threw himself upon the floor, and asked the Lord to have mercy upon him. He felt that he could not cast himself down low enough before his Maker. He repented that he had sinned so long and so much against the holy and good God, and resolved, by the help of the gracious Spirit, to do so no more. He became a christian; and then experienced that one moment's enjoyment of the love and favour of the Lord, was worth ten thousand worlds. THIS WAS PRAYER!

### The New Year's Gift.

WRITTEN FOR THE NURSERY.

It was the first Sunday in the New Year, and the children were met for afternoon school. Lucy H—— was seated with her class, when another teacher came towards her.

"Will you lend me the missionary box?" enquired Miss M——, with a smile; "this little girl has a farthing to put in."

While her teacher was speaking, the child, who could scarcely have been five years old, dropped the coin into the box. She had been very poorly, and this was her first visit after her illness; the farthing was her *New Year's Gift* to the Mission!

"She is much interested in the cause," said her teacher. Lucy smiled, and sat down. But her thoughts would wander to this little girl and her farthing; and as they were very simple, and I think you will understand them, I will tell you, little reader, what these thoughts were.

Lucy remembered that the little girl might have spent it in sweetmeats. Some children think a farthing's worth of sweetmeats a great deal (as some do a farthing's worth of *bread*), and this little one might have spent *her* money that way. Was it not pleasant to think that she had given it to the missionaries? Does it not remind you of the poor widow mentioned in the 12th chapter of Mark, who gave "two mites, which make a farthing," even all that she had? Then, you know, the little girl might have put it into her money-box, and so have saved it for a long time; but she would rather save it by using it to send the word of salvation to the heathen. Then, again, she might have made a great fuss about it, and she might have told all the class of it, and asked if *they* had nothing to give; but she would rather slip it quietly down, so that even her teacher did not see her do it. Now, I dare say some of you have been smiling, and thinking this was not much for a New Year's Gift. Do you think God despises so small a gift? *I think not!* And if every boy and girl in our schools had given the same, there would be more Bibles sent out this year than last, I think. Have *you*, who smile at a farthing, given your New Year's offering to the Mission yet? and, if so, *how* have you given it? Has it been when you might have bought something else with it? when you might have saved it? and has it been given quietly, and *without pride*? If not, I fear you have no right to smile! and if you can answer *Yes*, I am sure you will be the last to despise the infant's *New Year's Gift*.

*Longsight, Manchester.*

C \* \* \* \*

## Earth and Heaven.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON.

There is grief, there is grief—there is wringing of hands,  
And weeping and calling for aid;  
For sorrow hath summoned her group, and it stands  
Round the couch where the sufferer is laid.  
And lips are all pallid, and cheeks are all cold,  
And tears from the heart-springs are shed;  
Yet who that looks on, the sweet saint to behold,  
But would gladly lie down in her stead!

There is grief, there is grief—there is anguish and strife,  
See, the sufferer is tolling for breath!  
For the spirit will cling, oh, how fondly, to life,  
And stern is the struggle with death!  
But the terrible conflict grows deadlier still,  
Till the last fatal symptoms have birth;  
And the eyeball is glazed, and the heart-blood is chill;  
And this is the portion of EARTH!

• • • • •

There is bliss, there is bliss—in the regions above,  
They have opened the gates of the sky;  
A spirit hath soared to those mansions of love,  
And seeks for admittance on high.  
And friends long divided are hasting to greet  
To a land where no sorrow may come,  
And the seraphs are eager a sister to meet,  
And to welcome the child to its home!

There is bliss, there is bliss—at the foot of the throne,  
See, the spirit all purified bend;  
And it beams with delight since it gazes alone,  
On the face of a father, a friend!  
Then it joins in the anthems for ever that rise,  
And its frailty or folly forgiven.  
It is dead to the earth; and new-born to the skies;  
And this is the portion of HEAVEN!



## Missionary Letters from Africa.

No. 2.

BY THE REV. J. WHEELER.

We had to cross four brooks before we arrived at Basili, ascending and ascending,—and here were the most beautiful portions of our walk; whether we looked down at the brook, sparkling here and there in the sun, or across, up the opposite thway, the trees and creepers bending and hanging over the water, the opening through the bush before us, and the changing light that flickered through the trees, almost riveted me those spots.

About half-way we met a party of the natives going to the town, and saluted them with "Oepode," i.e., "Good morning;" some were children or youths; I went forward to say something to one I thought, till I was nearer, a boy, but who proved to be a girl, when, uttering a faint cry, she started in terror. The young are very shy of strangers. I am told that some of the crew of vessels anchoring in our bay, when they



go into the bush delight too much in alarming these poor people. At the village I happened to point my stick, when a boy behind the house seeing me, ran off as quick as he could, quite in a fright.

I think you would have been surprised at one thing I saw, which shewed how rich the soil is in this climate. It was a portion of a large tree, about six or eight feet in length, lying across the path; it had been cut through at either end, but from the uppermost side there had shot straight up a branch which had already obtained thickness enough to throw out other branches, and formed, in fact, a small tree, growing out of this bit of the old tree. I do not know whether this old trunk had taken root on the under side or not; but I suppose it likely that it had sent out fibres, which soon would root in the rich soil. I afterwards saw the same thing, but less advanced, in another portion of a trunk, lying just out of the path. In our way we also saw some plantations of what they call *coco*. I had seen them before, growing in some of the town gardens, being planted for food; but I had never examined a plant. Passing close to them now, I was led to notice the flower, and was surprised to recognize an old acquaintance, but certainly "grown almost out of knowledge." It was just, on an immense scale, what some call "lords and ladies;" these, however, were all "ladies," the bulb-shaped pistils being in all of a delicate cream colour; I looked in vain to discover some of the "lords," with their pink, or purple, or golden vests and rich doublets.

After a walk of about an hour and a half or two hours we arrived at Basili, but found the place deserted; the low wood huts left, or pulled down. On asking our guide the reason, he said that the people had had much sickness lately, and, many having died, they had resolved to fly from the spirit which they said had come to vex them, and were now building

new huts a little further off. We first found we were near a village by coming up to a *gate*, as they call it. The branches of two small trees were made to meet. Sticks on either side, bound together, formed a kind of side-posts, and the smaller branches were so twisted round as to make what would be quite a tasty entrance to a garden-arbour. Passing through the old gate, and further on through the new one, we came at last to the huts of the gentleman or chief of the village. Our leader, Smith, introduced me as White Missionary, come to see him. The "gentleman" looked very much pleased, and very heartily shook my hand, which I offered him. After an exchange of "Oepode," and "How a do, Smittee?" i. e., Smith, we were invited to be seated; a fallen trunk of a tree serving for a chair. His wives, of which only three or four were then at home, stared at me, looked very shy, and kept back. I nodded, and endeavoured, by signs, to give them encouragement. There were some children with them. I beckoned them; they only dare just timidly peer at me, and then run up again to their mothers. When we had sat a little while and talked, the women came and sat round more close, looking and looking till they seemed to get used to my white face; one woman especially, who at last came up and sat quite at my feet, still looking up with a kind of pleased awe. I endeavoured to talk with the "gentleman," through my Bubi friend or Smith. He often comes to Clarence, and can talk a few stray words of English. He said he was very glad to see Smittee come to teach, but he too old to learn, and his heart quite glad I come. I was his good friend, and he very good friend to the English; but if he come to Clarence to learn book he would make his father's spirit angry, for his father and his father's father had been "gentlemen" there, and they would do him plenty harm if he left that place. We told him we wanted him to "learn book," and learn to know God, and then that he might teach

his people. He said these were all very good words, his heart glad to hear them, but he did not know ; but Smittee must come and make house in new place, and the boys should come to learn. We could find no boys then, they and the rest of the people were scattered collecting wood for their new huts. We found even the "gentleman's" house miserably low and dark, and as it was fine and warm and all sitting in the air, I only peeped in. To enter I must have stooped, being only about four and a half feet high. They seem to use the huts principally to sleep in, or huddle together in damp weather. We sat here, therefore, and ate our sandwiches, having got from them some beautifully cool clear water from a neighbouring brook ; we drank it out of a tin pot Smith kept at the school-house. They also brought us some *topay*, cool and fresh, from the palm tree. It is in *this* state most refreshing, and I should think wholesome, for a summer's draft. Much is brought into the town, but it soon loses its freshness, tastes flat, and will intoxicate if drunk very plentifully. After endeavouring to talk of the Saviour to them through my interpreter, and with hearty farewells, we left the "gentleman" and his family. He begged of me to come and see him again, which I promised to try to do.

### "Safe ! Safe ! Safe !"

#### A MISSIONARY FACT.

A New England whale ship foundered in a gale, some years since, in the great Pacific. Her crew took to the boats, and, after toiling for several days and nights, two of the boats came in sight of an island. One of them was run through the surf, and the crew jumped on shore, making signs to the natives to express their destitute condition. But no pity dwelt in those *savage breasts*. Rushing upon the exhausted seamen with *their clubs*, they instantly killed them, and made preparations

to feast upon their bodies; for they were cannibals. Seeing the fate of their companions, the other boat's crew pulled hastily away from that dreadful spot; and, after almost incredible suffering, were picked up by a friendly vessel, and saved.

Some years passed away, and another ship was wrecked in the same seas, and near that island. Her commander had been second mate of the former ship, and was saved with the boat's crew which witnessed the destruction of their shipmates by the cannibals. Again he approached the island, a wrecked mariner, and reduced by hunger and exhaustion to a feeble and emaciated state. He recognized the fatal shore, and told his companions of the cannibals who dwelt beyond it. But they were too weak to put out to sea again. To do so was to die. They could but die if they landed, and perhaps the savages might be merciful. They landed, therefore, though in great fear.

Perceiving none of the natives, they hauled their boat up on the beach, and sought the shelter of the adjacent woods, in the hope of finding fruits or berries for subsistence. But once in the woods, their fears increased. They moved stealthily along, alarmed at the crackling of the dry branches beneath their feet, and at every unusual rustling of the leaves. Death seemed to speak in every sound, and to leer upon them through every opening glade of the forest. Cold sweats gathered on their sunbrowned brows, and more than once they halted, and consulted on the propriety of returning to their boat. But as often they resolved to advance, especially as they found themselves ascending a wooded hill, which they hoped might furnish them with a nook or cave in which to hide. Thus, trembling, they proceeded. They approached its summit, which was bold and rocky. The foremost of the party ventured from the shelter of the trees to view the island. Cautiously he stole, step by step,

to the mountain's brow, until his eye caught sight of the village below. Then he literally sprang into the air, clapped his hands, and shouted, "safe! safe! SAFE!"

"What is the matter?" asked his companions, who thought him crazy.

"We are safe, I tell you! We are safe," he replied, pointing to the village on the plain below.

Looking down, the now joyful seamen beheld a church, lifting its modest front above the huts of the natives. Then they shared in the transports of their companion. They leaped, they wept, they embraced. They knew by that church the missionary was there. They knew that where he lived cannibalism must be dead. They accordingly descended to the plain, and found, instead of a cruel death, a hearty, generous hospitality.

This fact beautifully exhibits the power of benevolent effort to create blessing. For was it not the gold of the good in christian England, sanctified to holy uses, that transformed that island and its inhabitants from barbarism to moral beauty? True, the Holy Ghost, acting by the truth and the living preacher, was the agent; but it was sanctified effort, the gifts of benevolent hearts, that sent those instruments, and led to that delightful result. Dear children, even *you* may do much to help on this glorious work. You may do much even now, and much more, we hope, when you get to be men and women. Will you not *try* both now and then?

### How Bretons Live.

Just across the channel, in France, there is a large district of country called Brittany. There Mr. Jenkins labours to make known to the poor Roman Catholic people the true gospel of our Saviour. It is called Brittany because it is inhabit-

ed by the descendants of the ancient Britons, people of the same race as the Welsh, and of language very much like that spoken in Wales. The Bretons retain many peculiar religious customs, and their country contains very ancient and curious monuments of Druid worship.

Many of the peasants are little better than savages, and are almost as wild as animals of the forest. The streets of the towns are very narrow. The houses are very high, built tier upon tier, and at the top they approach so close together across the street as almost to shut out the light. Some of the shops are open, like booths at a fair, and as passers-by go along, the tradesmen call out as in old time they did in London, "What d'ye lack?"

Markets and fairs are very numerous, and great events. At other times there is not much buying and selling; but when a market takes place, the country people, for twenty and thirty miles round, flock to the place, thronging the roads with their carts and horses, to exchange all sorts of articles for money. All things have a price. Many young girls drive a singular traffic. They sell their hair. They let it grow for a year or two. Then on some market-day the girl comes to town, bargains for the value, generally about tenpence, and that settled, submits to the shears.

The condition of the lower classes is miserable, and their food poor and scanty. Very seldom do they taste meat. Their chief food is a soup made of hot water and a cabbage leaf, and the tiniest little bit of butter. With this, and some black porridge, they starve from day to day. There is not much difference in the wages of a Breton and an Englishman, but an English labourer would do twice as much work in a day. The people live in a most dirty way. Pigs, poultry, men, women, and children, all frequently eat, drink, and sleep in the one only room, of which their cottages, and many farm-

houses are built. It is, indeed, nothing better than a pig-stye. The sleeping places are made against the wall, like berths in a ship. If a house have three or four rooms, it is usually inhabited by as many families. The rooms are more dirty than an English cowhouse. The window is a little narrow slit, filled up with cobwebs. There are no outbuildings, save a huge dung heap by the door: nor is there a garden. His day's work done, the Breton peasant spends his evenings in the ale-house. Very few children live through the dirt and misery of their childhood. Out of large families, sixteen children in number, only two have been known to live to manhood. There are no poor-laws. If a man is too old to work, he may starve or die like a dog. There is no workhouse where he may end his days in peace and plenty.

The peasants do not mind rain. Day after day they will work away though it pours; but they will drink till they are intoxicated. They seem to think it quite right to get drunk at least once a week, and that it is a sufficient excuse for work not done, to say, "I was drunk yesterday, and *could* not do it." They are very far from being honest. They will cheat one another if they can. One day a violent quarrel arose in a shop between the shopman and a customer, who declared that he had paid for some article that he had taken. This the shopman denied.

"How much did you pay?" said the shopman.

The peasant was puzzled at this; for he did not know, or had forgotten, the exact price; but he boldly said, "Three-sous."

"Good," said the other, "and where did I put it?"

"In your pocket," said the man.

The shopkeeper then turned his pockets inside out. There was nothing there; beside which the price was only two sous. "Thus," he said, "it is every day. They steal everything

they can. Last market day I lost my weights; before that my scissars: I must soon keep a person to watch in the shop on market-days."

In another number we will give some further account of the Bretons. They have a religion. It is popery. But it does not even make them honest, much less to fear God.

### The Cocoa Nut Tree Climber.



At pages 149 and 161 of our last year's "Juvenile Herald" we gave an account of the palm tree, and of the way in which the natives of Africa climb to obtain the fruit, and the sweet fluid which flows from it, and is made into an intoxicating drink. We now give a picture of a negro just ready to climb one of these tall trees. He has his calabash slung at his back, and a sharp knife of flint or hard wood in his girdle. Thus his hands and feet are quite free, and he can climb with great swiftness the upright trunk. No sooner does he reach the top than he removes the calabash he hung there the day before, which is now filled with a sweet milky fluid, and hangs in its place the empty one at his back. He quickly slides to the ground, and pours the full vessel into a large one he has brought for the purpose, and then hastens to another tree. This he climbs

in the same way, and repeats the same process. So he goes from tree to tree until he has obtained as much as he needs.



For many long years no one ever spake the word of God to these poor negroes of Africa. Their days were either spent in idleness, in sin, or in such work as would suffice to find them food. Clothing they had none. Their huts were built of branches of trees and mud. Their drinking cups and vessels were made of cocoa nut shells, or the hard shells of gourds. In their dwellings were no stools nor tables, only logs of wood for seats, and grass mats for table cloths and bedding.

Above all, they were ignorant of God. They worshiped sticks, or strange pieces of wood carved in uncouth shapes. They lived in continual war, and the prisoners were sold as slaves. Many of these slaves were often rescued by English ships and taken to Sierra Leone, where they were set free, and instructed in schools in the fear of God, and the love of his dear Son our Lord.

One poor man, who had learnt to read the Testament, said one day, when he was asked how he liked his new book, "I cannot thank the Lord Jesus Christ enough for this good book, for I have seen myself in it." It shewed him how wicked he had been, while it pointed him to the Lamb of God, who had taken away his sins.

Another, who had been a very wicked man, said, in reply to the question, "Well, how is your heart now?" "Massa, my heart no live here now. My heart live there," pointing to the skies.

There are very many of these poor Africans now the children of God. They no longer drink intoxicating drinks, nor do they climb the trees to obtain it. They love the Saviour, and their heart's delight is to serve him, and sing his praise. Let us pray that the missionary's labours may be very much blessed, so that multitudes of them may be turned from darkness to light.

## Chinese Method of Curing the Sick.

In a crowded city there will of course be much sickness, and many of the sick will have such diseases as they suppose only the priest can rid them of; therefore, the services of the priests will be in frequent requisition. The night is the time to which they seem to be most partial for the performance of their ceremonies; so that those who have Chinese for near neighbours must experience many sleepless nights; there are few persons that can sleep soundly amidst the unceasing clang-a-rang of gongs and bells, the sing-song and jabber of human voices, and the deafening sounds of powder crackers set off in large handfuls, some of which give a report like a musket. I will relate something of our experience in this matter.

When we lived on the north bank of the river, opposite the Salt Gate, we had for one of our neighbours, Mr. Zah. He was an old man, quite venerable in appearance, with a long white beard falling down over his breast. He had been a boatman, and his four or five sons all followed the same employment. Most of them were married, and all lived with their father, or within the same enclosure, each family having separate apartments. Our south-east window looked down into their yard, and we were obliged to hear all the scolding that occurred in case of disagreement and quarrel; and sometimes to hear the crying of the wives when their husbands whipped them; for the poor Chinese women have to bear whipping, or whatever their husbands see fit to inflict upon them.

One day one of the young men was seized with a violent pain in the head and limbs, which caused great alarm throughout the house. After due consideration it was decided that an evil spirit must have got possession of the young man, and that he was then beating his bones, which caused the pain.

Therefore a Taou priest was consulted, and about dark he came to the house, accompanied by assistants. Several tables were arranged along through the centre of the middle room, and spread with an abundance of cooked food, and over this the performers began their incantations. There was very little sleep for us that night, with such a bedlam under our window. The priest continued chanting till near morning, and the assistants did not weary in endeavouring to force from their instruments the requisite quantity of harsh sounds. Candles and incense sticks, were kept burning, and large powder crackers were lighted and thrown high in the air, where they exploded with a report equal to that of a rifle. One would think such confusion and distressing noise would craze a healthy person: what then must be its effects upon the sick! That night's performance must have cost the Zah family several dollars; perhaps all the young man had earned for two months. Thus it is they labour to fee and to feed the worthless priests, who only deceive and injure them: while they deprive themselves and their needy families of wholesome food and comfortable clothing!

Is there anything we can do to teach them how they may be released from this cruel taxation? and learn to go with all their diseases and sorrows to the Great Physician, who will turn none away?

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### The Violet-Sower.

A SKETCH FOR THE YOUNG.

One beautiful spring morning, a little child sat on the stone at his father's door, in the sunshine, playing with a number of small seeds. He threw them about carelessly until there was *only one left*. "I will plant this in the earth," said he; so he

ran to a bank, and having made a tiny hole, he laid the shining seed within it, and covered it up, raising a little heap of earth above it to mark the spot, that he might return to look at it again. And the spring sunbeams smiled upon the mound where the little seed lay buried, and the gentle dew and refreshing rain moistened it. Thus was it nourished, till at last it opened its smooth case, and spread its clasping fibres round it, and grew, and grew, until two little green leaves passed up above the soil: these soon raised themselves higher, and at length it became a full-grown plant, with two tiny buds, which soon expanded into sweet blue violets. But the child did not see them, for he was far away.

When autumn came, these sweet flowers faded, and in their place came two little bags of seed, and as soon as they were ripe, they showered down on the earth a great number of seeds, like the one the little child had planted. While the stern cold winter lasted these little seeds lay snugly in their bed of earth; but when the mild spring sunshine beamed once more, they too sprang up, spreading their green leaves and opening their graceful flowers beside the parent plant; and every succeeding season there sprang up more violet plants, until the bank was covered with their luxuriant green leaves, and such a number of violets opened their modest flowers, that the air was filled with their fragrance, and the passers-by paused to admire the lovely spot: and many took seeds away to plant in their gardens, and a little city child carefully carried a young plant to her humble home, and placed it in a box in her father's window, that it might smile upon her with its sweet blue eyes.

Thus years went by. The little boy was now a man in a far off country, but his heart still loved his childhood's home, and, therefore, he crossed the seas and visited it again in the sweet spring-time. When he came to the bank of violets, he paused to breathe the delicious perfume; then he remembered

how, in his infant play, he had sown the solitary seed. "Can it be," he asked, as he looked in astonishment at the spot, "that all these have sprung from the one I planted?" Then stooping he gathered a flower, and as he thoughtfully gazed on its simple beauty, he exclaimed, "I will never waste a seed again!"

Dear children, many of you have gardens, and perhaps you are fond of working in them, and you like to sow the seeds which you hope to see spring up into flowers. But there are other seeds you can sow—loving looks, and gentle words, and kind actions—all these are seeds which you may sow every day: when you interest one of your companions in a good cause, you have sown a seed; or when you have given a penny to help the missionaries, you have sown a seed; or when you have given a tract to a wayside labourer, you may have planted the germ of many a lovely flower that will blossom beautifully sometime. Then, dear children, will you not say with the Violet-Sower, "I will never waste a seed again"?

### Each one can Pray.

Some children think that they cannot do anything to send and sustain the gospel among the heathen; but God has made none of them without influence and power. Several children of a family were once playing in a garden, when one of them fell into a tank. Immediately there was great excitement, as each one hurried here and there to obtain means to extricate this brother. When the father afterwards heard of it, he called them together, and asked what means they thought of to rescue their brother from his perilous situation. The eldest said, "I fetched a rope, father, to throw to him;" the second said, "I brought a ladder to throw into the water in case the

rope should not do." After enquiring of the others till he came to the youngest, he said, "And, John, what did *you* do to rescue your brother?" John answered, "Father, what *could* I do? I am so young, I could not do anything. I stood on the bank of the tank and *cried as loud as I could.*"

Now, if each cannot bring a ladder or a rope, all can *cry*—all can plead with God to pity idolaters and those who know him not. Sincere, earnest prayer has great power with the Lord. Long ago a missionary to the Indians said, "Pains and prayer, by faith in Jesus Christ, can do anything." Children, *cry* to God.

## Clara Bell.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

'Mid her spring's first roses lying,  
Lovely Clara Bell was dying;  
Golden ripples from her head  
Mantling half the snow-white bed,  
And the violet of her eyes  
Lit with rapture from the skies.

All unfearing death's dark river,  
Turned her spirit to its Giver,  
As the infant to the breast,  
Or the dovelet to its nest;  
With a saint's calm, meek behaviour,  
Leaned she on her trusted Saviour.

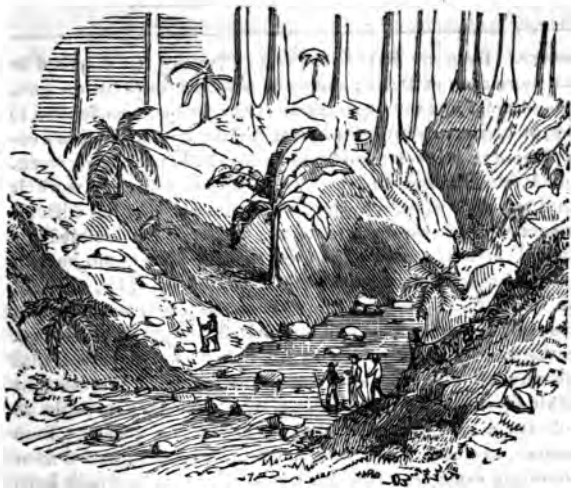
Treading thus the dim-lit valley,  
Where death's sluggish waters dally  
'Mid pale, drooping lily-bells,  
Or the moaning asphodels,  
Smiles went flitting o'er her face,  
Smiles of more than human grace.

To the loved ones round her sighing,  
"Sing," she said, "while I am dying!"  
And as faltering voices chanted  
Of the shore for which she panted,  
Her clay fetters downward flinging,  
Clara stood with angels singing.

### Intelligence.

**BATTERSEA JUVENILE MISSIONARY WORKING SOCIETY.**—On Tuesday evening, the 14th of December, the young people (thirty in number) forming the above-named Society, assembled to celebrate its third Anniversary. The was provided at five o'clock, by their teachers and friends; after partaking of which, the Rev. I. M. Soule, their pastor, kindly consenting to preside over the meeting, the business of the evening was commenced by singing the hymn, "Come, happy children," &c. Mr. Trottman then implored the Divine assistance to aid them in this important work. The Rev. I. M. Soule gave a short address on the subject of Missions, and called on a friend to give an account of the plants so luxuriant in Hayti; Mr. Cole, the deputy from the Young Men's Association, then gave a very interesting and instructive address on the climate and productions of Hayti, with the manners and religion of its inhabitants, and closed by urging on the young present the importance of individual effort, combined with earnest and believing prayer, for that deluded race. The two last verses of the hymn, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," &c., were sung, and the meeting closed with the benediction. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the meeting was not so well attended as on former occasions.

**VERNON CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL, PERTONVILLE.**—A large and interesting meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Association connected with this school, was held on Monday evening, December 15th: the Rev. Owen Clarke, the minister of Vernon chapel, occupied the chair. The Report stated that upwards of £10 had been collected by the children during the past year, and that more than 1,200 Juvenile Missionary Heralds, subscribed for by the teachers, had been distributed *gratis* to all the children who had subscribed to the funds. The meeting was most ably addressed by Messrs. Templeton, Rapkin, Ridgway, and other friends. The children united in singing the little hymn, "Far away," taken from the Herald, and other pieces; and, after a collection, the meeting separated.



CROSSING THE BROOK.

## Missionary Letters from Africa.

No. 3.

BY THE REV. J. WHEELER.

We now walked further up the mountain to Banapa. This was a very small settlement, only a few houses with their enclosures of palings. We found that their gentleman or king—as they call them in Clarence—was “gone to town.” But his brother and family were, and the most, squatted under a low shed, that is, a bamboo thatch, supported on short sticks. Here they were huddled together smoking, and smoking themselves, for at one end a fire was burning, the smoke wandering round the place to find its way out where it liked. I and my interpreter almost tumbled, we had to stoop so low. The smoke almost stupified me, and, together with my walk, made me most

March.



drowsy. Here my Bubi friend from Clarence felt disposed to talk more than at Basili; and as he is a faithful christian man, I could trust him to talk to them. They paid much attention to him, as well as to what he interpreted of my words. Thus we endeavoured to sow some seed, and to do a little pioneering work. But I felt, almost painfully, what slow and patient work it must be. Yet what, compared with what our God has with all sinners who are brought to Him. He, too, has enabled his faithful servants to overcome these in other places, and he will, I trust, here. But we must work with all means; for, after all, the real difficulty lies in the state of the heart, and this is as great in the most refined and intellectual man, as in these dark heathens. And if once He by his Spirit's work remove that difficulty, all that is greatly important follows. We see that strikingly in the case of the Jews, who have been brought to understand and to know the power of the gospel. Beso Bocatali, to whom Dr. Prince was made a blessing, was a most interesting example. Had his life been spared, he would have been most useful to me as an interpreter, and to teach me the language. The few I saw at Banapa were as cordial and well pleased as those at Basili; and the king's brother told Smith that he hoped missionary would not be offended because king not home, but would come again.

We now turned homewards, and I got into Clarence somewhat fatigued, for I had not had so much walking since I left England. I wished and hoped soon to have gone again, and to visit a larger village. But sickness has ever since prevailed, and the late tornadoes and heavy rains have spoiled the roads, and the doctor forbids, as much depends upon my sufficiently rallying from my late weakness.

I shall be very glad if this letter at all increase your interest in missions. But if your interest about others increases, that they should know and love the Saviour, how much more interested should you be about yourself! Think of the little

boy's question to his father, "What became of Noah's carpenters?" I suppose if you feel interest in your uncle's work, that you will do something to help it too. Help, then, as you can to build the ark; but see that your place is secure in it. Not only is death approaching, but the great dividing day between the sinner and the saint is coming nearer every day,— "the day that shall burn as an oven." Remember, you will not be safe then except you have sheltered in Christ. But you will not care to shelter in him till you feel that there is a cause for danger. Think whether there is not. Ask God to shew you and make you *feel* it so, that you may no longer put off so important a matter, and remain undecided. I am glad to hear of your progress at school, and the prize you have obtained; but your advance in knowledge will give to you a guilt in being careless about religion that the poor heathens here will never feel: and some are to "come from the *West* as well as the East, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matthew viii. 11, 12). On the contrary, what happiness, not only to be there yourself, but to meet many of these, with robes washed and made white in "the blood of the Lamb." That we may all there meet, my dear Walter, is the earnest prayer of

Your very affectionate Uncle.

### Little Bessie;

OR, I WOULD BE A MISSIONARY.

A wintry storm raged around the dear old house, familiarly known as "Grandfather's House." A merry group of cousins was assembled there on their joyful Christmas visit, and little

now do they heed the storm, while, gathered around their beloved grandfather, they listen to his pleasant conversation. His theme was what most pleased the boys,—the sea, and the dangers he had braved thereon. The oft-told tale of his prosperous voyages, of his wrecks and escapes, was as interesting as if now heard for the first time.

When there was a pause, a brave looking boy exclaimed, "I mean to be a sailor;" "And so do I," "And I," said one and another of the boys.

"Ah, boys, boys," said the old gentleman, "it is one thing to hear all this by a warm fire, and in a snug corner, but quite another thing to climb the icy ropes, or pump a leaky vessel, with the prospect of going to the bottom the next moment. But, Ned, why are you so quiet?" he asked the tallest of the group, "you are to be a sailor, too, are you not?"

"I have changed my mind, Sir, since last Christmas day," replied the noble boy, slightly colouring.

"Oh, ho! and what is the dream now, my boy? I heard you were studying with great zeal—A statesman, is it? or a professor? or what, Ned?"

The boy did not raise his eyes, and only answered, "I suppose, Sir, hard study will fit me better for any station."

"Indeed it will, but what is your aim? to be Prime Minister some day? You were always too ambitious, Ned. You never said, as the other boys do, 'I mean to be a sailor,' but 'I mean to be a captain.' But tell us, what are your plans for the future?"

Ned was evidently reluctant to reveal his thoughts, but being pressed, he said to his grandfather, "I have been much interested lately in some works of foreign travel, and in some missionary biographies. I think some of those missionaries have read of were noble men. There were Dr. Carey, an Dr. Buchanan, and Henry Martyn, and Dr. Judson. I wou

like to see the Golden City, and take a peep into the Inquisition at Goa, although that, I believe, is abolished,—and get acquainted with those Persian Moolahs with their long beards. How many strange things and strange people one might see if he were a missionary. To be sure, this would not be all."

"Ah, my boy, you would be a *missionary*, would you? That would be a high position, and it would make your mother happy indeed. But are you qualified for such a work?"

"Oh, grandpapa, I think I have a good deal of *courage*, and that would go a great way among barbarous people. But there are not so many hardships to undergo now, as were endured by our early missionaries. And, then, in many stations, good European society can be enjoyed. I think, too, I could teach the heathen many things that would be for their good. Mr. Williams, in the South Sea Islands, and the Moravian missionaries, whom I lately read about, taught the 'natives' many useful arts, and much improved their condition. Couldn't I do something in this way? And I am sure I could tell the heathen a good deal about religion, for mother has taken much pains to teach us good things, and I have always been to Sabbath school. I could give away bibles, and teach the people to read them. Don't you think I *could* do some good as a missionary?"

"Well, as to that, I dare say you could, my dear boy. But let us see what the rest of the children think of this plan of yours. Will Ned make a good missionary?"

One of the cousins thought he would spend too much time stuffing tigers, or collecting minerals and insects. Another feared he would visit the European residents too often, and quite forget the poor ignorant heathen. A bright-eyed little girl said *she* would not put her money into the missionary box towards his support, for she did not think his motives good.

"And what do *you* think, Bessie, darling?" asked the old

gentleman of the little girl who sat upon his knee, "your brother make a good missionary?"

"He is a dear good *brother*, grandpa'."

"Yes, yes, Bessie, but what does he need most to make a faithful minister of Christ to the heathen?"

"A *new heart*, grandpa'."

"That's it, darling. The love of adventure, the gratification of the taste, or a desire of fame, are no motives for this work. One might, indeed, under their influence, labour to improve the *temporal* condition of men, although those have done the most for the heathen in *this* respect, have done so from love to Christ; but this is not the noblest, the real of the missionary. If any one wants to see the world, let him go as a *traveler*; but every moment of a missionary's life is a holy time. He has something more important to attend to than seeing sights, or gratifying curiosity. He has to 'work for souls.' And as to the *fame* of a missionary's life, all our dear, self-denying brethren get abroad is, hard labour, humble fare, without romance or pleasant adventures.

It is a great honour to work anywhere for Christ. I would rather one of you boys should preach Christ to the heathen than wear a crown. It may *be* so, when this white head is bowed low,"—and the honoured old man paused while he pointed to the window, from which could be seen a few white heads in the corner of a field. "I shall soon lie there, darling," he said, and the tears fell upon the sunny locks of little Bessie.

"Grandpa', wouldn't you like *me* to be a missionary?" asked the child, raising her pensive eyes.

"Indeed, I would, darling, and I think you will be, at home or abroad. What would you do if you were among heathen children now, Bessie?"

"I would tell them all about Christ, and how he died for *sinners*;—but could mother spare me, grandpa'?"

"Yes, she could well spare you to God. She has given all her children to Him. And if God should choose any of my little ones, it will, I think, be you, Bessie. The other girls and the boys will, I hope, grow up to be good and useful, but there's not one just like you. Ned is too ambitious, too proud."

Bessie looked up into his face, and said, "But God could make him humble, you know, dear grandfather. Ned is so good and kind now, that I am sure if he only had a new heart, he would love the whole world."

Ned stood leaning his arm on the old mantel-piece while he gazed on his sister, but said not a word.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again, after the lapse of a few years, the youthful cousins met at the dear old homestead, but not as an unbroken band. The beloved grey heads still were there, but bowed far lower than was their wont. The fathers and mothers, too, were there, but not for rejoicing. The day was the sunniest of the autumn, but how unlike the joyfulness of the last one spent there. They had come to lay the sleeping dust of gentle Bessie, the darling of all the cousins, where she wished to rest, in the little graveyard of the old church, beside her little sister. The loving little heart was never called to cross the sea for Christ's sake, but the willing spirit was gone to receive its reward.

The lofty spirit of her brother was humbled as he returned from Bessie's grave that day. He threw his arms around his mother's neck, and said, "Mother, perhaps God will give me grace, if you pray for me. I need, as Bessie said, a new heart more than anything else. If God would give it me, I should feel honoured in doing the humblest work for him."

This, dear children, is the true missionary spirit, love to Christ, and a willingness to do or suffer anything for his precious name. All cannot be foreign missionaries, you

know. A few only can go abroad. But in your own na-  
land, you can make your offerings of love, as you are a  
to send the gospel to the heathen. And you can pray  
the self-denying missionary, and for the poor little heart  
And don't you think you can be missionaries, too, *ever*  
*home?*



### The Zulus.

In Caffre land, near Port Natal, there lives a tribe of Caff  
called Zulus. They are a very warlike race. They are ar-  
*with a very light spear, called an assagai, and a shield cut*

of the hide of a bullock. They are so active and strong that they can throw their spears eighty yards, so as to enter any small object they aim at. They are divided into villages called kraals, each of which has a captain. In the centre of every kraal is an open space surrounded by trees; into this all their cattle are driven in the evening and milked. In the morning, after milking, the cattle are driven out into the pastures, under the care of the young people.

Every kraal has its grain pit, dug very deep, and covered with straw. There is also a common garden, besides small ones to each hut. The huts are placed round about the beast kraal. They are built by the women, of sticks, bent together



and joined at the top. This kind of dome is upheld by two or three strong poles. It is thatched with straw, and lined inside with clay mixed with cow dung. The huts have no chimney; the smoke escapes through the straw.

For many years missionaries have endeavoured to bring





these poor people to the knowledge of the Saviour. I give you a little of the missionary's labour, taken from his diary.

One morning Mr. Tyler called on a man who had often been at the meetings for worship. He asked him, "How is your heart to-day?" He replied, "All right, very nice, very good." "What does your heart tell you about God?" "My heart tells me that God is very good. He gives us all the good things we need,—rain, grass, corn, and cows. He made the heaven and the earth, our bodies, and our souls. He made the first man and his wife, and placed them in a garden." We met that such a man as this is seeking after God in sincerity of truth. Yet very many are very careless about it. They are anxious about their wives and their cattle, but not about their souls.

One day an old man was spoken to about his soul. He said, to excuse himself from giving his heart to God, that he was an old man. My heart is, indeed, hard. I love the pleasures of my fathers too strongly. I cannot give up my six sons, but there are my two young sons. Teach them, perhaps, they may believe." Yet some days after he beat one of his sons because he gave some signs of being sorry for sin.

But God began to work in the hearts of some. They came to converse with the missionary on salvation. "I am much affected," says Mr. Tyler, "by their simple remarks on the way in which they had been led by the Holy Spirit. It seemed to me. One of them, the eldest, was returning from a short visit to a friend not far distant, and while walking he suddenly remembered that he had heard the missionary say, 'We are all travelers; we are all going to some place.' This question suddenly rushed into his mind, 'Am not I a traveler? Where is my soul bound?' He could not proceed until he was resolved to learn more of the way which leads to life, and he endeavoured to walk in it. With this determination he had



his steps, and came directly to the station. He had previously lived with us a short time, and he now requested that we would take him again, but without communicating to us anything concerning his new purpose. Every day he went into the 'bush' to pray, and felt that it was good to be there. And one day, as it seemed to him, his heart was made 'white' by prayer. Thus he went on for about two weeks, encouraged by the inward peace which he enjoyed, and strengthened by religious conversation with pious natives from other stations, until he felt that he had really dedicated himself to God, after which he made a full disclosure to us of his feelings.

"The young man was quickly called to an acquaintance with the truth, that 'we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.' He had already contracted for a wife and partly paid for her, but her father refuses to let her marry a believer, nor is she inclined to leave her heathen home and reside at the station. But this does not move Unobeka. His firm determination in view of it is, 'I cannot serve God in a kraal, where all is opposition, uncleanness, and confusion; and if she persists in refusing to come here, and her father will not permit her to come, I must abandon her.' Nor is he moved by the opposition which comes from his parents. When he made known to them his desire to live according to the gospel, his mother spat in his face, howling most hideously; and his father threatened to disown him. For two or three weeks they tried by threats, ridicule, and in many other ways, to frighten him and induce him to return; but finding this mode of treatment ineffectual, they are now full of flattery, and make large promises, obviously thinking that if they can once bring him back to his kraal, he will soon return to the sins of his people. To our great joy, however, he remains steadfast; and he manifests an eagerness to learn to read which I have seldom witnessed."

Let us pray that many more of these poor Zulus be the subjects of God's grace,—be ready to forsake Christ.

## Demonology of Ceylon.

BY MRS. DAVIES.

The belief in the existence and power of evil is great among the natives of Ceylon, that almost all life is influenced by it. As Buddhoo, their perfect and supreme excellence, no longer concerns himself with the affairs of mortals, his worshipers have recourse to other beings to help them, and for this they not only worship many, but devils many. A native christian says, "Ceylon is full of devils, devil-worshipers, and indeed, it can be called a temple of devils."

These spirits are classified under four different kinds; first, superior gods; second, inferior gods; third, devils; and fourth, evil spirits. To the first and second they build temples and worship Buddhoo, and carry offerings to them as reverently as to his.

They believe them to be quite as ready to do good,—to assist a person in fulfilling his malice as to help him out of trouble. They are selfish, and are induced to bless or to curse by the worshiper's largest sacrifice. And, then, they are all scared by another, that the worshiper is always afraid of the evil spirits with the vengeance of some of them, because he has made offerings and sought protection at the shrine of the evil spirits.

When offerings are presented to any of the evil spirits. When he wishes to summon a god to his shrine, and the god comes and converses with him.

much time is spent in settling the terms on which the benefit sought shall be granted, for these gods are as much bent upon making a good bargain, as the keenest tradesmen. Good, however, may be purchased from them, if the seeker of it is only prepared to give a proper price.

But the third class, the *yakshas*, or devils, are altogether evil, and very numerous. There are black devils, foreign devils, fury devils, magic devils, fit devils, cattle devils, Morrotto devils, grave devils, house devils, and many others. Each of these have some peculiar power, such as the names describe. The black devil is considered very black, and especially malignant, though he is chiefly dangerous to young men. The Morrotto devil (so called from the district of country said to be under his power) is a great tormentor even to those whom he loves; for as none of these spirits can do good, those whom they attend either from love or hate, must suffer from them. It is said that when this devil once enters a family, he never leaves it until he has exterminated all connected with it. So influential is this belief that few can be found daring enough to marry into a family where this devil is supposed to have taken up his abode. The *swallowing* devil is chiefly troublesome in envying the food of certain persons, and then he inflicts some sickness upon them, until they propitiate him by devoting to him a portion of each meal. This share is set on the outside of the house, and then the deluded victim eats the rest without fear.

The fourth class are ghosts. These they suppose to be the spirits of persons who are condemned to wander about on earth, on account of their great wickedness in a former birth. Though their power is not great, yet they can inflict sicknesses by coveting food. The Singhalese are very unwilling to take food in the open air, because they say the ghost may see their food and covet it, and thus bring sickness upon them.

When infants smile in their sleep, the people their departed grandmothers are playing with their dreams.

They pray to their ancestors at night, in the morning when in affliction. Here is a prayer of a childless her grandmother:—

“Grandmother of the above house,  
The below house is in darkness;  
Two staves to your two hands will I give:  
Oh, a son to me also will you give?”

Sometimes the believers in these dreadful superstitious wounds on their hands or arms as if they had been and if they cannot account for them otherwise, “Yaka Kaewa,” a devil, “ate that.”

So all-pervading is this fear, that all their sense seems absorbed in the one anxiety to free themselves from its influences. Even the Mahometans, who resist most notably every other doctrine of all other religions, yet the Buddhists in deprecating the anger of these spirits, and, worse than this, many of the descendants of Dutch and Portuguese settlers, who still call themselves Christians, have been known, in times of sickness or disaster, call for a devil-priest, to offer for them sacrifices supposed to be the cause of their misfortune.

These are a few, a very few, of their superstitious how distressing for *this* world is the bondage of fear they live! Would not our Saviour's law of love, if exercised, prompt all who bear his name to endeavour to break this galling yoke, if only their present peace could be bought by it? But when we know that eternity alone can nullify the full effects of this soul-withering belief, shall we stand by and look upon their ruin? Shall we never rouse and point them to a God of *love*,—to Him who so loved—these poor ignorant devil-worshippers too—that he

some of his riches, not one of his attendant angels, but his only, well-beloved Son for their ransom?

Oh, christian children, and children surrounded with christian privileges, strive to copy that love, and then you will diffuse it, till even the slavish fear of the devil-worshiper shall be changed into that "perfect love" which casteth out fear.

### What Black Children in Jamaica do.

The Sabbath schools at Sturge Town and Salem, in the parish of Saint Ann, Jamaica, consist of about five hundred poor black children and young persons. The minister of these stations is in the habit of meeting them once a month, on the Lord's day, before the morning service, to read to them extracts from the *Missionary Herald*, in order to excite in the minds of these dear children an interest in missionary operations. His efforts have not been in vain; for several years the children have contributed largely to the funds of the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society, and have appropriated the largest portion of their contributions to the support of the Theological Institution, Calabar. Last year they gave £5; and this year, although suffering severely from the small pox, they have placed in his hands £1 for the African Mission, with the request, that it be specially devoted to assist in the re-erection of the chapel at Clarence, Fernando Po.

"There was a young man," he says, "in the Salem Sabbath school, whom I had the pleasure of baptizing last year, and of receiving into the church, and who had recently been approved of as a Sabbath school teacher, that took a deep interest in all that concerned missions, and especially the African Mission, and of whom I entertained sanguine hopes that he would be a useful character; but he has fallen a victim to the dire pestilence—the small pox—and left a numerous circle of young friends



to mourn his loss. He was much beloved by all him. He was the only son of our esteemed friend Phillip, deacon of the church, and formerly connected Baptist Mission in Fernando Po. This young man found in his place in the house of God, and gave un proofs in his last moments of having fled to Christ and is now before the throne of God, there is reuniting with the redeemed in their song of praise to loved them, and washed them in his blood, and them kings and priests unto God, for ever and ever

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### The Child's Talent.

God entrusts to all  
Talents few or many,  
None so young and small  
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise  
Have a greater number,  
Yet my one I prize,  
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,  
Ere I enter heaven,  
Have I done the task,  
Which to me was given?

Little drops of rain  
Bring the springing flowers,  
And I may attain  
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,  
Every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure.

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### Perils of the Sea.

Tarry-at-home travelers know little of the dangers to which those are subject who venture across the seas. We know them only by report, and it is well to find out as much as we can in this way, not only to add to our stock of knowledge, but that we may sympathize with those who are in less secure circumstances than we are,—especially our missionaries, who, while we are resting quietly at home, go out and encounter all these dangers for the sake of Christ, and for the good of others. We will, then, describe to our young readers one of the most frightful appearances at sea, represented in the above picture.



I suppose you have all heard of a "waterspout," and some of you may have seen a picture of one before; but perhaps you do not know a great deal about this curious phenomenon, and would be glad of more information.

You see that it consists of a column of water rising from the sea, and reaching to the sky. It seems to hang from the sky; but at first it is in two parts, one rising from the waves, the other coming out of a thick cloud. They both seem to taper to a point, approaching each other, and meeting at their narrowest part, which is sometimes a few inches, sometimes six or eight feet in circumference. While the waterspout is forming, a rumbling noise is heard, and the waves of the sea around it are in great commotion. When complete, it has a very magnificent appearance. The whole column, reaching from the sea to the clouds, is of a light colour at the middle, which is hollow, but darker at the sides. It appears to move with the wind, though it may be seen to vary its position when no wind is felt. Sometimes the upper and lower parts of the column do not move together, which makes it lean to one side; at last it breaks asunder, often with a loud noise like the firing of a cannon. Before this takes place, the dark part seems to be drawn upwards irregularly, leaving only a slender tube below. It is either lost in the air, or descends into the sea in the form of a heavy shower of rain. Would not my young readers, if they were at sea, with one of these water monsters near them, be glad when this takes place? Sometimes, however, they continue a long time, or they appear again after disappearing. If they happen to break over a ship the vessel is dashed to pieces; the sailors, therefore, sometimes fire guns at them in order to prevent this.

Waterspouts are caused by a whirlwind; that is, two opposite currents of air meeting; just as the pillars of sand are raised in the deserts of Africa. They are sometimes seen above the

land; but there is then no water-column rising to meet that which comes down from the cloud.

In Sir David Brewster's Journal of Science, there is an account of one which was seen in France. It is said to have appeared like a mass of vapour in the form of a pyramid, and to have given out a strong smell of sulphur; flashes of lightning issued from it, and it threw off a great quantity of water. It moved forward (try to imagine it) in one direction, over high grounds and valleys, and it crossed the course of a river; but on coming to hills that stood alone, it passed round them. In 1718, one of them burst in Lancashire. At the place where it fell, the ground was torn up to the length of about half a mile, and seven feet deep, so as to lay bare the surface of the rock underneath.

Waterspouts are supposed to be occasioned by electricity, as there is always thunder and lightning with them.

There was once a very remarkable waterspout seen from a ship in the Indian Ocean. At the distance of little more than the ship's length, the sea bubbled up in the shape of little pyramids of various sizes, all of them springing from within a large circle. The rays of the sun made the falling spray look very beautiful; but the level water appeared of a dull white colour. The waterspout began with a very loud and long-continued hissing noise, exceedingly terrifying. Every moment the sailors expected to see the several columns unite in one; and from their being so near, they had no hope in that case of making their escape. Either the ship would be quite engulfed, or every atom of mast, rigging, and all above deck, would be whirled a hundred fathoms through the air. Scarcely a man in the ship was able to look away from the frightful spectacle. At length, as some in the ship knew that any violent agitation in the air had been known to cause waterspouts to fall, the captain gave orders for two of the largest guns to be made

ready for firing. But so riveted were the sailors, and great difficulty that any of them could be persuaded and only when some of the officers placed their own to the wheel, and exhorted, and even struck them, they were induced to get the cannon ready. Scarcely down, when five or six of the largest columns suddenly, as though by attraction, and formed one immense magnitude as high as the ship itself, and to it. Just then the old man-of-war's gunner gave all the rest, lighted the match, and all the gun together, accompanied by hurrah, which of them the air. Instantly the whole volley of shots struck waterspout fifteen feet above the surface of the water immediately the immense body of water fell, with like that of a falling steeple, and before that cheer all had passed away. The sea became calm and unbefore; rainbow-coloured dolphins again glided just beneath the surface, and afterwards a delight followed, which some of the sailors were inclined to the waterspout.

### Esther, or, The Little Missionary

"Mother, may I take a little walk down the hill?" Esther, as she stood before her mother, her hair neatly parted, holding in her hand her blue sash bonnet.

"Is it not rather warm, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Oh, no, mother, and I will come back when the clock strikes six, at supper time, so let me go."

Esther looked so earnestly, so beseechingly, that she could not refuse her, so she told Esther that she

draw eyes she did not wish to see her. It was in January.

Then Esther looked very happy, and away she flew to the nursery, and took her little bag, already filled with something that was very heavy, and trudged down the green hill upon which her father's house was situated. She neither looked to the right hand nor the left. Of the yellow butterflies, dighting here and there upon the flowers, or the birds, skimming from branch to branch upon the trees, Esther took no notice, as if bird or butterfly never lived; and yet little gales love to watch them, sporting among the green things of earth. She crossed the street at the foot of the hill, and then she disappeared down a very disagreeable looking lane, filled with by-ots of various kinds, where, very slowly, ugly-looking people lived, some black, some white. What had the good and gentle little Esther to do down there? What would her mother and father say to find her in such company? How surprised would her father be to see his tenderly educated little daughter playing with the children of the land? Precisely at his clock was Esther seen returning up the hill, ready to sit down with her parents and finish her evening meal. Her face was certainly flushed, and she looked wearied; but she bore a serious expression, as if she had not been in any naughty frolic; and there was something so calm and placid, that her mother, if you had seen her as if she could not have been in any mischief, if she did go down among the boys and girls of the lane.

So this did all happen, not only one day, but two and three days and a whole week together. Precisely at a certain time did Esther leave the garden, or play-house, or library, or whatever part of the house she happened to be in, and ask her mother to let her take her little walk down the hill, and precisely at the same time she returned, and sat down to her part. She was such an obedient, excellent child, that her mother felt she could trust her anywhere, neither did she ever wish

to refuse her a simple request like this. At began to wonder about little Esther's ever down the hill.

"Where do you go, my dear?" asked he at her earnestly.

"Only a little way from the bottom of Esther, blushing deeply.

"I hope you do not go any where, where I of your going, Esther," said her mother, sob

"Mother, I do not *do* anything that you disapprove of," answered the child, and a ve glistened in her mild blue eye.

Mrs. Lovel felt that she would not, and ye something peculiar in Esther's walks which s perhaps ought to be attended to. And it wise. One afternoon, Mr. Lovel came to tak ter to walk with him.

"Where is Esther?" asked he. His wife had just gone down the hill, and then told daily. He went out, and as he stood at t caught a glimpse of her turning down the lar then, did Mr. Lovel pursue his little Esther he should reprove her very sharply for goin dren who lived there. He saw her enter house, and then she disappeared from his sigh he directed his hasty and anxious steps.

There was an untidy woman washing near

"Is little Esther Lovel here?" asked the at the window. The woman started at the tleman's voice, and drew her hands from the

"To be sure she is, she's larnin' the child

Mr. Lovel enquired a little farther into the the woman took him to the back door; a

Lovel see? There sat his daughter on a high bench, with a little negro boy beside her, to whom she was pointing out the letters and words of her Testament. Three other children, one white, and two coloured girls, were seated on the stone step, not far off, attentively bending over their books,—books which Mr. Lovel immediately recognized as belonging to Esther's library. What was Esther's surprise, too, when she looked up and beheld her father!

"Esther, how came you here, my child?" asked the parent, affected by the sight.

"Why, father, I am a *missionary*!" answered the child, with great earnestness.

"A missionary! how so, my dear?"

"Why, father, Jemmy here and none of them know how to read, and have got no bibles. I am sure they are the people the minister told us were heathen. So I pitied them, and thought I would be a missionary;" and the young child's face glowed with animation at the task she had undertaken.

"But, my child, why did you not tell us about it? you know we should be happy to help you," said the parent; and he felt as if he wanted to fold the little girl to his bosom.

"Father," answered Esther, seriously, "don't you know the bible says, 'Let not your right hand know what the left hand does'? and my Sabbath school teacher says, 'It means you must not go and tell everybody when you want to do good.' God knows it, father, because he sees me; and I told *Him* of it, too, in my prayers."

Then Mr. Lovel sat down on the stone step, and while he attempted to teach the little negro girls beside him, he felt he had been taught a lesson in "well-doing" that he should not soon forget or disregard. Cannot *other* children look about them, and become missionaries too?



### The Natives of Ceylon.

And who are these dark people, do our little re-  
They form the poorest and most wretched of the pe-  
beautiful island of Ceylon. They are out-caste.

What is that? We will explain it to you. In  
people are divided into several ranks called castes.  
fisherman caste, a painter caste, a sculptor caste,  
maker caste, a tailor caste, a barber caste, and so on



many altogether, for almost every trade and every employment is a caste. Now the Rhodias are a people who have lost their caste, and were driven away from the other castes, it is said, because they would go on eating beef after it had been forbidden. Some of the Rhodias were degraded from their rank in society because they had been guilty of treason.

They are held to be the vilest of the vile. Their children must always remain in the misery of their parents. The little land they are allowed to cultivate for their living must be paid for in hides of cattle, or in ropes and whips made of hides, for snaring elephants. They live upon the very worst kinds of food. Dead animals found in the woods they take as their own. To mark their degraded condition, they are not permitted to live in houses like other people. Their rhodes are mere sheds, open on one side. The Ceylonese carry burdens on their shoulders by a *pingo*, or a light stick loaded at both ends. But the Rhodias must only carry their burdens at one end. They must avoid passing close to any person. If a Rhodia meets a high caste man, he has to salute him with his hands lifted up, and move out of the way. If the path is narrow, too narrow for them to pass at a distance from each other, the poor Rhodia must turn back.

As you may suppose, these poor people are very wicked. No one cares to instruct them. They live on robbery, and seem not to know right from wrong. Some get a living by going about from place to place, amusing people by balancing a brass plate on a finger, and, holding it up high, they twirl it round with wonderful dexterity.

Yet a few have been converted by the gospel. They can understand the mercy of the Saviour, who died for the most wretched, that He might deliver them from evil.

It is a pleasure to God to bring many of the worshippers of Buddha in Ceylon to the knowledge of his love. Some years



ago, there was a man by name of Ratu App native of Byamville. From his youth until he years of age, he was a Buddhist, and a worship But he heard God's word. That touched his power of the Holy Spirit, and he was led to see had been, how great a sin it was to worship ido them, and obtained the pardon of his sins Christ. He was then baptized, and, for the lived as a christian should. He gave away to t he could spare. He delighted in the house an He helped to erect the little chapel, and to spre heathen friends the glorious gospel.

At last he was confined to his bed with ag near to death. But he rested in Jesus Chris Ages. He would often pray in this way :—

“Oh, Jesus, make me holy; forgive my sin wicked heart; wash me in thy blood; save m and at last take my poor soul into thy kingdom.

He was very happy in talking about Christ' the night in which he died he told his grandson, the Saviour, “Christ saved me; he will doubtlt if you do his will.” He then fell asleep in J happy and glorious at the resurrection-day.

### More Missionaries for Ind

Our young readers are probably aware tha efforts of missionaries and missionary societi success that has been granted to them, it is a f hundred millions of our fellow-creatures are heathen darkness and superstition. Eight h of souls that will endure for ever, are living in

ignorance of the only way by which they can be saved from the wrath to come! They bow to gods of wood and stone, that see not and hear not, but who are said to have been guilty of lying, theft, murder, and every vice that can be imagined. And the people are worthy of their gods,—they practise the most debasing wickedness in open day, and it is even taught in their schools. What they obtain by dishonesty is considered lawful gain, and their teachers and priests are themselves examples of every kind of wickedness. Thus are all these unhappy people living without God in the world, or any hope for eternity, and entirely ignorant of the Saviour who died for them.

Yet much has been done by the efforts of christian teachers, under the blessing of God, and if we were to use all the means in our power to multiply these, we cannot doubt that the result would be yet greater. But whatever this might be, our duty is the same, to "preach the gospel to every creature," and till this has been done we ought not to rest satisfied. And how far is it so at present? In Bengal and Behar, two vast provinces of India, it is reckoned that eighteen millions never hear the gospel. Within fifty miles of Calcutta there are towns of two thousand, three thousand, and ten thousand inhabitants, that have never seen a missionary. This is a sad state of things, and in some measure to remedy it, an effort is now being made by the Baptist Missionary Society, to send twenty new missionaries to Bengal. But, in order to do this, they must have five thousand pounds a year more than they receive at present. And how is this to be raised? Some generous christian people have already offered to help them, and the Treasurers alone have offered to give one-third of the sum required, in addition to what they already contribute. But how is the rest to be obtained? Would not our young readers like to take a part in this noble work? Perhaps you will say, "It is

but little that we can do." This may be true, taken separately; but then remember how numerous how much would be effected by every one doing ocean itself is made up of drops, and the vast desert of sand, and each drop and each grain forms a great whole. If you ask how you had best be recommended you first to think well about it. India and look at Bengal, or if you have the last February, examine the map it contains of Bengal. Three great rivers, the Hooghly, Burrampooter. Look for Calcutta, a name familiar to you, and six hundred thousand heathen living there. Find other names that you know in this country; contains altogether thirty-nine millions of inhabitants many ministers do you think there are for this vast people? Only seventy-eight, reckoning the nominations; that is, one to every five hundred as five ministers to the whole population of India then, many of these are getting very old, and die when they are removed, unless others are their places?

By attentively studying the map and thinking you will feel more interested in the work now to will, I think, be led to pray to God, that these miserable, benighted heathen, may have the gospel in more liberal measure. And then prayer will lead you to exert yourselves. Suppose that even this magazine were to procure a missionary box much they can collect for Bengal. Do not you large sum will be ready at the end of the year, be done. Let me, however, recommend you for his blessing before you begin, that you may have motive, and do your work in the best way, and I

that you will get your box filled, and feel very happy at the end of the year to think that, young as you are, you have been able to do something for the cause of God, who has given *His* Son for you, and sent you all the privileges that you enjoy in this happy christian country.

### The Right Way of Reading the Bible.

In this christian country where Bibles abound, we are in danger of undervaluing them, or, from the familiarity of the expressions, of reading them without thought and attention. Let us see how some of the heathen read them.

The Rev. Mr. Robinson, a missionary at Serampore, tells us of a Brahman, who called upon him for a copy of the Bible, with which he immediately furnished him. The man went away, and Mr. Robinson never heard of him again till some years after, when one of the native preachers, on a missionary tour, heard at a village called Dákinhála, that in the vicinity there lived one Gopimohan, who always kept near him, and frequently read, a holy book, which he took for his guide in spiritual things. In accordance with its precepts, he had cast away his idol gods, performed no pujas (idolatrous feasts), but always spoke of the Scriptures, and worshiped the one God they set forth.

Another instance that Mr. Robinson mentions, is that of a poor man living in one of the villages, who, three or four years ago, received a copy of one of the Gospels. He read it with care, and was so much taken up with it, that every spare moment was spent in reading it. The pujas were given up; he abstained from all foolish conversation (let my young readers mark this); and when he spoke to his neighbours at all, the subject was the truths of the gospel. At length his friends and neighbours said he was going mad; they snatched

the Gospel from him, and committed it without delay sent him to some distant place, and all further enquiry about him has proved fruitless.

In a village called Baengachi, about ten miles to the south of Serampore, inhabited principally by natives, the Scriptures have been much received, they are given much attention, and form the principal subject of conversation among themselves. Whenever the native preachers come to a new place, they are not only welcomed, but a number of converts respecting the doctrines of Scripture are put forward, and have frequently requested them to come and preach to them, that they may have opportunities of obtaining complete knowledge of Scripture truth.

Is not this zeal for the Scriptures among the natives of imitation by ourselves?

### Sale of Gods in India

The Rev. Mr. Pearce was one day in the city of Calcutta; he saw a man with a basket of idols, and was desirous of exciting a little attention, said to him, "You have got in your basket?" Looking up with a smile, he replied, "Sir, don't you know what I've got?" He said, "I'm a foreigner; how should I know?" "Oh," said he, "these are gods." Pearce said again, "What is Dukin Roy?" "Why, don't you know that Dukin Roy is a god?" "These are your gods, are they? then what will you sell them to the market for?" "What have you to sell to the market for? why to sell, to be sure." "What will you give for your gods, do you? what may be their price?" "Two pice, as the case may be" (a pice is about one-fourth of a penny). By this time a crowd had gathered, and

occasion to speak to them of the idleness of their gods, and the blessedness of the true God, whom to know is life eternal.

Dukin Roy signifies the King of the South. It is simply a head and a neck, with a crown something like a mitre on the head. It is sometimes set on a mound under a tree, or in the middle of a field, and is supposed to be very propitious to the harvest. It is worshiped in the time of sowing. Hence the number that the man had in his basket, for which he would find a ready sale.

### The Dying Sunday School Boy.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

His hands were clasp'd, his eyelids clos'd,  
As on his couch he lay,  
While slumber seem'd to wrap the form  
That pain had worn away.

But still the watching mother marked  
His pallid lips to part,  
As if some all-absorbing thought  
Lay on his dreaming heart:

For yet he slept not. Silent prayer  
Commun'd with God alone,  
And then his glazing eyes he rais'd,  
And spoke with tender tone,—

"Oh, mother! often in my class,  
I've heard the teacher say,  
That those who to the Saviour turn  
He would not cast away;

"And so, beside my bed I knelt,  
While early morn was dim,  
Imploring Heaven to teach my soul  
The way to turn to Him;

"And now, behold! through golden clouds,  
A pierced hand I see,  
And listen to a glorious voice—  
*Arise! and come to me."*



His breath grew faint, but soft and low  
 The parting whisper sigh'd—  
 "I come, dear Lord, I come;" and so,  
 Without a pang, he died.

Oh, blessed child! with whom the strife  
 Of fear and care are o'er,  
 Methinks thine angel smile we see  
 From yon celestial shore;

And hear thee singing to His praise,  
 Whose boundless mercy gave  
 Unto thy meek and trusting soul,  
 The victory o'er the grave.

### Intelligence.

GLASGOW.—Our dear young friends who form the Bible Class of Dr. Paterson at his place of worship, Glasgow, have this year very kindly endeavoured to aid the mission by collecting among themselves. It gives us great pleasure to insert their contributions in the *Herald*, and we hope their example will have many imitators:—

Collected by										s. s. d.		
Miss Barclay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	17	0
Miss Paterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	8	0
Miss Swan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	7	6
John Forgie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	18	0
Miss Servin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	16	0
Miss Williamson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	19	6
Ann Black	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	7	10
John Neish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	8	9
Andrew Ormeston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	5	0
Duncan Mc Gregor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	3	0
James P. Hector	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	10	0
Miss Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	0
Miss Penman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	17	6
Miss Kinghorn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	4	9

£10 13 10





class of men, and by no one else. The separate occupations of the people are divided into castes, and generation after generation, from father to son, the same trade is carried on in a family, and they can never leave it for another. Krishna Pal's ancestors had been carpenters for many generations.

Now, Krishna had broken his arm by slipping from the tank in which he was going to bathe. After Mr. Thomas had bound it up, he spoke to him of sin, of the suffering which follows sin, of God's mercy in sending his dear Son to take away sin. And Krishna's heart was touched. He had never heard before of this Saviour, and as he heard he wept.

The missionaries paid Krishna many visits, reading to him, and speaking often of the way of life. As he recovered strength he went frequently to the mission-house. He and his wife, and her sister, all began to shew a deep interest in the gospel, until one day he replied to a question of Mr. Thomas, by saying, that the Lord Jesus Christ gave his life up for the salvation of sinners, and that he believed it.

And now everything seemed changed. The Holy Spirit had turned the hearts of these poor Hindoos from their idol worship to God. The missionaries were filled with joy to see at last their prayers answered, and their labours blessed. "We sat down," said one, "upon a piece of mat in the front of Krishna's house, for they had no chairs. It was very pleasant." And there they talked together of the Saviour and his love.

As Krishna's love to Christ increased he was willing to consecrate his life to his service. The first step was to break caste, to separate himself from the idol customs of his forefathers. This he joyfully did, and one day sat down before all the people and partook of the missionaries' food. It was then that good Mr. Ward said, "The chain of caste is broken; who shall mend it?"

But Krishna's relations and friends were very angry. The whole neighbourhood was thrown into great agitation. Two thousand people came together to pour out curses on Krishna and his family. Nothing could exceed their horror at his having forsaken their idolatry, and Krishna and his family were taken away to prison. But the magistrate soon set them free. He praised them for what they had done. They had obeyed God. They had left the false gods of the Brahmins for the Saviour. They had sought and found in Christ everlasting life. Still Krishna had to endure many trials and persecutions. But these did not hinder him from confessing the name of Christ, nor of being baptized into him.

We will tell you about his baptism in our next number.

### The Child-Colporteur.

"Mother, will you promise me something?" asked a little boy, laying his hand on his mother's shoulder as she sat busily sewing.

"Promise you what?" asked she.

"Will you *only* say yes, mother?"

"That would be very rash; you do not want me to say yes in the dark, do you, Eben?"

"Oh, but you had just as lief say so, I know," persisted the child.

"Then I am sure you had just as lief tell me what you want me to say yes to," said the mother.

"Well, then, may I be a *real* colporteur? may I, mother, please?" asked the boy, looking earnestly into her face.

"A real colporteur, Eben?"

"Why, the other day when I staid at home sick, I played colporteur; shall I shew you how? You make believe to be a poor woman in a log-cabin, mother, and I will come in."

Eben went out; his mother sewed on, and a knock was heard at the door. "Come in," the door opened, and in walked the make-believe woman, her old great-coat on, his cap over his ears, slung over his shoulders. "Would you not buy a good christian book, ma'am?" said the mother; "one that would do your heart good."

"I do not know as I should," the old man in the cabin seemed to answer.

"Oh, I'll tell you about them, then you may come." He took down his bag and opened it. "Little Henry and his Bearer, there is hardly any more of it," turning over the leaves of the little book, she put them up in her face. "Little Henry was a boy who did not know about God; he was fretful and sad. Neither his mother nor father, nobody told him of God. He was left to his poor heathen bearer, who worshipped idols. By and bye, a young lady told him of little Henry of Jesus, and then Henry told his bearer, and the bearer carried him all around, Henry talked to him. He told him how Jesus loved the poor heathens and saved them. Then his bearer, too, became happy; he was not happy before. Oh, it is good; I think you had better take one."

"But suppose I am too poor to buy?"

"Then you shall have it for nothing, if you will," said the bearer. "It is as good as nothing to me; take it;" and the make-believe woman took the book from the hands of the make-believe woman of the cabin.

"There, mother," Eben then exclaimed, "cannot I be a *real* colporteur? Why not? I can say, while a deep seriousness overspread his face, *you know* there are a great many very wicked

hind this street. The little children swear awfully. I asked them if they had any good books? and they said, No. Is not this a good place for a colporteur, mother? and ought we not to do something for them? Could not *I* be a colporteur, mother? I am not too little; am I?"

"Where can you get books, Eben?" asked she.

"Why, have not I got some? Jane can give me a few, and Susan—perhaps you and father will be glad to help. Don't you think, mother, we can spare our books? we have read them through and through; why, you know we *ought* to try to do good with them."

The mother was very much pleased with the plan; and when he begged to begin next Saturday afternoon, she gave her consent. How interested was Eben collecting and assorting his little books; this would do best, and that had the ten commandments in it, and another was about lying; he looked them all over, and could tell what each was about. When Saturday afternoon came, his mother thought he might forget it, for his brothers loved play, and always wanted Eben to go with them; but no, Eben took no interest in bat and ball upon the common; he had another plan, which he liked better; so he packed his little books into a basket and set out.

"Good-bye, Mr. Colporteur," exclaimed Jane. His mother took a tender interest in all his proceedings; she did not hinder him, for she thought haply the Lord had sent him; and when she watched him go forth so serious and so earnest, she bade him God-speed in her heart, and prayed that the gracious Saviour might please to bless these humble doings.

Eben was gone a long while, and when at last he came back, he had many things to tell his mother. "Why, mother," said he, "all the mothers were as glad as could be; and some of the little children that could not read, I read to them. There was one big boy who swore, mother," said the child,

fixing his large eyes upon her; "I told him about commandment. I told him, God would punish a sinner who told him, I would bring him a book about it."

Was not the mission of this child-colporteur a noble one? I have thought how many nurseries and there are in christian homes piled up with books, read for the last time, laid away and cast aside, when yet too old to be useful, and which might be a new way to the alleys of ignorance and sin; and I have thought if children, dear christian children, in their simple earnestness, might not go forth to the poor, ragged children of their neighbourhoods, and carry to them the light and water of life.

Ah, children, do you not often abuse books? Is a book gone from one, and have you not torn up the sheet of another, without thinking, minding, or caring about a moment, and think if these good little books may be of use still; you have read and loved them; are there many others who would love to read them too? On a bright Wednesday afternoon, can you not forsake your dolls, or your skates, and gather up a little selected books for the destitute corners and alleys of your neighbourhood—as destitute as the log-cabin on the distant shore? Can you not become a child-colporteur? Oh, it is a beautiful and blessed mission.

### What the Gospel can do;

OR, A MISSIONARY MEETING AMONG CANNIBALS.

Our young readers do not need to be told what the Gospel can do, they must often have read about them. They are delighted to learn from the following account how these most ferocious of all savages can be touched.

of Christ, so as to have their natures completely changed, and their hearts filled with love to their Saviour and to all mankind,—in fact, to become patterns to us of the genuine missionary spirit. The speeches that follow were delivered at the first missionary meeting at Takopoto, New Zealand, and this account of them is sent by the Rev. B. Ashwell, of the Church Missionary Society:—

"More than one hundred and twenty natives," he says, "assembled, including many chiefs of the first rank, and several native teachers. I give extracts from the speeches of the chiefs and teachers. The first is from Levi Mokoro, the principal chief of the Ngatiruru tribe, and a man of much influence with all Waikato. 'There is but one great thing. It is the gospel, which invites all to repentance. Why have we left off eating one another? It is because the gospel has come to us. Why have our evil practices been discontinued? It is the gospel. Why do our quarrels end without bloodshed? It is from the gospel. The gospel is good for the body as well as the soul. I say, therefore, let us be zealous to send the gospel to that island where the natives are eating one another.' This man, a fine old chief, was at one time a fearful cannibal and sensualist.

"The next is from Wesley Te Paki, the old chief of the Ngaungau, formerly a great priest. 'This is the Word of God: 'The earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let light be; and light was.' Now, at first there was darkness. We were also dark, sitting in darkness; but God has given us his gospel, that great light by which we know our wickedness. We now assemble to worship God, and desire to forsake our evil ways. My word is, that we persevere in the gospel, and send it to others also who are sitting in darkness.'

"Another chief, Ngapaka, now got up, and said, 'It is written in the Acts, that 'they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues.' This is another tongue—another language. Our language before was for war and bloodshed: murder was our delight. Now this is another tongue: it is the language of peace and joy, of love and of the gospel. My word is, let every tribe hear this language: let us be zealous to send the gospel.'

"After several other speakers, Stephen Tahatika, monitor of Maurea, got up, and said, 'It is very good to send the gospel; but do not let us be like that bird, the pipiwarauora, when it cries kui, kui, kui, a sign of a bad year, a cold summer; but let us be like it when it cries, witi ora, witi era, a sign of a good year. Let this be a good year. Let us send the gospel to our brethren: let them hear of the love of God.'

"The next who spoke was Jowett Kakamomo, one of the monitors of Kirikiriroa. 'Mine is a word of caution, that our work may be right. St. Paul told the churches to collect money for the poor. The wicked did not join in this work: it belongs to a holy people. Now, if we hear the money thrown into the plate with a great clatter, that is pride; it is not what the people of God will do. They give their money from love to Christ, and with prayer, not from pride.'

"William Otapo, teacher at the school Bethany, now got up. His words were,—'Let us all listen. These are the evils which caused death in former times,—sacred places and sacred things. House, comb, iron pot, garment, bed-place, pigs, when made sacred by a chief, caused death to those who broke the tapu, besides our other numerous quarrels. Why have we forsaken these foolish practices? It is because the gospel has triumphed, and put a stop to war and murder, which was caused by our superstitions. Now, I say, let us send the gospel to all nations; let each tribe, and each chief, join in this great work.'

"Seth Tarawiti, teacher at the school Bethany, next spoke. 'Great is the joy of my heart to hear these chiefs speak for the gospel. In old times, when Levi Mokoro, or Wesley, or Tarapuhia, and other chiefs, got up to speak, it was for murder, war, and bloodshed. Now, what has caused this difference in these chiefs? What has caused the difference in our assemblies? Is it not the gospel? Then, let us send the gospel to others, and be examples to other churches.'

"The concluding remarks were by me, to this effect:—'My heart is filled with joy, because you are anxious to fulfil the last command of our Lord and Saviour Christ, to 'go and teach all nations,' &c. But let us not boast, because sin is mixed with all we do: our every action, every work, must be washed in the blood of Jesus, and confirmed by the influences of God the Holy Spirit. He has heard your assent to-day. He has heard our resolve to meet (God willing) every year, to collect money, and to pray for the progress of the gospel throughout the world. May a gracious God enable us to keep this resolution, and we will say with David, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.' Amen.'

"We then collected £6. 12s. Next year, if our lives are spared, I trust we shall have a much larger meeting, and a more bountiful collection; but our gracious Father will not despise 'the day of small things.'"

Is not the above interesting account a great encouragement to us, dear young friends, to persevere in all that we do for the cause of missions, and to increase our efforts as much as possible? Let us see to it that these men who were once fierce, dark, ignorant savages, do not overtake us, by shewing a great deal more love to Christ, and a far greater concern for the souls of others than we do. Let their zeal stimulate us, and may we not be unwilling to learn from them a lesson of love and devotedness.





## Saint Dionysius of Athens

It was once said of the city of Athens, more gods than men, so numerous were the to be seen in every direction; and our y remember, that when the apostle Paul wer was stirred within him, when he saw the c idolatry. A change has taken place sinc *Instead of gods, the modern Greeks, like the*

though professing to know God and his blessed Son, now worship saints or departed men; but they use pictures instead of images. The above picture represents the relics of one of these—Dionysius, the guardian saint of Zante. The body is kept in a silver coffin, clothed in high priest's robes, and adorned with costly offerings of silver and gold, and on public profession or festival days, is carried about in public for the people to worship. His title is, Saint Dionysius, Protector of the Island of Zante; and he is addressed in such words as these:—"To Dionysius, the offspring of Zante, the guardian of Egina, and the keeper of the Monastery of the Strophades, we, the faithful, do all, with one consent, pay homage, calling upon him devoutly." "Save by thy prayers those who honour thy memory, and who call upon thee." "Glory be to Christ who hath glorified thee." "Glory to Him who granted thee to us, as an *unsleeping intercessor*." "Hail! illustrious offspring of Zante, guardian of Egina, great keeper of the Strophades." "Hail! great defender of Egina, glory of the high-priesthood." "O Dionysius!" These sentences are selected from the prayers commonly used by the people in the worship of this saint. They express an homage as deeply devout as can be offered to any heathen deity. It is Saint Dionysius, they say, who protects their island from the earthquakes so frequent in those parts. It is he who saves the sailor from the storm; and various other wonderful powers are attributed to this saint. It is no wonder, then, that the people pay idolatrous worship to his bones. Multitudes kiss his feet, and bring offerings, when his relics are exhibited at the annual festival. Thus do they err, not knowing the Scriptures. And their covetous priests, to make a gain of them, "love to have it so." How many men, women, and children stand in awe of that dead body of Saint Dionysius, and believe him to be the great power of God! Yet he was in reality only a man. It is said that

when he observed in Egypt the darkness and confusion of Jesus Christ, he exclaimed, "Either suffering, or he sympathizes with some one who History informs us that he was one of the Council and that about A.D. 50, when St. Paul preached became a christian. He is said to have been of Athens, and, also, that he died the death of the most cruel tortures.

It is said that many of the churches in A parts of Greece, were built upon the sites of heathen temples, and that this was done in order to abolish the old pagan worship. By abolishing images, it seems they did not get the churches were generally named after some saint who receives religious homage as their patron. The churches were devoutly kissed, and incense is burned before the public services of the church. A lamp, in most of the parish, is kept burning before a similar image. The words of Scripture, "they burn incense to idols," is very important, then, that we should preach to the people these vanities unto the living God," and our people will be glad to hear that this is now being done. In years missionaries, from England and America, are preaching successfully in various parts of Greece. Many schools have been established, where the children of Greece, instead of being taught to worship idols, are instructed in the truth as it is in Jesus.

A young Greek thus expressed his desire for missionaries: "It is a cry from Macedonia—I am a Macedonian—'Send us preachers! send us preachers! send us preachers! that his desire may be granted, and that men like Paul and Timothy, and Silas of old, may be raised up for the present band of missionaries, and preach the

riches of Christ, that, instead of Saint Dionysius, or any other saint, Jesus Christ alone may be worshiped in this beautiful and interesting country.

“Where there’s a Will there’s a Way.”

A very common adage; but perhaps our young readers may be glad, nevertheless, to hear of an instance in which it was strikingly exemplified, especially as it was by some of their own age. The Hammond-Street Sabbath school, Bangor, in the State of Maine, America, contributed £72 last year to the treasury of the American Missionary Society; and in answer to some enquiry, the pastor of the Hammond-Street church thus explains, in the Journal of Missions, the way in which the work was done:—“‘How did the Sabbath school raise it?’ Well, *they had a mind to the work*. That is about all the answer you can have. They had a zeal to do it, and, therefore, they did it. This is one of those things of which Dr. Beecher says, ‘There is no way to do it, but to do it.’ This is the plain English of the whole affair. But if you really want to look inside, take this instance:—I was riding up State-Street Hill, carrying a lot of things to the city missionary, to be distributed among the needy. A gentle voice from the crossing asked, ‘How do you do, Mr. M——?’ I turned my eye, and there was one of my Sabbath school scholars, a little boy, nine or ten years old. ‘Get in and ride, Stephen.’ He climbed in, trailing his little sledge behind. ‘Well, Stephen, what about the Sabbath school?’ ‘Oh, I have just been working for my teacher, to get money for my next contribution. We’ve had a meeting, and fixed how much we shall give every month; and I am going to work for my teacher the afternoons when the school don’t keep. I’ve been tying up iron this afternoon;

and I let my sledge while I was at work, so I this month, and two pennies towards the next to get and give away money so, Stephen? answered, 'Suffer little children to come unto me do you want heathen children to know about 'That's it.' 'That is the highest use that money. Give, and love, and pray, and be happy.'

"Now this, as I said in my church pra evening, is a small thing. Just by itself, it's a But these pennies will be dollars by and by be large ones too. In the hands of some of in the school, who were little boys only a they are large dollars now. And that's how the three hundred and sixty dollars. And this amount. There are two missionary societies school; when we come to open their account over more than five hundred dollars (or £100 of the Sabbath school for the year 1852."

Is not this an example worthy of imitation therefore, say to each of my young readers likewise."

### A Happy Death-bed.

A few years ago, two young Hindoo girls were orphans. Both their parents died in one day taken care of by a missionary, and kept sent to an Orphan School. There they not only made their studies, but both learned to know and love God and grew up to be christian young women. About two or three years ago, with a good hope. The summer. In her illness she was very gentle.

know," she said, "that Jesus is a strong foundation, for he is the Rock of Ages. I am trusting in him, and he will support me." Being asked if she had any fear of death, she answered, "I have no fear, for Jesus has tasted death for me, and he has become the first fruits of them that slept." On being asked whether she felt that Jesus was supporting her, she replied, "Yes, He is with me, but soon I shall be with Him."

She used to awake about midnight, when she would repeat passages of Scripture, and sing hymns she had learned at school. During her last days she was much engaged in prayer. At one time it seemed to her that Satan was tempting her to doubt her salvation, and she seemed much distressed. But she again found comfort in Jesus, and prayed in these words:—

"Oh, sweet Jesus! I taste that thou art good. Thou hast fed me in green pastures; and hast refreshed me at the fountain of life. When we were only infants our father and mother left us; but, even as thou hast said, 'Although a mother may forget her sucking child, I will not forget thee,' so thou didst appoint for us honoured ladies and gentlemen, as fathers and mothers, to take care of us, and bring us up. Oh, sweet Jesus! for that I praise thee. Thou for my sins didst suffer much; thou didst shed thy precious blood and give thy life; and thou dost now pray for me before thy Father's face. Therefore, do thou have pity on me, and wash me from my sins. Thou hast cleansed me by thy blood; thou hast made me holy by thy blood; therefore I praise thy holy name. 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?'"

Her fears were gone. Through Jesus she gained the victory over pain, and fear, and death. At dying, she said she saw a great light, so bright that her eyes could not bear it. Then she said it began to go out, and so she died.

And so, from different countries, where the gospel has been carried, one and another are going to be with Christ in Para-

disa. Such cases make the missionary  
One such is a full reward for a life of  
reward for whatever sacrifices any of us  
convey the gospel to these dark lands.

### The Little Child's

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

God of mercy! God of love!  
Hear me from thy throne ab  
Teach me how in truth to pr  
Take my *sinful* heart away.

Often I offend thee, Lord,  
I neglect thy holy Word,  
Break thy blessed Sabbath-d  
Take my *rebel* heart away.

When my friends and teache  
Bid me their instruction min  
Then I talk or idly play:  
Take my *careless* heart away

Oft I disobedient grow,  
And ungrateful tempers shew  
Evil things I do and say:  
Take my *wicked* heart away.

When of Jesus' love I'm told  
Oft my heart is dull and cold  
Oh, to me thy love display!  
Take my "*stony*" heart awa;

Mould my nature all afresh,  
Give to me the "heart of fles  
For I know that grace divine  
Changes even hearts like mis



## Krishna Pal.

THE FIRST HINDOO CONVERT.

No. 2.

It was a few months more than seven years since the missionaries had arrived in India, when the day of Krishna's baptism came. His wife and daughter, his wife's sister, and one or two others, who it was hoped would be baptized with him, shrank from the trial as the day approached. Christ's love had not quite overpowered their fear of persecution. It was about noon on Lord's day, Dec. 28th, 1800, that Krishna and Felix Carey, a son of Dr. Carey, appeared, ready to be baptized into Christ Jesus. First they had a service in the mission chapel, when Mr. Ward preached from the words, "Search the Scriptures." After this they went to the river-side, just before the gate of the chapel. There were assembled the governor, some Europeans, many Hindoos and Mussulmen, to



witness the baptism of the first christian Hindoo. They b  
by singing in Bengali a translation of the beautiful hymn

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?" &c.

Dr. Carey then spoke a short time in the Bengali language. He said that christians did not think the river Ganges as do the Hindoos: it was only water. Baptism in this only signified the putting off all idols and sins, and the putting on of Christ. After prayer he went down into the water taking his son Felix in his right hand, and baptized him, in English words. Then came Krishna. All was silence deep attention as the dark Hindoo, the once idolater, at the waters with his feet and stood before the missionary, confessing his faith in Christ Jesus and forsaking his idols and their worship. Using Bengali words, Dr. Carey baptized Krishna ceased to be a follower of the gods of his forefathers he was become a follower of Christ.

It was a day of joy. Every heart was glad. Krishna welcomed by the servants of Christ as a fellow-believer brother in the Lord. In the afternoon the Lord's supper observed for the first time in Bengali.

Krishna too was glad. His happiness overflowed, and made still greater by the decision of his wife and sister also Christ's disciples. At the close of this happy day declared he was "full of joy." A European asked him he got by his confession of Christ. He replied that he nothing but joy and comfort;" adding, "it was the love."

Krishna strove to love his Saviour. It was no passing thing that had led him to Jesus. At a meeting soon afterwards said, "When I am at work, my mind goes away from and I am sorry, and charge it not to do so. I say, 'Oh, my why dost thou depart from Christ? Thou canst not be h

anywhere without him. I charge thee to keep close to him." He set his face towards heaven, and often tasted of the joy which God's people have as they think of their happy home. He felt as Joymooni, his sister-in-law, described it, when she said, "Oh, yes, my mind's book is open, in which I write down everything that I hear about Jesus Christ."

A few weeks after his baptism, Krishna wrote the following beautiful hymn, which has been translated by Dr. Marshman:—

"The feeble vessel of my soul,  
On life's deceitful shallows struck;  
The foaming billows o'er it roll,  
The sails are split, the masts are broke:  
Yet why, my soul, this anxious fear?  
Say, why this sinking in despair?"

"If thou, indeed, wouldst leave the sand,  
And heavenward urge thy future course,  
Then, hear! there's help divine at hand,  
The shipwrecked sinner's last resource:  
Then why, my soul, this anxious fear?  
Say, why this sinking in despair?"

"In faith, on Jesus loudly call;  
This instrument thy bark shall move;  
Thus let thy vessel floating, fall  
And swim in boundless seas of love  
Then why, my soul, this anxious fear?  
Say, why this sinking in despair?"

## What does the Missionary Box say?

### Part 1.

There is your missionary box standing on the chimney-piece. It has got the middle place among the flowers and ornaments. You have another like it, only larger, at your Sabbath school. It is placed by the door that you may see it

every time you enter. Well, did you ever list were going into the school, or sitting by the fire *box said to you?* "Why, you do not mean to say *speaks*, do you?" Yes; it speaks, indeed, and many things too. It does not require a *mouth* to things speak to us without mouths. There is which you like so much to go and see when you I am sure it tells you many things. Did you not time you were there, when you looked into the *dungeon*, as if it told you how dreadful must have of the poor men who used to be shut up in that place? The very thought of it made you shudder, member also noticing one part of the walls very near which was done by the cannon of an enemy, who castle at one time. When you looked at them, they could scarce help fancying that you saw the sold castle firing away with their cannon. It was the old walls that made you think of them. As you from the castle, too, perhaps you thought you were in the *church-yard*. You saw the old grave-digger, and you had a little curiosity to look into the grave, by seeing him cast out the earth, and going down deeper. He came upon some bones, and threw an arm and leg bones, and ribs. Then came the time he cast it up it rolled down the heap of earth to the bottom, with the great empty holes, where were, staring you right in the face. You could look at it. It seemed to say to you in a solemn voice, "I will just be like me some day, and your bones be in a grave, as mine are, by a grave-digger." You were in the *church-yard*, trying to banish the thought from your mind, but you were as light-hearted as before. But just as you were *over the stile*, your eye lighted upon a head-stone

the wall. You stopped and looked at it for a while, and then walked slowly away. You felt very serious and thoughtful. What made you so? Ah, it was something the *stone* had told you. It was one of your school companions who was buried there. Many a happy day you and he had had playing together. But death came and took him away. You went along thinking about him, and thinking how soon you also might die, and a head-stone be placed over you. It was the stone in the church-yard that called up these thoughts. And you know the *old blind man*, who sits by the cross in your town, seeking alms, does not need to speak. As he sits there, with his hat in his hand, the cold wind blowing upon his bald head the while, every one who passes feels as if his *blind eyes* cried, "Take pity on the poor blind man."

You see, then, how many things speak to us, and you will easily remember a great many more. "Well," you say, "tell us now *what the missionary box says*." It tells you many useful lessons, and you might learn them for yourselves, if you would look at it, and listen, and think. Let us go to it. There it is, with the hole in the top for dropping in the money, and the name printed in large letters on the side of it, "Missionary Box." Now, you must stand still and think about it, and hear. The reason why you never heard what it said before was, you paid no attention to it. May God make us to attend to what it says, for they are important things indeed which it tells us. Let us listen, then.—But I must tell you what the Missionary Box says next month.

### More about the Zulus.

Our readers will remember seeing in a former number some account of the Zulus, a tribe of Caffres living in the south and east of Africa. They will, perhaps, like to know a little

more about them. In their *heathen* state they are ignorant of true religion, extremely superstitious, and their belief is universal among them, that at death they are changed into *snakes*. There are four names in use to denote the spirits or ghosts of the dead as they exist in serpent form, the first from the word which signifies a *shadow*; and the second word for a dream or sleep. When a man's spirit lingers for a while in the roof of his house, he seeks a snake of a particular kind for its future abode, the name of the spirit-snake, in their language. This snake is of a brilliant green colour, but is not venomous. It is regarded as sacred; and though it is poisonous, they will by no means molest it. If one of these snakes is killed by design or accident, the offender, that the author of the sacrilege, or some one else, is sure to die through the wrath of the offended spirit which dwelt in the reptile. At one of our missions a man made as if he would strike an *inyandexu*, and immediately the people trembled with apprehension. About two weeks afterwards, a child died in the mission school, and all the heathen believed it was in consequence of the anger of the spirit dwelling in the insulted house. If injury is done to one of these snakes, not only the spirit inhabiting that particular one displeased, but all the spirits take up the insult and seek to avenge it.

The *amanlose*, or spirits of their ancestors, they believe, have almost unlimited power over nature itself. They can scorch the sun, or water it with showers; they can bring whom they please, or bring good to their favour, or come and go at their bidding. They are the spirits of life and death. They can reveal secrets, tell of future events, detect criminals and

the hands of justice. In short, the spirits of their ancestors are their *gods*, and them only do they worship. "All are kings after death," they say, "possessed of unlimited power and knowledge. Their favour must be propitiated, their wrath deprecated." Thus, you see, this people have changed the glory of God into a "creeping thing," and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is God blessed for ever.

But now they have missionaries living among them, who are teaching them (and as you read last time) with a good deal of success, about the true God, and his son Jesus Christ. They are introducing christian customs among them. Till they went, the Zulus knew nothing about *marriage*. When a man wanted a wife, he bought a young girl for so many cows, and carried her home to his hut or kraal. They generally had more than one wife, and some had as many as a dozen.

But they are now learning better, and christian marriages are taking place among them. Our young readers will be interested in the account of a wedding at Mr. Ireland's station. The names of the individuals married, were Umali and Nutotosi. Umali was supposed to be about eighteen years of age, and Nutotosi about sixteen. The bride was dressed in blue calico, with a white apron. The bridegroom had on white trousers, and a plaid coat. They both looked very well as they stood up together. Nearly a hundred natives were present to witness the ceremony; about half of whom were dressed, and the rest were clad in their former style; but all maintained the utmost decorum. The wedding cake was made of Indian meal, with a few raisins in it, and coffee was served up to drink with it. After they were married, they walked arm in arm, with two other couples, to their hut, which is only a short distance from Mr. Ireland's house. Several of the mission company followed them in a few minutes. The door

to the hut is so low that they were on their hands and knees. But when they found everything looking very neat, and all around to sit upon, and two or three were prepared for their teachers. To them, all united in singing a hymn, and thus the pleasant scene showed the happy effects of the gospel of Christ. Labour and pray that it may be the same on earth?

### Temple of S

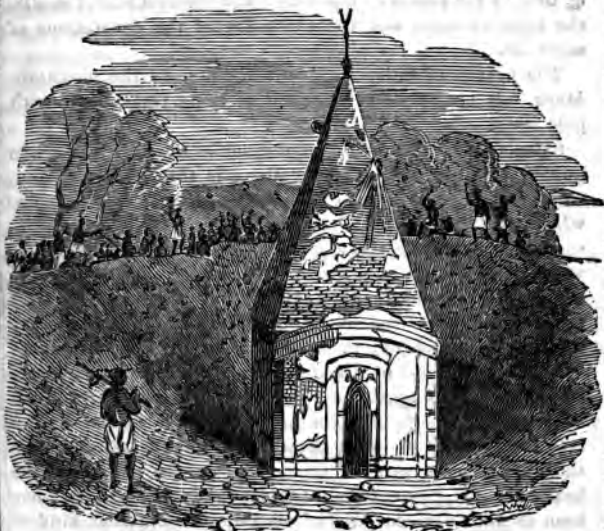
"A strange looking building that young readers will say; "more like a temple it is, dedicated to Shiva, the principal deities of India.

The one represented in the engraving. It is surrounded by a high mound of fragments of earthen bottles.

On one of the last days of February, a thousand pilgrims assemble, each with three earthen bottles, containing within a few copper coins.

Such is the offering they make to Shiva. He is to be greatly pleased with the act, and the bottles against the temple. The next day, the pilgrims, true to Shiva, do not forget to give as the trustees of the idol, keep it from being may not be buried beneath the fragments. They may escape their vigilance, they have moved to a short distance, where the temple is to the extent here represented.

Such is a part of the worship of Shiva. Our young readers will now, perhaps, wish to hear some account of the god himself. He is represented in various forms, but is usually painted of a white or silver colour, with a third eye, and the crescent (which he obtained at the churning of the ocean) in the middle



of his forehead. Sometimes he is described with one head, at others with five; sometimes armed with various instruments of destruction, at others riding on the bull Nandi, and at others as a mendicant asking for alms. He is sometimes represented with a tiger's skin round his waist, and a cobra capella or hooded snake rearing its head over his left shoulder.



His head dress is of serpents, the heads of which point for the bodies form the knot on the top of his head. Of theblems of Shiva, it is thought that he has three eyes to d the three divisions of time—the past, the present, an future; that the crescent in his forehead refers to the me of time by the phases of the moon; and the necklace of s the lapse of ages, and the succession of the generatic mankind.

The heaven of Shiva is Mount Kailasa, on the mou Meru, and his palace is described as being resplendent gold and jewels.

Shiva's followers practise great cruelties upon themsel honour of their god. One of these is that of suspe which is performed by two posts being erected, on the which is placed a strong bar, from which the worahi suspended by his feet over a fire kindled beneath him which resin is occasionally cast. His head is then comp enveloped in the smoke, though sufficiently high to be b the reach of the flame. At other times the *sanyasis* or shipers dance and roll themselves upon the *downy* be various descriptions of *prickly* plants. Another cerem called the "*jump sanya*," or jumping on a couch of p steel: this is done by fixing a number of semi-circular l into several bars of wood attached to a mattress, and throwing themselves upon them. Such is the worship heathen. Are you not thankful, dear children, that you been taught a different kind of worship, in a different ki temple? and that the God you have to obey is not Shi Destroyer, but Jesus the Saviour, and God who calls h our FATHER?

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## Saleh, an Arab Convert.

You cannot think how unlike Saleh was in appearance to the men you have been in the habit of seeing. His dress, I suppose, was very much such as used to be worn in Judea in the time of our Saviour. He was an Arab, and the Arabs, you know, are the descendants of Abraham. They are an enterprising and brave people; and when they shall become converted to Christ, will be likely to do a great deal to make him known to the rest of the world. The larger part of them now believe in Mohammed, who appeared about twelve hundred years ago, claiming to be a prophet of God, and gave his followers the Koran, which they think as highly of as Christians do of the Bible. Saleh was a descendant of Mohammed. Such have peculiar honours paid them by the rest of the people. But Saleh renounced these; and when he was persecuted for giving up the religion of his fathers, he did not turn back, but forsook all things for Christ. You will be interested in knowing how it was that he became a christian.

He was born in Damascus, a city which you find much written about in the Bible. When he was two years old his father, who was a merchant, went down to Egypt, as Abraham did so many centuries ago. The next twenty years he spent chiefly in Cairo; and as his father's house used to be frequented by men of learning, he gained considerable knowledge, and came at length to the conclusion, that the religion which he had been brought up in could not satisfy the wants of his soul. What should he now do? He knew of nothing better. There was no precious Bible in his father's house. No house of God stood open every Sabbath, inviting him in to hear of Christ and his salvation. No missionary was there to tell him of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. By and bye, however, he found in a book-store a portion of the

New Testament. He read it. He longed to get hold of the same book. He resolved to go where he could be acquainted with the whole scheme of salvation.

So he left his kindred and friends, and after many years he reached Calcutta. This was about six years ago. He was met by ministers of Christ who could teach him the way. The religion of Christ met the wants of his soul. He longed to confess him before men. His baptism was a joyful scene. He gave his Koran, which he had kept for many years, into the hands of the missionary, as a token that it was no longer in the matter of salvation; and received from him in return a Bible in Arabic. After this he avowed his humble dependence on Christ, and his entire consecration to his service, knelt down and was baptized in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Thus Saleh was like the merchantman seeking goodly pearls. When he found the pearl of great price, he sold all he had and bought it. He gave up everything for Christ, his mother whom he greatly loved, his native land to which he was strongly attached, and all his early friends. Was not a wise exchange? Have you acted as wisely?

### The Blind Boy and his Bible.

A little blind boy, about twelve years of age, was taught to learn to read the Bible with RAISED LETTERS, prepared for the use of the blind. In a very short space of time he was able to run his fingers along the page, and to read it with ease. The highest object of his wishes was now to possess a complete copy of the Bible for the blind, which consists of several large volumes. His parents were unable to buy one, but a minister obtained one from a Benevolent Society. He now possesses several volumes.

Not long after the little boy received the books, his pious mother saw him retire to the room where they were kept, and she stepped softly to the door to see what he would do. And why do you think the dear little boy went alone to his room? His mother saw him kneeling by the side of these precious volumes, and lifting up his hands in prayer return thanks to God for this blessed gift of his holy Word. He then rose from his knees, and taking up one of the volumes in his arms, hugged and kissed it, and then laid it on one side and proceeded to the next, and so on, till he had, in this simple but pleasing manner, signified his love for each of those blessed volumes, which, through the medium of touch, had spread before his mind the wonders and the glories of God's love to man.

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter, also, than honey and the honey-comb."

### A Testament Spoiling a Dog.

A poor African came to Mr. Moffatt, the missionary to South Africa, with the sad story that his dog had torn a Testament in pieces and eaten some of the leaves. He said that the dog had been very useful to him, guarding his property from wild beasts and hunting them; but he feared he was now useless. Mr. Moffatt asked him how this could be? He could get another Testament, and why could not the dog be as useful as ever? "I am afraid," he replied, "the dog will be of no further use to me. The words of the New Testament are full of love and gentleness, and after the dog has eaten them, it is not likely that he will hunt or fight for me any more."

Of course he was not long in finding out that the dog was made neither better nor worse by eating the words. How many are there upon whom those words, so "full of love,"

have no more effect for good than they had on the African's dog!

### Annual Juvenile Meetings, London.

We are requested by the Committee of the Young Missionary Association to announce, that the Annual Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliaries, in and about London, will place (D.V.) on Wednesday, June 22nd; and, in order that many as possible of their young friends may have the opportunity of attending, there will this year be twelve meetings instead of three as formerly.

We give below the order of proceedings, with the hymns to be used, and hope that our friends, the teachers, will give their children an opportunity of learning them prior to the meeting.

#### OPENING HYMN.—*Tune, Milan.*

- 1 God of love, before Thee now,  
Help us all in love to bow;  
As the dews on Hermon fall,  
May thy blessing rest on all.
- 2 Let it soften every breast,  
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,  
Till we find ourselves to be  
Children of one family.
- 3 Far across the ocean's wave,  
Brethren, sisters too, we have;  
But they have not heard of Thee;  
Wilt not thou *their* Father be?
- 4 Let *them* hear the Shepherd's voice,  
And beneath his care rejoice;  
And together let us come  
To the fold,—“there yet is room.”

PRAYER.—CHAIRMAN'S OPENING ADDRESS.—REV

FIRST SENTIMENT.—Address.

is our duty to pity our brothers and sisters in heathen  
 , who have been taught to worship idols of wood and  
 , the work of men's hands.

SECOND HYMN.—*Tune, Mariners'.*

- 1 Fly, my prayers, to distant regions,  
 Where the wretched heathen dwell,  
 Where the poor benighted legions  
 Live in sin, and love it well.
- 2 With the prayers of thousands blending,  
 Offered by the church around,  
 There, like heavenly dew descending,  
 Fertilize the barren ground.
- 3 Mighty, through the Saviour's merit,  
 O'er the realms of darkness fly,  
 Aid to bring the promised spirit  
 Plentifully from on high.

SECOND SENTIMENT.—Address.

e are glad to know that schools are open at the Mission  
 ons, where children are taught the way of life and salva-  
 through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THIRD HYMN.—*Tune, Benediction (Watts's Hallelujah).*

- 1 Hark! a distant voice is calling,  
 Mournfully it meets the ear;  
 Louder still those accents falling,  
 Fill each heart with thoughtful fear:  
 Let us listen—  
 Now the cry of grief is near.
- 2 'Tis the groan of spirits dying,  
 Lost in sin's dark night they stay;  
 'Tis the call of thousands crying,  
 "Ye who know the living way,  
 Come and guide us  
 To the land of perfect day."

3 Let us send to every nation  
 News of life and light divine;  
 And to spread thy great salvation,  
 Freely all our powers resign:  
 Take the first fruits,  
 Then our lives shall all be thine.

#### THIRD SENTIMENT.—Address.

Our prayer should be, that God would bless the Mission in their efforts to impart instruction to their young of that so true religion and piety may spread far and wide.

#### CHAIRMAN'S CLOSING ADDRESS.

#### FOURTH HYMN.—Tune, Truro.

1 Oh, happy day! oh, happy day!  
 When all shall own the Saviour's way,  
 And not a land on earth remain  
 Beneath the power of Satan's reign:  
 2 When holy love, and peace, and joy,  
 Shall fill each heart, each hand employ,  
 And Jesus and his cross be sung  
 By every tribe of every tongue.  
 3 Oh, may the years pass swiftly by,  
 And bring the Spirit from on high,  
 When all this desert world shall be  
 One garden, sacred, Lord, to thee.

#### THE BENEDICTION.

The Meetings will commence at a quarter before o'clock, and close at a quarter before nine, punctually: will be held at Blandford Street, Keppel Street, Vernon, oer Place, Mars Street, Devonshire Square, Allie Street, Park Street, Lion Street, Denmark Place, Regent Street Romney Street, Chapels.



### **Brahmin carrying Holy Water.**

urch of Rome has its holy water, and says, that by  
ll sins are washed away and the soul born again.  
too, have their holy water, and believe that by bath-  
they are cleansed from all iniquity. They think the  
ges to be very holy. They even worship it. Morn-  
-vening the Hindoos visit and look at the river to  
e sins of the night or of the day. When sick, they  
ir bodies with its mud, and remain near the river for  
erhaps, till they are well or die. Many thousands of  
e are brought down to the river side every year to  
and sometimes they are even choked with the mud  
*ir friends stuff into their mouths.*

**August.**



You can imagine, then, how anxious the people are a long way off to obtain the water of the Ganges. They cannot take long pilgrimages to reach it, are therefore buy it of those who will carry it to their homes. therefore, a class of Brahmins, who carry the water vessels to the idol temples, and sell it to all who wish.

Thus the poor people are ignorant of that precious which cleanseth from all sin, far more precious Ganges,—more purifying than its waters. How many for them to come to Christ to be cleansed. The Hind nothing of it till the missionaries visited them, and then they are still ignorant of it. Let us earnestly endeavor to shew them a better way, and to point them to the God who taketh away the sin of the world.

### *"I want to do something for God"*

A little pale boy was seated in the kitchen of a small house, and occupied in reading the Bible. His mother was engaged in sewing, when she was suddenly surprised by the child exclaim, "Oh, mother, I am so very happy," and the little fellow rose from his seat and came and laid his head upon her lap.

The mother's eyes filled with tears, for she thought the little boy had very few things to make him happy, sick and lame, and they were so poor that he neither had proper clothes nor proper food; but she only said, "And that makes you happy, Richard?"

The boy lifted up his pale thin face, and said, "God so, dear mother; he is so good."

"And what has put that into your mind just now, Richard?"

"I have been reading about the creation, mother."

wicked the people became after God had made the beautiful world for them; and yet, although they kept on rebelling against him, he was full of mercy. He would have spared the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, if only ten righteous men could have been found in them; and then he let Noah be a hundred and twenty years in preparing the ark, and yet the people repented not. But the greatest goodness of all was in sending Jesus to die for us. Oh, mother! when I think upon all that God has done, and Jesus has suffered for us, I cannot help wishing that I could do something to shew my love to God; for you know that father often says, 'Actions speak louder than words.'"

"But what can you do, my child?" said his mother. "You are too ill and weakly to work."

"I know that, mother; yet I can't help wishing that I could do something. I have been thinking that if I had a missionary box, I would try and get some money; and if it were ever so little, Jesus would accept it for the poor heathen, because it is all I can do for him."

"There is some sense in that, Richard, for we know that money does good in that way. Else it is not much that we poor folks can do to help others; but, you see, if every family saves a few pence, why, when it is all put together it comes to a pretty sum."

"And don't you think, mother, that we ought to try and give something? There is Mr. Jones, who is quite as badly off as father, and yet they managed to have a great many shillings in their box last year."

"Mr. Jones has children who are strong and able to work; but you, my dear boy, what can you do?"

"Mother," said Richard, while a bright flush passed over his face, "Mother, I must do something. I believe that I shan't live very long, and I want to try and shew that I would

do good if I could. Promise that you will get me a missionary box, and I will try and get some money."

"I am quite willing, Richard; only you must not be a all the ladies who come here to see you for money: you that would not be pretty."

"No, mother, I won't do that, for I should like to see and I've been thinking that perhaps I might sell the wooden knives and toothpicks which I can make, and cut more of the paper ornaments that Mrs. Williams likes much, and perhaps she might buy some."

"Well, my boy, I'll get the paper, and when father home you can ask him for some wood."

In a week from that time Richard had several curious articles neatly finished, and laid in a paper tray, upon was a card with the words:—"For sale, for the good Missionary Society."

In a very short time, the kind ladies who came to see bought all the things which were in the tray, for they liked to encourage the little boy who seemed in such earnest to do and Richard soon found that his efforts to do "something for God" were blessed by him with success.

When the next quarterly missionary meeting took place a poor woman, with a black ribbon upon her bonnet, brought a missionary box, and, giving it into the collector's hands, said, "It is my son's box, Sir,—Richard Johnson."

"Richard Johnson," said the gentleman, "why, that little lame boy who lives in — street, is it not?"

"He is dead, Sir!" exclaimed the mother, with a sob and burst of tears.

A gentleman here stepped forward and related the particulars which I have been telling you, adding, that Richard had been seized with a sudden illness in the midst of his efforts for the missionary cause, and that, after lingering a week, he

1. "The last time I saw him," he continued, "he was lying up in bed, supported by pillows, working away at his wooden knives; and when I asked him why he thus spent his failing strength, he answered, 'My time is so very short, and there is no work nor device in the grave, to which I am hastening;' adding, 'It is so good of God to let me live long enough to shew that I would do something for the souls of others if I could; and I have so prayed that maybe money may help to bring some poor heathen to know and love him.' He had no curiosity to know how much there was in the box, no feeling of pride or anxiety for display in the art he was making. To use his own simple words, 'God has been so good to me, and my Saviour suffered so much for my sake, that I could not rest until I tried to do something to show my love and gratitude.'"

The box was opened, and found to contain eighteen shillings and sixpence; and this sum was soon increased to twenty shillings, by the sale of a few more little articles left upon Richard's paper tray, and which his mother gave, saying she was sure he would have wished it had he been living.

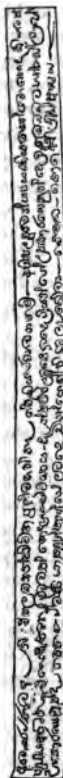
Dear little reader, may I remind you that God has been really good to you, and that the same Saviour whom Richard died for you also? Try, then, and see whether you can not do something to shew your love to God. It is very likely that you cannot make such little articles for sale as he; but if there is only the desire, we have no fear of your finding out a way in which you can shew your love to Him. And, that you may be led to do this, let me remind you of little Richard's maxim, that "actions speak louder than words."

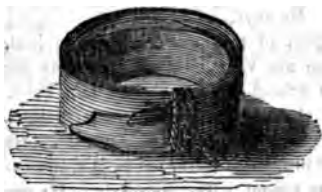
## A Singhalese Letter.

This is very curious writing, and a very letter. The boys and girls in the schools in are taught to read and write the strange-circles and lines now before our young read is the language the people speak, and is Singhalese. But why is the writing in su lines, and on so narrow a piece of paper? tell you. This writing is a short letter writ boy, whose name is Conolis Appoo, to the school children in England who contribute the support of his teacher. The name of hi is Grand Pass. But the writing is not on pa is called an *ola*. And what is that?

In Ceylon there is a beautiful tree havir leaves in the shape of a fan. It is called the tree. The Buddhist priests use this leaf so for a fan; but it is used too for writing on. is cut into strips, about eighteen inches lo two inches broad. If the leaves are intend made into books, two pieces of stout wood at the top and bottom, and then a piece of passed through a hole at one end, and all th fastened together. But when the leaves are for letters, they are rolled up into circles, an you see in the little picture on the next page times they are doubled up flat and tied.

The colour of the leaf is a light brown; boys do not write on it with ink. The let cut into it with a sharp iron point: then





al mixed with oil is rubbed over the leaf, which fills up the spaces, so that the writing can be read.

Of course it takes a long time to copy a book, though the scribes write very fast. Each leaf of a book is numbered with the letter of the alphabet. Some of the books are so valuable, that the edges of the leaves and the between which they are fastened, are covered with gold. The copyist is always known by his having a very long notch in the thumb of his left hand, in which a notch is made for the iron pen or style to rest in while he is writing.

Our little Appoo has learnt to write in Grand Pass school, and his leaf-letter to our young friends by whose kind gifts he has learnt to read and write, he says,—

The purport of this writing sent to the little gentlemen in England, who are very kind to us. We were without knowledge of what is sin, and the punishment that follows from sin. We thank you now, therefore we thank you. To this purport. Appoo."

Now, this is the meaning of the curious writing above. But another of these little letters before me, written by Megel. He says,—

The purport of the writing sent to the little gentlemen in England, who are very affectionate to us. Rev. Mr. Davies says that it is you who give money to support our school; therefore may God bless you. Megel."

Little Hendrick, however, tells us what he now knows about the Saviour. He says,—

“The purport of this writing sent to little gentlemen in England, who are very anxious to do us good. Before we came to this school we were very bad boys. We did not know Christ the Saviour. You gave us light. May you receive the mercy of God. To this purport. Hendrick.”

But I have one more letter from Abraham. He has learned to write in the school at Demettagoda. He says,—

“Little gentlemen, you brought us from darkness to light. Before we learnt in this school we were in ignorance. Now by reading the Holy Bible, we have learnt Christ the Saviour. So you who assisted us, we thank you several times. To this purport. Abraham.”

Perhaps Abraham really loves the Saviour. Let us offer prayer that the instruction these little lads receive may be blessed to their conversion.

When Mr. Russell and Mr. Leechman were in Ceylon, they visited all these schools, and I will give you an example of their knowledge. Mr. Russell visited the school at Gahala. There were thirty boys and six girls. The school-room was a little shed thatched with straw; and while they were being examined, many of their wild-looking parents stood round about outside. Some came in and listened. The second class gave the following answers:—“Who made you God?” “How many persons are there in the Godhead?” “Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” “Whom did the chief priests and elders take counsel against?” “Against Jesus Christ.” “Why did they do so?” “To kill him.” “Why was Jesus Christ?” “He was the Son of God.” “Did he deserve death?” “No.” “Why then did he die?” “To save us.” “From what?” “From sin and from death.” “Where will believers in Christ go when they die?” “To heaven.” “Where will unbelievers go?” “To hell.”

here are, then, boys and girls trained up in the schools of  
on to know the Lord, and to seek salvation in his love.  
readers will not, we are sure, be weary of helping them  
and God's word, and to obtain other useful knowledge.

### Railways among the Heathen.

you have often read in this little magazine about India, that  
country in Asia, of which so large a part belongs to  
land, and where so many millions of heathens and Ma-  
medans are living. It is in this country that Shiva the  
royer (about whom you read a month ago), and Juggernaut,  
a great many other false gods, are worshiped by the poor  
ded people. And it was there that Carey, and Marshman,  
Pearce, and hundreds of other good men, laboured to preach  
gospel of Jesus Christ, and where we hope God is blessing  
efforts of his servants, and bringing a great many out of  
leep darkness of heathenism into that marvellous light of  
gospel, which you, dear children, have so constantly brought  
re you by ministers and teachers, and for which you will  
st have to give an account.

in this great country of India, then, a Railway has just  
opened. You have, all of you, no doubt, seen railways,  
most likely have traveled on them; so you can hardly  
gine the astonishment with which the poor Hindoos looked  
at *first steam engine* that was placed on the rails. This  
about a year ago, before the line was opened, and so great  
the excitement among the natives, that thousands of them  
continually watching it. They could not believe that it  
only iron and other metal, with water, coals, and steam  
; they thought it must be a god, worshiped by the Eng-  
and fed by them with water, lest it should be angry and  
t out upon them. They called it the fire chariot, and so



many of them wanted to throw themselves un-  
der and be crushed by it (as their cruel religion ca-  
ved them to do under the wheels of Juggernaut);  
fishmen who made the railway were obliged  
to give a body of policemen, to prevent their so destroy-  
ing it. Even now, many of them always *salaam* or bow  
when they see it.

It is intended to carry this railway quite ac-  
ross the bay to Calcutta, and we may hope that it will  
be doing some good to the poor idolatrous Hind-  
us, showing them how weak and useless are their idols, com-  
pared to the white man's *fire chariot*, which they  
thought not to be a god, and in other ways, by  
lifting them from their present degraded state. At  
the same time it will make it easier for missionaries to go from one  
place to another preaching Jesus Christ, and distributing  
the Word of God which tells them of the folly of worshipping  
idols and stone, and points them to the Saviour who  
gives life and immortality to all who trust in him.

Think, then, dear children, sometimes of the  
Word of God and especially of the children in those coun-  
tries whom never hear of the love of Jesus, or of  
the home he has prepared for them. Say, as the  
Saviour says to many of you have learnt, says,—

"I should like them to hear there is room for  
all, and that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime,  
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest."

Buddha.

If our young readers will refer to the volun-  
tary edition for 1851, they will find a picture of Bu-



count of him. We will give them some additional particulars from Mr. Russell's tour in Ceylon and India. Budha was once, as mentioned in the article referred to, a *mdn*, and son of one of the inferior princes of India. While young he became disgusted with the general pursuits of the world, and left home in search of wisdom and virtue. During six years he performed such severe penances that he exhausted his strength, and at times was thought to be dead. But he found no advantage from these mortifications and gave them up, adopting a wholesome but spare diet, and retiring into solitude. When he came forth from his retirement he professed to have attained perfect knowledge and purity, and claimed to be supreme over gods and men. He published a great many large books. They are made of the leaves of the talipot tree, placed side by side, with thin boards for covers, and tied together with string. The first division, Viniya (Discipline), is for the *priests*, and consists of five volumes; the second, Sutras (Discourses), consists of nineteen volumes; the third, Abhidharma (Definitions and Explanations), contains seven volumes. They are beautifully written, are in the Pali language, and in the Singhalese character. The priests assert that Budha *spoke* all these, and that they were committed to writing four hundred and thirty-nine years after his death, by his disciples. In addition to the above, he wrote many books in which tales are introduced. The writing is lengthwise, about two feet in the length of the leaf, and two and three-quarter inches in width, the whole of his works together measuring twelve feet in thickness.

His books contain many good moral precepts, but supply neither motive nor help for their observance; and they ascribe every one's condition to actions done in a former state of existence. The following is an instance of this. "When Bagawa (one of the names of Budha) was residing near Sewat, a young man, named Subha, came to his residence, and, after a

respectful salutation, sat down. Being sensible Gautama (another of the names of cause or by what means is it that among some are in prosperous, others in adversity. After some other remarks, Gautama said, beings receive the results of their own conduct, forms their inheritance, their *birth*, their circumstances in life.' The young man's explanation; and Bagawa said, 'If, in this woman be a destroyer of life, cruel, blood-slaughtering, and destitute of kindness to upon the dissolution of his frame by death, the conduct to which he has been thus will be born in hell, wretched, miserable, if, upon the dissolution of his frame by death in hell, but again becomes a man, he will be born in this world a woman or a man abstain from the club and the knife, and be gentle to all living beings, before the dissolution, in consequence of the conduct to which he is fully accustomed, he will be born in heaven; or if he be not born in heaven, but somewhere he may be born, he will be long-lived, he states, that in the next birth a peaceful, and the placid, beautiful, the covetous rich, and so on.

The name of Budha signifies, wise man; he assumed it himself when he was about this

### Happy death of a little C

The following short extract from a letter who has a school in Caffraria, will, I think

readers. She says,—“When I wrote, after the death of little Mary, I little thought how soon a similar trial awaited me. It is just three weeks since I was called to part with another dear affectionate child, aged nine years; her end was, indeed, peace. Her name was Katarena; she was a mulatto, had been in the school little more than three years, and in person and manners was most prepossessing, quiet, and retiring; she was always diligent and attentive, and I felt almost proud of the rapid progress she had made. When she entered the school, she knew not a letter, nor could speak a word of any language, except the Dutch; but for a considerable time before she died, she could read or converse fluently either in Caffre or English with the girls of the first class. She was ill fifteen days, and during the time became very communicative, and was frequently engaged in prayer, and at first expressed a desire to recover, in order that she might serve God and pray with her schoolfellows. To be fit for heaven appeared to be her great desire; it was sweet though painful to hear her earnest, child-like prayers,—‘Please to take away my sins.’ ‘Make me holy.’ ‘Give me patience to bear my pain; I want a patience like Job’s.’ ‘Make me fit for heaven.’ She would frequently send for Mr. Laing, and ask him to seek for her the same blessings. A few hours before she died, she looked very earnestly at me, and repeated some verses of a long hymn, the subject taken from Eccles. xi. 6, very distinctly. It begins,—

‘Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broad-cast it o’er the land;’

and you may suppose my feelings, for I had never heard it before, but have since found it in the Weston Hymn Book for Children, two copies of which were sent me by the Dowager Lady Buxton, about three years since, and one of them I had given to *this dear child*.”

Here is an instance, dear children, of the fruit of missionary efforts. What would little Katarena, known of Jesus, had not a kind christian father, to instruct the daughters of the happy country to give their pence freely, then, and at the same time, God will give still more abundant blessing to the missionaries. Pray also that when you are as happy as little Katarena.

### Fire in a Zulu Kraal

A few Sabbaths since we heard a most interesting story going to the door I perceived one of the houses in the kraal on fire. The women were seen running in all directions, endeavouring to secure a place of refuge for the things they possessed, such as pots of beer, mats, wooden pillows, and small pieces of their only garments. The wind was raging at the time, and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the people of the kraal the flames spread rapidly over the huts, and in less than half an hour six of the huts in the kraal, besides many bushels of Indian corn, were consumed. This was truly a great loss to the people. I am sorry to say it took place on the Sabbath. They have been getting ready to come to the house of God, and of burning the grass preparatory to digging.

But did they regard it as a righteous judgment? No, on account of their violation of this holy day. "But," said they, "surely the *Amahloxi* (our fathers) are offended, and we must console ourselves, that we may know what to do." They are now on their way to a great impostor, living about ten miles

He had made sure of his fee, told them that their suspicions were correct; the fire was truly the work of an offended spirit, and they must immediately slaughter an animal to appease his wrath. Accordingly a cow was killed; and this is the second time they have offered such a sacrifice during the past six months.

Although the Zulus do not worship the sun, moon, or stars, or make images and bow down to them, like the inhabitants of India and China, they are, perhaps, as really idolaters, for they worship snakes, or the spirits of their fathers; which they say at death enter snakes.

It is exceedingly difficult to convince them of their folly and guilt in adhering so strenuously to these superstitious notions; but this is a part of our great work as teachers, and when even one poor Zulu is induced to abandon them, we feel amply rewarded for all our toil.

JOSIAH TYLER.

*Isidumbini, South Africa.*

### Christ at the Well.

Children, gather round about me,  
And a moving tale I'll tell;  
How the Saviour, worn and weary,  
Sat Him down by Jacob's well;  
Toilsome was the noonday journey  
Of the burning Eastern day;  
And He rests Him by the fountain  
Ere He ventures on His way.

Saviour! what might be Thy musings?  
What the yearnings of Thy breast,  
(Which alone Thy Father knew of),  
As Thy weary frame did rest?

There before Thee lay the city,  
Fig and olive clustering fair;  
Oh, the anguish, oh, the pity,  
For the blinded sinners there !

See, along the distant pathway  
With a light yet stately tread,  
One of Sychar's careless daughters,  
Comes with pitcher on her head.  
For the pure and cooling waters  
Of their old ancestral well,  
She hath left the lovely city,  
Where her friends and brethren dwell.

Little recked she, as she issued  
Joyous from the city gates,  
Of the sweet and living waters,  
Or the Saviour who awaits:  
She but sees a lonely outcast  
Jew, by all her heart abhorred;  
Little dreamt she 'twas her Saviour,—  
Little thought she 'twas her Lord.

On her head no pitcher glistens,  
As she turns her to depart;  
But a well of living water  
Bears she homeward in her heart:  
Quickly to the gate she hastens,  
Where the city fathers meet:  
"Christ! Messiah! I have found Him!"  
Echoes down the ancient street.

See the fields already waving  
Golden to the reaper's hand !  
Lord ! send labourers to Thy harvest:  
Let the sickle reap the land !  
Weary sinner, sorrow-laden,  
Steeped in wretchedness and sin !  
Still He sits beside the fountain,  
And He bids you wash therein !



A BYRAGGE, OR INDIAN FAKIR.

## Krishna Pal.

### THE FIRST HINDOO CONVERT.

No. 3.

After his baptism, the family of Krishna was very happy. His wife, a little woman, but cheerful and active, soon followed his example; her sister, also; his children, too, listened with pleasure to his story of the sufferings and love of Jesus.

But Krishna became very anxious to spread the glad tidings he had heard around him. His own heart burned with the love of Christ, and he longed to draw others to the source of his joy. One day, six months after his baptism, Krishna said to Dr. Marshman, "As I lay musing one night I thought thus: 'One or two of the missionaries are dead; Mr. Carey is much engaged at Calcutta, Mr. Marshman in the school, and

September.



Mr. Ward in the printing office. Bengal is a how shall the people know about Christ? I v end of the world to make his love known.”

Krishna took every occasion to converse wit their souls, and to direct them to the Saviour f will give you a specimen or two of his way of t heathen.

A man said to him one day, “Well, Krishna off all the customs of your ancestors,—what i He replied, “Only have patience, and I will tel great sinner. I tried the Hindoo worship, bu After awhile I heard of Jesus,—that he was inca much, and at last laid down his life for sinne what love is this! and here I made my resti then spake of the great difference between Chri of his countrymen. “Now,” said he, “say i this love was ever shewn by any of your gods. or Kalee, or Krishna,\* die for sinners? You l only sought their own ease, and had no love for

Another day he was told that an old man, persons wished to hear something about the gos stopped at a house close by, so Krishna went to sat down by the door, and asked them if they to worship Juggernaut, whose festival it then v the wheels of whose car hundreds suffered th crushed to death. They said, “Yes.” Let u rest of the conversation.

*Krishna.*—What fruit have you found in this

*Byraggee.*—None. What have you found, Kr

*Krishna.*—Byraggee, hear! The good news Christ, the great Saviour, was not known in thi

\* Krishna was named after this god, Krishna-pal; or, o *Krishna.*

now the news is come. He, for his enemies, gave his own soul. His fruit is this: when a sinner believes in him, he gets the pardon of his sins and a new mind. Christ is a place of refuge; there is no other place of refuge in the whole world but him.

*Byraggee.*—This is astonishing love! True, Krishna, this kind of love I never heard of before.

*Krishna.*—Byraggee, hear! We are all the children of God. But how? The same as a rich man who had two sons: his youngest went to his father for his share of the inheritance. And then Krishna told the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, and continued:—Hear, Byraggee! In this manner we are the lost sons of God. He is our Creator, our Father. We have cast away our God. We know him not. We are a great distance from him. Now he calls us, and says, "Come, my lost sons, come: I will not cast you away: I love you greatly!" In this manner, Byraggee, God is calling to us by Jesus Christ.

*Byraggee.*—You have done well, Krishna: shame, fear, hatred, forsaking, you have obtained the riches of Christ. Now, having heard of this astonishing love of Christ, I will certainly come to you, and believe in him.

But the Byraggee soon wandered back to his idols again. He wished to unite them with Jesus, and finding he must forsake all for Christ, he went away.

Krishna's love to souls now led him to build a little house for God, just opposite his own dwelling. This was the first native meeting-house in Bengal. Dr. Carey first preached in it to about twenty natives, besides Krishna's own family. Here worship was held almost every day. The word of God was constantly read to all who came, and many for the first time heard of Jesus, of happiness, and heaven, through faith in him.

## Hard to be Good.

Tommy Wilson came home one day with tears in his eyes; he ran and laid his head in his mother's lap and sobbed aloud. She pushed the curls back from his forehead, kissed him, and said, "What is the matter, my son?"

"Oh, ma," he answered, "it's so hard to be good."

"What makes you think so, Tommy?"

"Why, you know, mamma, yesterday was Sabbath, and you talked to me in the evening about having a new heart, and told me that I must pray to God, and he would give me one, and that then I would love everybody, and always feel happy, and not be afraid to die. And I thought that I would like to have such a heart; and I prayed when I went to bed, and kept thinking about it until I fell asleep; and as soon as I awoke in the morning I remembered about it, and prayed again; and it seemed to me as if I had a new heart, I felt so happy; and when I went to school I tried to be kind to all the boys, and learn my lessons well, and to be good. But this noon George Johnson snatched my ball, and I got angry and called him a thief; and when we were playing, Charley Smith struck me, and before I thought I struck him back again; and coming home this afternoon, James Lewis called me a coward, and I called him a liar; and so, ma, I kept forgetting and doing wrong; and no matter how hard I try, I can't be good. It is so easy to get angry, and bad words come out so quick. What's the reason, ma, that we can't be good when we want to be?"

Mrs. Wilson thought a minute, and then said, "Do you remember, Tommy, riding down hill on your sled, last winter?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; the hill was covered with snow, and it was beat down until it was almost as smooth as ice; and we went down so fast that it almost took away my breath!"

"Well, my son, but did you go up as fast?"

"Oh, no, ma! It was slow, hard work getting up. We would slip at almost every step, and we couldn't get up at all in the place where we slid down, but had to go around to the other side where the snow was not worn so smooth and slippery."

"Then it was easier to go down than to go up, was it?"

"Oh, yes; it's always so with hills."

"And the oftener you went down on your sled the smoother the snow got, and the faster you could go?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, Tommy, when God made Adam and Eve, and put them in the garden, it was as easy for them to do right as to do wrong. It was like walking on level ground: they could go one way as well as the other. But they choose to do wrong, and ever since then the world has been like the side of a mountain. It is up hill toward heaven, and it is down hill toward hell. I cannot tell you, my son, why it is so, any more than I can tell you why God made a hill out there instead of a level plain; but everybody finds it so. And then by doing wrong we make the down-hill more and more slippery all the time. Our evil habits are like your sleds; they smooth the way, so that we go faster and faster. It's hard work even to stop doing wrong, just as hard as for you to stop your sled when half-way down, and going like a race-horse. And it is still harder to go up. We are all the time slipping back. We find our old habits tripping us up at every step!"

"Then, ma, we might as well give up trying," said Tommy, in a sad and bitter tone.

"Did my little boy say so last winter when he was climbing up the hill to ride down on his sled? He slipped a great many times, and once or twice fell quite down in the snow; but he scrambled up again and kept on trying, because he wanted to

have the pleasure of riding down so swiftly over the smooth snow. Will Tommy care more for a few minutes' sport than for being good and going to heaven?"

Tommy felt ashamed of what he had said. He laid his head in his mother's lap, and what his thoughts were I cannot tell. But after awhile he looked up, as earnest as a hero, and said, "Ma, I've been a foolish boy. I thought I could be good right off, and with hardly any trouble. But I see now that it is not so, and I mean to try with all my might; and I know, ma, that I shall be happier even while I am trying; and God will help me, won't he, ma?"

"Yes, my son, if you are humble, and do not think that you can be good of yourself without his help. You have learned to-day how weak your own strength is; and I hope that you will pray every day, and often every day, for God to watch over you, and keep you from falling, and raise you up when you fall; and that you will watch yourself, my dear boy, and try to overcome all your wicked habits; and remember what a down-hill slippery world this is, and that we must expect hard work in getting through it to heaven, but that heaven will be worth all the efforts of a thousand such lives as this!"

And Tommy followed his mother's advice, and he is now a good man. He says he often remembers that Monday, when he thought it was so hard to be good, and the hill, and the snow, and the sled; and he hopes that the story will lead some little boy who reads it to quit slipping down, and try to climb up, and persevere and pray to God. And so hopes

UNCLE JESSE.



### Traveling in Negroland.

the railroads you perceive, my young friends, though they found their way to India, as you heard in last month's number, have not yet reached the country of the Hottentots.

Here is a picture of a Hottentot driver, looking very pleased in his grotesque dress and hat, and smoking very cheerily his pipe, as he holds his reins and whip.

And the late Mr. Freeman, in his "Tour in South Africa," gives the following amusing account of the traveling there:—

"I found I must now prepare myself in sober earnest, and with all the patience which familiarity with railway speed had left me, for the *rather* tedious method of traveling two and a half miles or three miles an hour, in a huge waggon, drawn by some ten or twelve stout oxen. The traveler must procure a driver and leader. In these services the Hottentots are unequalled. A good attendant who can work and 'make himself generally useful,' is essential to the traveler's well-being.

"An adequate supply of provisions must be laid in for the journey. Warm clothing for the day, and some warm blankets for night, will be found welcome companions on the road. The nearer the traveler approximates to the homœopathic use of wines, the smaller the chance of breakage and vexation. Two good casks of fresh water suspended under the waggon, and supplied from time to time from 'Afric's sunny fountains,' *without* their 'golden sands,' will enable him to enjoy the luxury of a refreshing cup of bohea or coffee on the shortest notice. Bread, meat, and poultry, can usually be obtained on the road, till the traveler gets beyond the boundaries of what we term civilized life. For dainties and luxuries he had better wait till he can procure them; or if very anxious for them, he had better not undertake the journey."

On one occasion, Mr. Freeman traveled in a *horse-car*, "which," he says, "is an agreeable change from a tedious *es-waggon*;" and he and his companions proceeded so rapidly under the bold hand of a skilful native driver, and over roads so little troubled with any macadamizing process, that it seemed, ever and anon, as though every limb and bone of their

mortal frame would part company, unless holden together by remarkably tenacious ligaments, and a "leathern girdle about the loins."

In the account of another of his journies, Mr. Freeman remarks:—

"Besides having his *horned* cattle, the traveler often finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. If he travels in the rainy season, his oxen obtain grass; but the rivers are swollen, and there is delay, as the shoulders of the animals are grazed and scarred by the yokes and cannot draw; and if he travel in the dry season, he finds neither sufficient grass nor water, and his cattle are unfit for much service; and then he sighs for the comfort of English traveling."

It seems that the waggon and the oxen suffer as well as the traveler from the effects of the journey; "for at the end of it," says Mr. Freeman, "the waggon generally sells for about half, or two thirds, of its cost, and the oxen are of diminished bulk and value. They are changed into lean kine, and require a vacation to graze and ruminate."

Thus we see that a missionary's work is by no means light and easy, but is attended with a great many toils and difficulties. Let us pray that they may not be discouraged, and let us do all that we can to assist them.

### The Italian Boy.

My dear children, you have often heard of heathens abroad, and perhaps sometimes of heathens at home; and you know that there may be white heathens as well as black ones. Did you ever think about the many, many persons from distant countries who are now in England? At this present time there are no fewer than ten thousand foreigners in London. Many of these, we trust, have heard of Jesus, and love him;



but those of whom I am going to tell you are very ignorant and very unhappy. They are as much to be pitied as the slaves in America, for they are taken away from their own country, and their masters can do with them just as they please. I refer to the poor Italian boys, who wander about our streets selling images, or exhibiting monkeys, mice, &c.

A short time ago, I heard two missionaries talking about them, and thought you would like to hear some things which they said. One of these missionaries related a very interesting conversation which he had with one of these little Italians. The poor child said he was going to confess to the priest, and also that he attended mass; but he was quite ignorant about the way to heaven. He said he had much to suffer; and when asked in what way he suffered, replied that he was often hungry, and often beaten. I was glad to hear that there is an asylum in London for these poor boys; and the missionary who mentioned this, told us also of another boy in whom he had been particularly interested. He had watched over and instructed him, and the truth had reached his heart as well as his understanding; for the poor boy was taught of God to feel himself a sinner, and his prayers for pardon were heard and answered. When, however, the Roman Catholics knew this, they determined to get him into their power; and although he was at that time in Paris, a message was sent by the electric telegraph, and he was hurried off to Genoa, and imprisoned in a dark cell. His heavenly Father, who was wiser and more powerful than his enemies, did not suffer him to remain there, but enabled him to escape, and kept and guided him on his perilous journey back again to England, once more to see the gentleman who had been so kind to him. He has since left this country, but his letters are very interesting; and the priest who formerly persecuted him has become a true christian, and is now preaching in America.

ed, dear children, for your kind parents and your  
et your hearts feel much sympathy for these poor  
outcasts whenever you see them. Do you love Jesus  
yourselves? If so, plead with him earnestly that *they*,  
y know him as their Redeemer; and that many of these  
anderers may at last reach that happy city, where they  
unger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb  
in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead  
into living fountains of water; and God shall wipe  
ll tears from their eyes.

rd.

MARY.

### A Boarding School at Nellore.

r readers will look into the map of India, they will find  
eastern coast, about one hundred miles north of Madras,  
called Nellore. It is in the Telooogo country, and the  
ants are called Telooogoos. American missionaries la-  
ere, and the Foreign Secretary, in a recent visit to the  
, gives an encouraging account of what is going on,  
ly among the young.

king of a visit to the mission chapel, he says, "The  
teresting part of the congregation was composed of the  
of the boarding school. They were nineteen in number  
irls and ten boys), with a few day scholars, and were  
immediately in front of the pulpit, on the floor, accord-  
native custom, clothed in neat dresses, and I was ready  
'in their right minds.' Certainly they were a great  
t to what they once were, and to children of the same  
n thronging the streets. They were of all sizes, from  
to six years of age; and notwithstanding the extreme  
f some, they were *all* singularly decorous in their man-

ners, and worthy, without an exception, to be presented in patterns to any Sabbath school in a christian land, which ever fell under my notice, for propriety of deportment, in school or in the house of God. Every eye was fixed on the preacher, nor did I observe any withdrawal of attention from the beginning of the service to the close. But what interested me most was the part they have in the worship. Judge of my surprise and pleasure, when, at the opening of the service, the *entire* school united (and there were one or two other little ones in heathen costume that seemed striving to join in the melody) in singing,—

‘All hail the power of Jesus’ name,’

in ‘Coronation,’ and again in another familiar tune,—

‘Come let us join our cheerful songs,

With angels round the throne,’ &c.

Shall I say it? I was moved to tears; and even now I cannot recal the scene without deep emotion. I was told that the children understood what they sang, care having been taken to explain its import. They afterwards sung some Telooگو hymns and tunes exceedingly touching; one, containing a length a narrative of the life and sufferings of the Saviour, an epitome of the gospel, with pointed appeals to the heart and conscience; another, inviting the sinner to Jesus,—

‘Come now, come now.’

Why, it would almost evangelize the Telooگو nation to abroad these little ballad singers. God, out of the mouth babes and sucklings, is perfecting praise. And they would most eloquent pleaders for the Telooگوs among the chur Several of these children have become hopefully pious others at times betray great tenderness of spirit.”

## The Woman of Cochin China.

My dear children, can you recollect quite distinctly where the country of Cochin China is situated? Should you like to hear something about it? I will not now describe to you the wild forest country, nor the fierce beasts to be found there, but will speak of the inhabitants, who are *very* ignorant,—it is even said that an English cat or dog is more intelligent. Here, however, in this benighted region the servants of God are working for him, and they have established many schools for the poor heathen children. Strange to say, some Jewish children also attend them, for in Cochin China many Jews reside, some black, and some white.

One day a poor black woman, with a little girl in her arms, came to a missionary to beg for some relief. The missionary asked her to give him her child, because he wished to bring it up in one of the christian schools. The mother did not reply, and the little girl (who had always been accustomed to rule her mother) replied, "Me come to you? No, that is not it; what me want is your money." The missionary again urged the mother to leave her child with him, and it was at last settled that they should both remain. The little girl was very quick in learning what was taught her, and there is reason to hope her heart is changed. The kind missionary who instructed her is now in England, and has brought her over with him. He says she is twelve or fourteen years old, and appears like an English child of ten.

Now, I will add a few words about the poor mother. You can form a little idea of her extreme ignorance when I tell you that it was a year and a half before she could remember the word "Jesus." When asked, "Who is your Saviour?" she would vainly try to recollect his name; but at last she succeeded, and, still better, she became his child, professed her

faith, and was baptized, although she was still very ignorant, and could neither read nor write. Yes, the Holy Spirit taught her heart about God's love,—that love of which you, my dear little ones, have so often heard. Have you loved him in return? Remember, there will be a golden harp for this poor mother, and for her child. Do you think there will be one for you? Will your voices mingle with theirs in the new song,—that song which will be sung by children from Cochin China, as well as from happy England?

### A Missionary Deified.

In 1833, Mr. and Mrs. Todd were sent out as missionaries of the American Board to the Tamil people. Mrs. Todd died in 1835, at Deviapatam. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Madras Mission, being at that place in February last, visited her grave to see if the monument was in repair. On reaching the spot a pleasant situation on the sea shore, in the shade of a beautiful banyan tree, he found everything in order, and read with interest the inscription of her dying words, "Jesus is my life. All is peace."

But what was his concern, to find that lamps are burnt, sacrifices made, and prayers offered to this servant of Christ, and that miracles were commonly reported to have wrought there! She died among strangers, at a distance from her station; but the poor people understood enough to that she was a good woman,—and now they worship her. Mr. Taylor translated the inscription into Tamil, explained it to the people who gathered around. He thought would put a fence round the grave; but then he considered that this would confirm the notion of its sanctity. He thought of having the remains removed to the mission,

at Madura; but this would not enlighten the minds of the people.

"My conclusion," he says, "was to let it remain, and report the facts to the people of God in America. Especially, let christian women think of it. Your sister, who died here seventeen years ago, died, making mention of the name of Jesus. You worship Jesus. They worship your sister. Who will come and tell them that it is not Lucy, but Jesus who can save them?"—*From an American Paper.*

### The Little Karen Child.

A little Karen boy named Jesse, the son of the assistant at Ulah, about four years old, was taken sick and died. While he was *very* sick he prayed to God, and said, "Oh, God, have mercy on me. Amen!" Then he sung a couplet in his own language, the translation of which is:—

"Jesus Christ came to die,  
To save a sinner, such as I."

He could sing no more. Just as he was about to die, he prayed again, and then expired. He had been in the habit for some time, before going to sleep, to sing and pray. Dear children who read the "Herald," is it your habit to do as little Jesse did?

### The Boy who Read to some Purpose.

"Give me a tract, too," said a boy about eight years old to a missionary at Cuddalore, India, who was distributing some to the people. The missionary thought a tract would do the boy no good; and besides he had none to spare, and so he refused his request. But the boy continued to beg, and was so earnest about it, that the missionary at length gave him the one called

"The Way to Heavenly Bliss." About a fortnight little fellow came again with the same request. "you read the other?" he was asked. "Yes," w and, standing before the missionary and several were gathered round, he repeated the whole tra beginning to the end. What a happy thing it w shall walk in that way!

### "Children, have ye any Meat

John xxi. 5.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Hear the voice divinely sweet,—

"Children, have ye any meat?"

Yes, dear Saviour, by thy care,  
Food sufficient, and to spare.

Art not Thou our Living Bread,  
Whence our hungry souls are fed?  
Greater than our greatest need,  
On *Thyself* our spirits feed.

Once, again, those accents sweet,  
"Children, have ye any meat?"  
But on duller ears they fall,—  
Strangers to the gracious call.

Hear the wailing and the moan  
Where the nations answer, "None!"  
None!—Oh, starving ones, forbear!  
We the guilt and shame must share.

Crumbs no longer we will give;  
Take the Bread of Life, and live!  
Take the feast, for all supplied,  
Spread by Him, the crucified.

Yet once more those accents sweet,  
"Children, have ye any meat?"  
Saviour, yes; the more we share,  
Still the more we have to spare!

*Nichburg, April, 1852.*



### *In African Tree.*

The readers of this little magazine must now be pretty familiar with the Palms which are so common in warmer lands.

October.



They must have admired the straight and lofty trunk, and graceful feathery head of the full grown tree. But the engraving we give you now presents it in a new connexion; fostered and protected by an older tree of a different nature. It was seen by the writer, the beginning of last year, growing thus on a point of land on part of the coast of the Island of Fernando Po. I was visiting, for a change of scene and air, after an attack of ague, a place called New-town, near the native village of Basapu, sixteen miles from Clarence, where the Governor has commenced a small settlement. There my curiosity was excited by noticing at the extremity of the piece of ground adjoining the Governor's wooden house, an oil palm-tree, springing up from the very centre of the decaying trunk of another called "The Bird-Lime Tree."

A seed had probably been wafted by the wind or dropped by some bird, and had fallen into the hollow trunk; in time it had taken root, shot forth, and at length grown up a noble tree, amid the spreading branches of the other. It appeared, also that while the old tree had thus fostered the new one, this, it grew and its upper mound of roots spread, had returned the benefit by filling up the hollow trunk, and imparting nourishment from its younger roots. It would seem, too, that the old tree thus renewed in vigour, had sent out from one of a cleft small arms, which had clasped round the stem of palm, just as shewn in the engraving.

May we not all, my dear young friends, see in this fact only a curiosity to attract our notice, but learn also an lesson? May it not remind us of the truth, that we can be good to others, as the bird-lime tree to the palm, without certain of receiving in some way or other good to our and also that the shewing of kindness from one to another continues to have this effect with each? The older tree the young palm. The palm tree, as it grows up, I

preserve and revive the other, and that again is excited and enabled still further to protect and strengthen the palm.

On asking one of the negroes why the large tree was called the bird-lime, I was told that when the tree is cut the sap flows freely, and if the acid juice of the lime fruit be squeezed upon it, it thickens and becomes sticky so as to hold fast any unwary bird that may alight on this part of the tree. In this way many birds are caught by the natives.

Just as so many souls are entangled by the false pleasures of sin, and so become the prey of Satan ! J. A. W.

### Krishna Dal.

#### THE FIRST HINDOO CONVERT.

##### No. 4.

In a little while the missionaries determined to call Krishna to preach the gospel to his countrymen. Every day he shewed that his heart was full of love to Jesus, and to the souls of men. And from that time till he died, Krishna continued to travel from place to place, telling the perishing heathen of salvation through the blood of the Lamb.

On one occasion, Krishna and a fellow-disciple named Gokool were sent to Jessore. They came to the town of Sahebgunj, where Krishna read to the people the 5th chapter of Matthew, and expounded it. Many people listened, and took the tracts he offered them. What happened after this Krishna thus relates :—

“In the evening several Brahmins came to the house we had put up at, and said to us, ‘Sircars, we are come to ask you a question ; Will the lands of the Brahmins remain or not ?’”  
(For the Brahmins feared that the English Government would take away from them the land belonging to the idol temples.)

"We answered, 'We know nothing about it come to seek the salvation of the souls of men. what that was. We then gave them the birth, life, death, and resurrection and ascension of Jesus Christ. They enquired if there was their religion. I said, 'Oh, Sirs, examine, and it is right. Among you sin is not forbidden, and enjoined. In your Puranas, Ramayun, and (sacred books of the Hindoos), 'there are no forgiveness of sin, and no knowledge of holiness, count of the incarnations and power of your be saved by them?' They said that if a sinner death repeats the name of Ram or Krishna forgiven, and he will obtain heaven. We was sufficient to obtain salvation, pilgrimages, alms to the poor, and daily worship, we not Ram and Krishna men? Ram destroyed Ravun, and Krishna killed his uncle and a wife gods? They then said, 'Them people are caste,' and went away."

Krishna was sometimes in danger of his life to endure mocking from the wicked and from the fids. But God made him useful to a great many. He was wont to preach in the jail at Calcutta. On one occasion, a man said to him "speak good words, and have much wisdom; but throw away your caste?" Krishna answered, "who keeps his caste cannot obtain salvation. Their caste are very proud, and he who is proud is not into the kingdom of God. Like as an ear of wheat is a Brahmin for a crime the same as a day of Judgment will God judge men according to their caste."

Often after he had done preaching, the people would desire to hear Krishna again. They would say, "We will bring some wise people to talk with you about these things." When they came they said to Krishna, "Who are you?" He answered, "I am Krishna the carpenter; but I have now given over working at my trade, and am engaged in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. Behold, I now eat with all kinds of people. This is God's commandment. I am ready to be your servant for Christ's sake. I entreat you to turn to Christ." A Brahmin said, "You have thrown away your caste, that you might eat all kinds of flesh." The Brahmin could not think that Krishna's heart had been touched by the love of Christ. But he replied, "I did not do it for this, and am indifferent to what I eat." After this, many invited him to their houses, and heard him speak of Jesus with gladness.

Krishna's heart was filled with joy when his children became Christ's disciples. One of them died happy, and it is thus he relates the story of her death:—

"Providence has lately taken from me my granddaughter Prax, who died at the age of five. For some time before her death she seemed to love the Saviour. During her affliction, which was long and painful, she was never heard to murmur, but would often cry out, 'Lord, have mercy on me! Lord, forgive my sins.' To one who asked her whether she wished to live and serve God here on earth, she replied, 'I wish to go to heaven, and praise Christ there.' Two days before she died, she called Anunda and begged her to sing and pray with her, in which she joined, kneeling down on her bed. Just before her death, she got some friends together to read the Scriptures, and sing and pray with her; and while thus engaged she breathed her last, without a sigh or a groan."

For twenty years Krishna continued to labour as a servant of Christ, and to spread around him the glad tidings of salva-

tion. In our next number we will speak of his last days, and of his happy departure, to be for ever with the Saviour he loved.

### Remarkable Deliberance of a Missionary.

The following account from the American Journal of Missions will shew our young readers what dangers missionaries are sometimes exposed to in their journies among the heathen. The missionary, the Rev. Mr. Butler, who labours among the Zulus, attempted to re-cross a river on his return from a visit to the interior, found the tide rising, and sought in vain for prompt assistance. His narrative thus continues:—

“At last I sent a native into the water, to ascertain its depth. He went in a few rods, and not finding it very deep, returned, saying, ‘Let us go, I think we can cross; let us hurry, the tide is coming in.’ I hastened to saddle my horse, and take off my pants, boots, and stockings, which I put into an india-rubber sack, and gave to the native who was with me, and mounted my horse and rode into the river with the native in front of me. When near the middle of the stream, my horse began to swim, and the native remained behind me. My horse swam with me finely until he was very near the landing-place, when he began to plunge, and kick, and struggle, and seemed to be trying to throw me off his back. I held firmly to his mane with my hands, as I could not swim, and knew, if he threw me off, I might be drowned. I soon felt something take hold of the lower part of my leg, and pull very hard. I could not tell what it was, but from the strength of the pull, and the pain it gave me, I thought it was the two hind feet of the horse brought together against my leg, and supposed he was trying to pull me off. Presently I received a bite a little below my knee, and one tooth went so near the knee-joint that it b

er it did not enter it. Soon I was bitten again higher on my leg, and then I knew it was an alligator. My horse and I struggled as if he were frightened very much, made great exertions to throw me off, and, with the alligator's help, finally succeeded in disengaging my feet from the alligator's jaws, and threw me from his back; but I still held fast to the alligator, because I knew well that, if I lost my hold, the alligator would take me to the bottom and devour me. While I remained in this perilous situation, my horse swam off into the water with me, and continued plunging and kicking, and at last he buried me beneath the water.

It had been in the situation above described about fifteen minutes, and from loss of blood, and exertion to save myself, my strength was fast going, and I felt that none but an omniscient hand could save me from being destroyed by the hungry voracious animal which now had his teeth firmly fastened in my thigh. I felt that my missionary work was probably done; but calling to mind that there was One who delivered Daniel from the mouth of lions, and the angel still had power to deliver me from the mouth of the alligator, I prayed to Him who alone was my refuge and strength, and, blessed be the Lord, I trust he heard my prayer, and immediately after I had uttered it, my horse turned and swam towards the shore. As soon as he was close to it, I put my left foot, which was not in the alligator's mouth, and I found that I could touch the bottom; and as he swam up to the bank, I caught hold of the reeds, and let go my hold of the alligator, and pulling myself out of the water a short distance, I called to a native who was near on the bank, to come to me. He immediately came and pulled about half my body out of the water. I told him an alligator was biting my leg, and he gave me a large stick about three feet and a half long, which he carried, called an 'Induka,' and struck him on the head,

and, as he afterwards told the native who accompanied me, opened his mouth by using his stick as a lever. When he had beaten off the alligator, he pulled me upon the bank, and I stood upon my feet. My leg was shockingly torn, and I felt that I could not walk. I was fifteen or twenty rods from the waggon-road, and it was difficult for me to raise my right foot from the ground. I tried to persuade the native who pulled me out to carry me, but he said I was heavy, and he had not strength enough to lift me, so I walked as well as I could, though it distressed me very much. When I had reached the road I was cold and shivered, and tried to borrow a blanket of a native woman, but was refused. Immediately after I saw a blanket lying upon the ground, which belonged to the man who had pulled me out of the water. At my request they gave me this, and I put it on. Though it was very dirty and greasy, it was as good to me as the nicest velvet would be sometimes, and I was quite comfortable.

"In a few minutes my horse was out of the stream, and the natives brought him to me, and helped me on, and I immediately started for Mr. Ireland's station. My hat was lost in the river, and my boots, stockings, and pants, were in my traveling sack, which was in the possession of the native who accompanied me; and, of course, all the covering I had for my limbs was a blanket. My native came up to me when I was about half the distance from the Umkomazi river to Ifumi, and he wept so much he could hardly speak. On my way I met many natives who knew me, and manifested a great deal of feeling for me, and wondered how I could have been saved.

"My ride was a most distressing one. The horse shook me, and I grew so weary, that when I reached Mr. Ireland's I felt that I could go no farther. Some natives took me to the house, and I laid myself upon a bed. A doctor was immediately sent for, who reached the station the next day in the afternoon.

nds recovered as fast as we could expect, until the  
th day, when, by permission of my physician, I was  
and lay upon a settee.

is extremely doubtful whether I should recover; but  
ercy of God I was preserved, the means used for my  
were blessed, and soon the fever left me, and the  
ssumed their proper appearance, and healed rapidly.  
fact that I have been saved from death, after having  
ie mouth of one of those fierce and voracious monsters,  
all the natives who have become acquainted with the  
nces with wonder. The converted natives say, 'God's  
and his alone, has preserved me.' The alligators are  
animals, and no man has strength to master them in  
. They wonder and exclaim, 'Truly you were taken  
grave.' The unconverted natives say the reason I  
illed was because I was a missionary. They say no  
white man ever escaped death after having been

I was. Many people came from their huts and  
o see the wounded teacher, as I was going from the  
ie Ifumi station; and the next Sabbath, and even for  
ths, and perhaps more, Mr. Ireland's congregations  
ce as numerous as they had been for a number of  
before.

said to be the first white man who has been bitten by  
tor in this colony. Natives are frequently either  
wounded, and one native has been killed since I was  
It is rarely the case that a man escapes, when the  
leep, and an alligator gets hold of him. There were  
wounds and tooth-marks in my flesh, the scars of no  
which, I think, will ever be effaced. But I do a  
times prefer to be wounded in trying to do what I  
ach these natives the way to heaven, than to receive  
honours of those who were wounded in the battle-



## Hair Cutting among the Brahmins.

Our young readers must have heard from various sources a great deal about the Brahmins, but they have probably never read any account of the ceremony of *hair cutting*, as practised under their direction. We will, therefore, give them an extract from a letter written from Allahabad, India, under the date of Feb. 14th, 1853. They will perceive how grievously the minds of the poor ignorant people are blinded by those whom they look up to as their religious teachers, and will, we think, earnestly desire that they may be better instructed.

"We threaded the crowd of ghastly Jogees, Gosains, and other ashy fakeers, to the Place of Hair Cutting—an enclosed spot, containing about an acre and a half of ground. Here the heads and beards of the pilgrims are shorn, a million of years in Paradise being given by the gods in return for every hair so offered up. The ground within the enclosure was carpeted with hair, and I am told that on great occasions it is literally knee-deep. There were only two persons undergoing the operation, and as I wished to inspect it more closely, I entered the enclosure. When you consider the repugnance which the Hindoos have towards destroying animal life, you will comprehend that I did not venture among so much hair without some hesitation. A fellow with a head of thick black locks and a bushy beard had just seated himself on the earth. We asked him who he was and whence he came. He was a Brahmin from Futtehpore, who had made a pilgrimage from Hurdwar, where he had filled a vessel with Ganges' water, which he was now taking to pour upon the shrine at Byjnath, beyond Benares. In reward for this, a Brahmin who was standing near assured us that he would be born a Brahmin the next time his soul visited the earth. The barber took hold of a tuft on the top of his head, which he spared, and rapidly



led off flake after flake of the bushy locks. In less than a minute, the man's head and face were smooth as an ant's, and he was booked for fifty thousand million years in paradise. As soon as the shearing was finished, three Brahmins, who had been hovering around, carried him off to be 'ced.' Do our young readers know what this means? The in English is, that they persuaded the poor deluded man to give them all his pice or money on the pretence of benefiting soul.

'The Brahmin priesthood is perhaps the most corrupt of a similar class in the world. They do not even make a pretence of honesty. An acquaintance of mine bargained with some Allahabad Brahmins to supply him with grass for thatching his house. They shewed him a satisfactory sample, and agreed to pay them a certain price. But when the grass came, it was much worse than the sample, and he refused to give them full price. The matter was referred to three other Brahmins, who decided in the gentleman's favour. But the contractors declared they would have the full price. 'Why do you not bring me good grass, then?' said the gentleman. 'Because we have not got it,' they answered. 'Why, then, do you send me such a sample?' 'To make you contract with us,' was the cool reply. 'You may take the quarrel into court, for I shall not pay you,' declared the gentleman. 'We will not go to Court, for we shall certainly lose the cause,' said they; 'but we *will* have the money.' Thereupon they went to the carpenter who was building the house, and who was a Hindoo, related the case, and called upon him to make good the full sum. The astonished victim declared that it was no affair of his. 'No matter,' said they; 'if you don't pay it, some of us will commit suicide, and his blood will be upon your head;' this being the most terrible threat which can be used against a Hindoo. The carpenter still held out; but when

the oldest of the Brahmins had decided to kill himself, and was uncovering his body for the purpose, he was obliged to yield, and went off in tears to borrow the money. Truly, this thing of caste is the curse of India !”

We may add, truly, *idolatry or false religion* is the curse of India, and may our young friends be stirred up to do all they can to assist those who are trying to put an end to it by instructing the poor ignorant people in the knowledge of the true God and his Son Jesus Christ.

### Missionary Boxes.

Do you see that little girl coming out of that pretty garden? How very happy she looks. Is it the bright sunshine that makes her so glad? The sunshine is very lovely, but it must be something beside that, something she is thinking about. What is it, little girl, that lights up your face with smiles?

I can explain it all to you, children,—that is little Mary,—see, she is carrying something in her hands; it is heavy, but she trips along with a joyous tread. I know where she is going. She is taking her missionary box to be opened, and she is glad to feel it so heavy, she knows that it is *quite full*.

This is the day that the minister has agreed to meet the little children who have missionary boxes. They are all to take their boxes, and the minister will open them and see how much money there is in each, and then he will seal them up and give them back to the children, that they may begin again their work of filling them.

And then the kind minister, who loves the little lambs of his flock, will talk to the children about what is being done in heathen lands, and will shew them how very much the money which they have given is wanted.

d you like to go and stand by him, and watch, and at he says?

is little Mary, she has arrived first. See how her eyes as he takes the box. It is so full that you scarcely sound when he shakes it. See, he opens it. What er of coins! All copper? No, not *all*; there is a ; yes, and some sixpences, and fourpences. It is . Twenty-one shillings and threepence farthing!

ll done, Mary!" says the minister; "how have you d to fill your box so well?"

Sir, I have helped mother with her work; and when I ne some marking for her, or mended gloves, or hemmed chiefs for my brothers, they have given me money to y box."

comes merry little Alfred. His box is nearly full too. nma has put in a halfpenny every time that he said his *without one mistake.*

now the children come crowding in. Some have a very oney in their boxes, only two or three pence; but the : emiles on them all, for he is glad that they have *tried*, hopes they have done what they could.

l now, dear little children," he says, "you have brought money for the Missionary Society,—that is, you have : it to buy bibles, and to pay for teachers to instruct r heathen people, who do not know anything about hrist. How sad it is that, though for years and years aries have been trying to tell them about the Saviour, re yet so many who never heard his name! It is be- can send so few missionaries compared to the many ds of the heathen.

ny of those who have heard the missionaries have away their idols, and are loving Jesus. This makes glad. But we must do more. We want more money,

that we may send more missionaries. Think, dear children, that the heathen who are praying to idols of wood and stone are *perishing*. If any of them begin to ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' there is no one to give them a true answer,—no one to tell them of the love of Jesus! We must send to tell them. The missionary work is God's work. When the missionary goes to the heathen, he takes them a message from God. When you thus give your money you give it to God.

"And now, dear children, I have a message from God to you. Will you hear it? He says to every one of you, 'My son, my daughter, give me thy heart.' He is glad to see you bringing your money, but he wants your *heart*,—that is, he wants your *love*. Will you give it? If you love him, he will help you to obey all his commands, and to subdue all your bad tempers. He will make you pure, and holy, and gentle, and meek, like Jesus Christ: And, perhaps, when you grow up, some of you will be missionaries, and will *give yourselves* to the work as willingly as you now give the money in your missionary boxes. Oh, that it may be so!" S. L. E.

### Scripture Illustrations.

Prov. vi. 6—8.

Solomon says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." Now, as perhaps our young friends have read, no European species is known thus to lay up stores. In Asia, however, there is at least one kind that does. "In June, 1829," says Colonel Sykes, "in my morning walk, I observed more than a score of little heaps of grass seeds in several places, on uncultivated land near the parade ground Poonah),—each heap contained about a handful. On

found they were raised by a species of ant, hundreds of which were employed in bringing up the seeds to the surface from a store below; the grain had probably got wet at the time of the monsoon, and the ants had taken advantage of the first sunny day, to bring it up to dry. The store must have been laid up from the time of the ripening of the grass in January and February."

Gal. vi. 17.

"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." The Apostle Paul suffered much for his Saviour. He was often persecuted; had been several times stoned, and once almost to death.

Thus he had received many scars and wounds on his body while carrying the gospel to the lost and perishing. In India you may often see Brahmins with their thighs covered with scars, and their bodies marked with cuts. Sometimes in the morning they slash their bodies with knives, in honour of God, and thus mark themselves as his servants. So the Apostle perhaps meant, by referring to his wounds, to say, my body is covered with the scars, which shew that I belong to Jesus, the Saviour of the world."

John xiii. 10.

"that is washed, needeth not save to wash his feet." The Hindoos wash very often. It is a favourite custom to go down to the Ganges and bathe in its sacred stream. They walk home barefoot, and on entering the house wash their feet again.

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### The Violet's Lesson.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

"I've come to the meadow sprinkled  
With drops of shining dew,—  
I've left my play and come to learn  
A lesson wise and true."

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And the fairy little maiden  
Lay down 'mid violets blue,  
While breezes kissed her rosy cheek,  
And breathed her ringlets through.

"Now, sweet little blue-eyed blossom,  
Lift up your shining face,  
And give to me my lesson  
Of meekness and of grace.  
When I plucked your first sweet sister,  
And to my mother gave,  
She took my floweret, kissing me,  
And looking very grave.

"She said, 'My darling daughter,  
This little violet blue  
Can teach a holy lesson  
To wiser ones than you.'  
And so I waited patiently  
Till the ground was covered o'er,  
For I thought a *thousand violets*  
Could surely teach me more."

So she placed her ear among them,  
But still she heard no sound,  
Save the waving of the long grass,  
And the wild bee humming round.  
"Now what's the holy lesson  
That you can teach?" she said;  
No little violet spoke to her,  
But each one bowed its head.

"You cannot speak to me, but still  
Your meaning now I see—  
'*Bow your head and keep it low,*  
*Is the lesson you have for me.*'  
So she bore the fragrant teaching  
In her heart, the flower had given:  
She won the blessing of the meek;  
She wears a crown in heaven.





### Serpent Charmers.

Readers will not envy the man in the picture his position, wonder how it is that, thus surrounded and covered with venomous serpents, he manages to escape destruction. It is said that these reptiles are very susceptible to musical sounds; the man, you will perceive, has no musical instrument. He belongs to a set of men among the Hindoos who call themselves serpent charmers, and they pretend to have some magical power by which they can deprive these animals of all power over them; but the fact of the case is, that before they deprive them of their venomous fangs, and then to inflict a wound on the charmer, it is of little consequence.

These men have a wonderful faculty of finding out their hiding-places; some think they do it by smell, others by the ear. As the man plays his pipe he looks atten-



tively at the most likely spots, and intently listens. From long practice he catches the slightest rustle of the serpent, as excited by the music it turns about in its hole—its subdued hiss or quickened breathing—but the spectators engaged in attending to the man hear and see nothing but him, and are too much interested to find out the snake themselves till it suddenly makes its appearance, and excites their wonder at the apparently magical power by which it was discerned by the exhibitor.

Some of the modern snake charmers carry about these reptiles with them in covered baskets, and taking out eight or ten cast them on the ground. The animals immediately begin to make off in different directions. "The snake charmer," says Mr. Gogerly, "applies his pipe to his mouth, and sends forth a few of his peculiar notes, and all the serpents stop, as though enchanted; they then turn towards the musician, and approaching him raise their heads from the ground, and bending backwards and forwards keep time with the tune. When he ceases playing, they drop their heads and remain quiet on the ground." He adds that there is another and inferior class of serpent charmers, who are Bengalese, of the lowest caste. They do not use the pipe, but merely beat with their fingers a small drum held in one hand. Sometimes these men tease and irritate the snakes till they become infuriated, and fasten on their naked arms, which they occasionally suffer to be bitten till quite covered with blood. On one occasion, a man was exhibiting a tame dancing Cobra before a large party, when a boy, a son of the exhibitor, about sixteen years of age, teased the animal to make it bite him; this, indeed, it did, and to some purpose, for in half an hour he died of the bite. The father of the boy was astonished, and protested that his death could not be the result of the bite, that the snake had no venomous teeth, and that he and the boy had

been bitten by it before, without any bad effects. On finding the snake, it was found that the former fangs had been replaced by new ones, not far out of the jaws, but so lately so to produce the sad effects that followed. The man said he had never heard of such a circumstance

as does not always "obey the voice of the charmer." A circumstance occurred of a man who came to a gentleman's house to exhibit tame snakes, and on being told that a Cobra was in a cage in the house, was asked if he could charm it; answering that he could, the serpent was released from the cage, no doubt in a state of high irritation. The man repeated his incantations, and repeated his charms, but the snake fastened upon his arm, and before night he was dead. It is chiefly in Egypt, and in India, that these men use their powers, real or pretended; their object being, of course, to obtain a livelihood. It would be well, our readers will agree, if they could find some better method of doing so.

### Krishna Pal.

#### THE FIRST HINDOO CONVERT.

No. 5.

Krishna was nearly sixty years of age, when, in the summer of the year 1822, he became anxious to retire to some quiet place, where he might speak of the Saviour and die in peace. One of the missionaries fell a prey to sickness and death that summer and autumn. Krishna did not escape. On the 21st of August, cholera seized him, and before long he lay in triumph to the grave. But the grave must give up the dead, and Krishna shall rise again, for he fell asleep in the friend and Saviour of all who believe in him.



Krishna did not die as the heathen die. His relatives did not carry him to the side of the river Ganges and smear his body with its mud, amid the shouts of "Ram, Ram." Even the idol ceremony was banished from his chamber. A sweet tranquillity reigned there; the silence was only broken by the gentle voice of prayer, or the feeble but refreshing words of the sufferer as he spoke of Christ and his salvation, of heaven and its blessedness. It seemed to be the feeling of all who visited him, "It is good to be here. Verily God is in this place. Let my last end be like Krishna's."

He was asked about his love to Jesus Christ. He said, "Where can a sinner go, but unto Christ?" Presently, when the question was repeated, he replied, "Yes; but He loves me more than I love him." And just before he breathed his last breath, and his soul was about to depart, one of the missionaries again enquired if he loved the Saviour. He could not answer with a nod of assent, and laid his hand on his heart.

Krishna did not fear to die. It was only with much persuasion that he took the medicine. He begged that those who prayed for him would not pray for his recovery, and once or twice he asked if his grave had been prepared.

He had lost all love to the world. He said that he did not wish to remain longer here, in this thorny world; that the Saviour had sent his messenger for him, and he wished to go. But he still thought of the cause of Christ in Bengal. When he had received all he had, he said, from Christ, and it was his desire that it should be given back to Christ, and devoted to the spread of the gospel. It was not much that he had to give. There was only the little chapel he had built near his own dwelling, but this he was anxious to give the Saviour, as an offering of his gratitude and love.

Thus, after twenty-two years of service in the Saviour's kingdom, Krishna died. His life was holy, sincere, and



ght, and an example to his brethren of faith and charity. In his sermons and addresses to his countrymen he always spoke much of Christ. He delighted to tell of his dying love, of his sufficient sacrifice of sins. He was the only true Gooroo, spiritual guide, and to shew how excellent were his instructions, Krishna would often read to them the Lord's sermon on the Mount. It was a beautiful thing to see this once idolatrous hindoo pleading with his countrymen, and for Christ's sake treating them to be reconciled to God. And God blessed Krishna's ministry, and many a Hindoo will rejoice together with Krishna in the sanctuary on high.

Oh, that all our young readers would devoutly and sincerely join in singing the words of Krishna's beautiful hymn :—

“O thou, my soul, forget no more,  
The Friend who all thy misery bore;  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget Him not.”

### An Essay by an Hindoo.

The following paper is translated from a writing in Hindee, by a native christian young man, who being engaged during the week in teaching in a native school, often improves a portion of the Lord's day, between the public services, in writing down his thoughts, simply for his own improvement, on some scriptural subject. Sometimes he shews what he has written to a native or European minister, that any mistake he may have fallen into may be corrected. Do you not think you might spend an hour in such an occupation sometimes very profitably? Do you not think some kind friend—a parent, instructor, or minister—would cheerfully look over your thoughts thus written down, and correct any error that might appear, and be pleased with the opportunity thus afforded of testing the extent of your knowledge in divine things?

The essay is founded on these words in Mark xvi. 16: "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." Our native brother's simple remarks are as follow:—

"What is faith? It is confidence, and a certain belief of anything. Now we reflect that there are many who believe in their religious performances, and their worship and ceremonies. How many there are that trust in this, that they go to chapel, and read the word of God and pray! Will those who have this faith obtain salvation? No; for all human works of righteousness are an abomination in the sight of God.

"Then on whom must we believe to obtain salvation? Only on Jesus Christ, who shed his precious blood for our sins; who for our sins hung on the cross; for our sins died, and rose the third day; and who came to his disciples, and said, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature: he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;' and after remaining on earth forty days, went up to heaven in the sight of his apostles, and sat on the right hand of God.

"On what should we exercise faith? On the sacrifice of Jesus Christ; on his death and resurrection. Then we should be baptized, but we must not suppose that we are saved by baptism. Oh, no; but only by faith. See a proof of this in the malefactor, who hung with Jesus on the cross. Was he baptized? The Scriptures shew us that he was not, but that he only believed, and yet he was saved, and from what? From the punishment of sin, and from the everlasting pains of hell; and when he believed, then Jesus Christ said, 'To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Perhaps some one may say, 'Well, I believe, but I will not be baptized, for the thief was not baptized, yet he was saved.' This is true, but consider a moment. The thief had no opportunity to be baptized, but you have had time given you, and if you are not baptized, you will have to answer for it.

"What is the fruit of believing on Christ? The pardon of sin, while yet living here; being accounted righteous and without fault before God; eternal life; the title of sons and daughters of God; the victory, by his grace and power, over the works of sin; and, in the end, everlasting happiness in heaven. All these are its fruits. And can there be those whose hearts do not desire such precious and invaluable fruits? Undoubtedly there are such; for we see that there are many in this world who strive, oh, how earnestly, after perishable good. Some trade, that they may become rich. Others build beautiful mansions, and lay out gardens, that they may obtain renown among men. Yet these are all things that endure but for a short time, but the fruit of believing on Jesus Christ is for ever. How much should men strive to secure this blessed fruit.

"What is the sign of having believed on Jesus Christ? The sign of faith on Jesus Christ is to be baptized. See, when the eunuch believed, he was baptized. When Peter preached, three thousand persons believed, and were baptized. When Paul believed, he also was baptized. Again, the evidence of faith is a new heart, and a new life. And this is also the evidence of faith, to love God, and his word and people. Where these evidences do not exist, there is not faith.

"O Lord, bestow thy blessing on us all, that we may have these evidences; and if our faith be weak, increase our faith, and give us wisdom to understand thy word, and grant us, O Lord, strength and power that we may do thy will. Amen."

I must not extend my letter by any lengthened remarks, or missionary information; but with one personal and practical question, I conclude. Have you experienced the faith described in these simple meditations of a converted Hindoo? If not, what prevents you from receiving, with faith and love, the word of the Lord God who made you, and gave his Son to die for you?

JOHN PARSONS, Moughir.



### Seed Springing up at Cameroons.

In the accounts we have given from Western Africa to our readers, something has been told them about the Dualla. They form the tribe among whom Mr. Saker has been laboring, and their towns are situated about sixty miles up the bank of the Cameroons river.

They are naturally very thievish and cruel, and for so long time they greatly opposed all attempts to do them good; but within the last two or three years the Lord has evidently blessed the patient perseverance of Mr. and Mrs. Saker, and the excellent negro teacher, T. Horton Johnson. Many children are now instructed, week-days and Sundays, in the school, and the chapel services are attended by many of the parents.

Perhaps the most pleasing and encouraging fact is, that there are now some young men, who were among the first that came for instruction when boys, that have grown up to understand and read the Word of God, and, better still, to love and obey the Saviour. One of these is an amiable young man, who was baptized in 1851, by the name of Thomas Horton, after the excellent minister at Devonport, Mr. Saker's former pastor.\* He belongs to one of the head families, and has better understanding and abilities than the generality of his people, and is able to address the people in the chapel.

When Mr. Wheeler was over there from the island of Fernando-Po, in April, 1852, he spoke to the converts in English, from Col. ii. 6, 7. By Mr. Saker's wish, Horton then got up and gave the sense of what had been said in the Duallah tongue, that all the congregation might understand, and this he did, in Mr. Saker's opinion, with remarkable clearness and correctness. The engraving represents him in the act of speaking. It has been taken from a slight sketch which Mr. Wheeler took when at Agua town, and has something of the young man's likeness and expression. May the Lord keep him humble and faithful, and spare his life to be a successful evangelist amongst his fellow-countrymen! Should not our young friends at home, who have so much greater advantages to answer for, be stimulated earnestly to seek grace, that they may be constrained by the love of Christ to give themselves to his service?

J. A. W.

### The Duallah Ladies at Cameroons.

Would not some of our young readers like to be wafted over to some of our Mission Stations among the heathen? Would

\* T. Horton Johnson is a much older man, and came many years ago from Sierra Leone to Clarence, where he was converted, and took his first name also from Mr. Horton.



you not like to see what is doing, with your own eyes any of you were in this way to visit the Mission Church at Agua town, Cameroons, on the Lord's-day, you would be delighted by seeing among the native congregation "clothed and in their right minds," singing the praises of our Saviour whom they have been brought to know and love. Many others, also, would be seen; and you might get



progress which christian teaching is making amongst the difference in their clothing.

You would know those who had become converts, and were altogether under christian instruction, by their neat and tidy dress. Others, less instructed, only partially, sitting behind the first; whilst some, further in the chapel, would only have a handkerchief or two about their necks, and many more still in their heathen state. Among

the head-dresses of some of the women would at once attract attention. Our engraving gives some idea what they are. It represents the way in which the wives of some of the head men dress and ornament their hair. One principal article of barter with the Duallahs for their palm oil is white glass beads. Numbers are bestowed upon the favourite wives, who use them to decorate their heads. The hair is parted at the sides, and carefully greased and piled up, and on the top of each ridge the beads are arranged in three or more rows, crowned with knots of beads, and rosettes in front or at the sides, according to the taste of the lady. This head dressing forms one of the most important duties of female slaves, who attend upon the head men's wives. It is generally done to a great excess, so that the head looks quite top-heavy. They also arrange the beads into bracelets and necklaces. Their pet piccaninies, or children, are ornamented also in the same way.

Should not this reprove the vanity in dress amongst us, when, in this respect, the only difference between them and us is in the manner of shewing it? And both in Europe and in Africa, when the mind is filled with better things, all that is vain and foolish must die away.

J. A. W.

### Isaiah's Satire on Idolatry.

A few years ago, a young African addressed Mr. Johnson, a missionary, in language like this :—

“Massa, them words you talk last night strike very much. When you preach you read the 15th and 16th verses of the 44th chapter of Isaiah, and explain them, you shew me how our country people stand. Me say, Ah, who tell massa all this? He never been in my country. You say, Do not your country people live in that fashion? I say, Yes, that true; God knows

all things; he put them things in the Bible. Massa, I so see that the Bible is God's word, for man cannot put the things in there, because he no see it. That time I live with a man that make greegree. He take me into the bush, and teach me to make greegree too. He shew me a tree; he say that greegree; he take country axe, and cut some of that tree; he make a god; and he take the leaves, and that which was left, and give me to carry home. When he come home he made a fire, and all the people come and sit round the fire. Then they cook and eat. When they done eat, the man take the leaves of the greegree tree and burn them in the fire, and then all the people stand round the fire, and clap their hands, and cry, 'Aha! aha!' Massa, when you read this verse (Is. xlv. 16), I can't tell you what I feel. You then begin to talk about the text (verse 20): 'He feedeth on ashes,' and I was struck again; for when they done cry, 'aha! aha!' they take the ashes and make medicine 'they give to the people when they be sick.' You been see some greegree which look like dirt! that is the same ashes; they carry that round them neck, and they eat it sometimes. You see, massa, our countrymen feed upon ash. For true the Bible God's word."

### The Sugar Banana.

I have a story to tell you about the sugar banana. I have often seen a hundred or more of them growing on one stalk in the valleys of the Sandwich Islands. It is a rich, delicious fruit, highly prized by the natives, and liked especially by the bright-eyed, lively boys, whose mouths will at any time water at the sight of them. I never think of this nutritious product of the tropics without calling to mind an instance of propriety and fairness to his mate, in a Sandwich Island boy of about twelve, that may well be an example for boys in England, who

ve been taught much more than he. This Hawaiian lad is a member of the Rev. Mr. Bond's school in Kohala, awaii, and, along with his schoolmate, he had been drawing little carriage with Mrs. Bond's child in it, between the urs-of school, for which service some tempting bananas and ead were given them. As they went away, delighted with ch a bait for their hungry appetites, Kapaona, one of the ys, remarked that one of his bananas was rotten, which he d no sooner said, than Kamaka, the other boy, broke one of s in two and gave Kapaona half, saying it wasn't fair that : should have any less than himself, because they pulled alike. ow this, to be sure, was a little thing, but then it evinced in e boy an uncommon sense of right and freedom from selfish- ss; and I dare say that the bright-eyed, red-skinned Kamaka, God spares his life, will make a just and useful man.

### Do You Pray?

DAVID did. His circumstances, indeed, were unfavourable. crown was upon his head. The cares of a kingdom pressed m. He might have said—"I have no time." But he prayed uch. It was one of his most influential habits. His irtual exercises have been a pattern of devotion in every lcceding age.

DANIEL did. He was, indeed, a statesman and a courtier. e lived in the midst of idolators. To them his religion was fensive. The king bade him not to pray unto Jehovah. If e did, it was at mortal peril. The great men of Babylon nspired to make this very thing the means of his ruin. Still e prayed. He did it, not ostentatiously, but without conceal- ent. His religious principle was stronger than his fear of en. "Three times a day he kneeled and prayed, and gave anks before his God as aforetime."



PAUL did. It was the first pulse and expression of his life in Christ. "Behold he prayeth!" said the Spirit. fact was, the surprising but conclusive proof of his spir- change and transition. From being Saul the persecute was thus shewn he had become Paul the saint. How after that event, was his life one of prayer as well as h labour—of prayer for himself—for his countrymen; for Gentile world—for the blood-bought church. Holier, inter sublimer aspirations probably never ascended from a soul side of heaven.

JESUS CHRIST did. He was divine. He sustained no relations of dependence as we sustain. He had no sins to be given. There were in him no lusts to be restrained and puri He was subject to no temptations he could not resist. He assailed by no enemies he could not conquer. He had lif himself. He had creative power. He had infinite m But he prayed. He prayed in secret and with his disciple

"Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer."

Yes—David, Daniel, Paul, Jesus Christ, all prayed. 7 were men of prayer.

Do you pray?

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### *An African Letter.*

Letters are as various as those who write them, and young readers have probably met with some very curious o written from countries where the customs and modes of pression are very different from ours in England. They remember the Singhalese letters that appeared in this maga a short time ago, and will have been glad to see what grat feelings were expressed by the little black children who w them, and how they valued the instructions of their kind;



teachers. The writing they will have thought very , as well as the form of the letter. But I can tell out a letter with no writing at all, sent by an African named John Baptist Dasalu, who had been carried captive by a savage king, from Abbeokuta in West in the year 1851. Nothing was heard of him for a e, and his wife had almost given him up for lost, when ived the following curious letter from him. It con- f a stone, a piece of charcoal, a pepper pod, a grain of corn, and a piece of rag. All were tied up in a small cloth, and was interpreted by the messenger as fol- That he was as strong as a stone, but his prospects dark as charcoal; that he was so feverish with anxiety skin was as black as pepper, and corn might be parch- it; and that his clothing was nothing but rags. Not asant information this for his poor wife, except as er that he was alive; but being like her husband a y, she was enabled to bear the trial with resignation ence.

re glad to say that means are now being taken to re- asalu from the hands of the Dahomians, so we may at the next letter he sends his wife will contain more ging symbols, and that he will be restored to her and tians of Abbeokuta before long.

### Little Emma's Dream.

My little contribution,  
With ready heart and hand,  
I gave to send the Word of God  
To distant heathen land;  
And ere I went to rest that night  
I kneeled to God in prayer,  
That he would change my gift to light  
For souls in darkness there.

When I was lost in slumber,  
There seemed just o'er my bed,  
An angel child, with beaming brow,  
And shining wings outspread.  
And stainless seemed the robe to flow  
About that lovely one  
As lies a glowing sheet of snow  
Beneath the morning sun.

A touch of golden glory  
Was on her wavy hair;  
Her face, with rose-tint on her cheek,  
Was like the lily fair.  
And, oh, she sang a holy song,  
Which angels only know,  
To sound in their adoring throng,  
And never learnt below!

She told a hasty story  
About her life on earth,  
When here a little dark Hindoo,  
Of distant Indian birth;  
That once her parents were of those  
Who God in Ganges deem,  
Where oft her babe the mother throws,  
An offering on the stream:

But when the missions taught them  
To read the Word and pray  
To God in Heaven, through Jesus' name,  
Their gods were cast away:—  
That ere she died she loved to sing  
How Christ for her could die;  
And then he gave her spirit wing  
To soar to him on high.

I drew my breath, to ask her  
About the joys above;  
When silently she disappeared,  
With parting smile of love!  
Awaking then, I prayed for more  
That I might send away  
To shed upon some heathen shore  
The beams of gospel day.

H. F. Goss



### *The Fingoes.*

Above picture represents a woman of the Fingoe tribe, the numerous races of South Africa. As they are curious people, perhaps our young readers will feel ed in hearing a little about them. houses they inhabit resemble immense bee-hives; some largest of them are twenty-seven feet in diameter.



They are divided inside by matting. The late Mr. Fre says in his "Tour," that a window tax could not well be posed there, for of windows there are none. The doors intended for a race of dwarfs rather than of giants, as seldom exceed three or four feet in height. There is the difference between the converted and unconverted among as among other people: the huts, dress, and appearance (latter are always inferior to those who come under the influence of christian instruction. The floor is hard and. The Fingoes are remnants of various tribes which were and destroyed by some great African marauders named (and Durgaan. They obtained permission from Hint Kaffir chief, to reside in his territory, and here they employment as herdsmen. They acquired considerable perty, but as they suffered much from the Kaffirs, the length left Kaffirland and went to reside in the E colonies.

Here they were found out by missionaries, who were useful to them, and many of them have turned from idols to worship the one true God. There are twenty-five thirty in one church, under the care of the Rev. A. R. and they are very consistent, good christians. Some who grasping and selfish now contribute liberally to the christian religion, and some have died happily, believing in Jesus. who had been a very exemplary christian, was asked why he came to die whether he feared death. He answered, "I know in whom I have believed. My Redeemer liveth." on another occasion he said to the missionary who attended "It must be a most dangerous thing to put off repentance death bed. I have often when in great pain found it difficult to keep my thoughts collected and fixed on Saviour." As death drew nearer, he was heard to "Lord, delay not thy coming. Lord Jesus, come quick



on the following morning he gently resigned his spirit the hands of Jesus.

us we see, dear children, what religion can do for poor ant Africans.

---

### Little Austin's Wish.


Little Austin had been with his mamma to a Juvenile ianary Meeting; their walk home was through pleasant and grassy lanes. Soft fleecy clouds were floating in the sky, and the air was fragrant with the summer breath of ers. All around them was calm and still, and Austin and mamma were still too. Austin's face was very thoughtful, ngth he said,—

Mamma, I wish I were a man."

And why do you wish that?" said his mamma smiling; is my little boy want to get away from his mother's control, take care of himself, and have his own way?"

No, no, mamma!" said Austin earnestly, looking up and ing her hand: "I love you, and shall always love you, like to be near you. But I was thinking of what Mr. — said at the Missionary Meeting, about all the sorrow sin there is in the world, and the thousands of people who no bibles and no teachers, and who do not know that s Christ came into the world to save sinners. Oh, mamma, world is so beautiful! I wish all the people in it loved , and I wish I could do some good in it; you know. A—— said there was *so much to be done*."

Well, Austin, you are growing older every day, and if live long enough you will be a man, and you cannot wish a greater honour than to do good in the world. But it will many years before you are grown up; you need not wait



till then,—you may begin *now* to do good. If you want to be a useful *man*, you may prepare for it by being a useful *child*."

"I should like that, mamma, but what I can do is so *little*, that it hardly seems worth doing at all."

"God does not despise *little* things, Austin. Think, now, can you do *anything*?"

Austin thought: at length he brightened up and said, "Yes, mamma, I think I can do something. You know, mamma, you give me a penny every week for my own; perhaps I could do some good with it; I am sure I can very well spare it, for you give me everything that I really want."

"Yes, I think you can spare your penny; but how do you mean to do good with it?"

"Sometimes I can give it to the Missionary Society, and then it will help to send the knowledge of Jesus to the heathen far away; and sometimes, mamma, I can buy tracts and little books with it, and give them to the people that we meet when we walk out."

"Well, I think both these plans will do very nicely."

"And, mamma, I have thought of something else, if you will let me do it."

"What is it, my boy?"

"Why, mamma, every Sunday when I go to school, I see a number of children playing in the fields. May I speak to them, and ask them to come to the school with me? I am sure the teachers would be glad to see them."

"You would be too late at school, Austin, if you stayed to talk to these children."

"But I could set off earlier, you know, mamma."

"So you could," said his mamma, glad to find that her boy could overcome the little difficulty she had placed in his way; "it would, indeed, be a blessed thing to persuade those children to go to a Sunday school. I will give you leave to try."

"Thank you, mamma. I will begin next Sunday."

They had now reached home, and his mamma kissed her boy, saying, "Well, my Austin, we will talk about this again, and may God bless you in trying to do anything for him."

Little readers, have you ever, like Austin, wished that you were grown up? And have you wished it for the same reason—that you might do good?

Remember what his mamma said, and try to do some good *now*. All of you can do something. Do you want to know how Austin's plans succeeded? Perhaps I may tell you another time, and before then I hope you will each try to find out what *you* can do, and will *begin to do it*.

S. L. E.

### Gifts and Conditions.

I dreamed that I saw a multitude of pilgrims in a long and narrow valley. The valley terminated in a strait and steep mountain-pass, beyond which lay a glorious and fruitful land, blooming with rich flowers and golden harvests,—whose inhabitants knew neither hungering, nor thirsting, nor weeping,—where the sun shone for ever, and all was joy, and goodness, and peace. But the valley itself was very dangerous, being full of pitfalls, and bogs, and deceitful turnings,—also it was exceedingly dark, and liable to treacherous floating mists, which made the pathway still more uncertain and insecure. Among the pilgrims, however, I soon noticed a venerable man bearing a torch, wherewith all who would were lighted along the road,—and afterwards I perceived that many of the pilgrims also bore little splinters, which had been lighted at his torch. But not all. For a large number preferred to go halting and stumbling along, losing their way and themselves in the bogs and chasms, or straying into some one of



other of the numerous outlets from the valley which lead to the blessed land,—they preferred this to the trouble of carrying a torch, or the humiliation of asking for a light; it was a peculiarity of these torches that each must bear light for himself; no man's torch threw light on his neighbour's path.

As I looked longer, I saw one bruised and maimed by grief, weeping to the venerable man, and humbly ask for a light to light his steps. "My son," replied the reverend man, and ye shall receive." Then said the youth, drawing a scanty purse, "How much am I to pay for the inestimable gift?"

"The riches of the world," replied the reverend man, "though they perish in the using, are only to be won by labour and cost; but the *unsearchable riches* that I desire are to be bought 'without money, and without price.'"

Then the young man reached forth his hand for the gift, but the other stayed him and said, "Yet there is a condition of the gift. Each man who receives from me the sacred torch must bind himself solemnly to light the torch of another; thus will the light be spread, till the coming of the day of the Lord." So he lit his torch, and laying his hands upon the youth's head, blessed him, and dismissed him to his pilgrimage saying, "Freely have ye received, freely give." And these words ringing in my ears, I awoke.

But I still continued to ponder on my dream, especially the last words of the venerable torch-bearer. Among the things they reminded me of a story I once heard of a price for a gift, and its conditions; and though it is long since that story was told to me, and some of its particulars may have been incorrect in my memory, I will try to tell it you, that the youngest of my readers may better understand what is meant by a gift with conditions.

---



ny years ago there was an aged slave on one of the plantations in Jamaica, who possessed the precious power, so rare among slaves, of reading the Bible. He also loved the Lord Jesus, and longed to see his poor, enslaved countrymen learn to read the book too, that *they* might glorify in him, and find support amidst their sorrows. But he was very old, and the hours of leisure were few. How could a man like him teach all the negroes in Jamaica to read? He thought, "I will do what I can, and the Lord help me!" He gathered round him a class, whom he taught to read; but each scholar he made *this condition*,—that he should be able to read, and that he should do it on the same plan as of teaching some one else, and of making the same plan with *him*, and so on, until all should be able to read the word of God.

The old man, I believe, died, but his scheme prospered; and some years ago, the slaves in Jamaica were all made free. It was resolved by the Bible Society to present every freed man who could read with a Bible, in remembrance of happy emancipation. Now the gentlemen of the Bible Society supposed that a very moderate number of Bibles would be sufficient, so ignorant were the slaves considered; but to their astonishment, it was found on enquiry that the number of Bibles appropriated would fall short of the number of *Bibles* needed by many thousands, so well, so quietly, so effectually, the good old man's "conditions" been observed, in passing on the "gift" of reading, from one to another.

And, my children, God's pardon and love are free to all. We have them by asking; but were we to toil all our lives we could not *earn* them. I dare not even say that there is so great a *condition* attached to the great gift of Salvation. As I do know, that every one who has received it, longs to spread it. For this we pray, for this we pray

ministers at home, and missionaries abroad. But remember, no man's religion will save another; as no man's torch lit another's path. Remember, again, no man could light the torch of another till his own was lit; so no child can truly pray for another, or lead another to Jesus, until he knows Him for himself.

And to those dear children who do love, and know, and serve God truly, I would just say, "Bring another to God." Teach another heart to seek Him. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

*Blackheath.*

F. F.

### *A Happy Hindoo Girl.*

Elizabeth Ann, a little East Indian girl, attended for a considerable time at the mission day-school, Bellary. She was always very obedient to her teacher, and tried to get on nicely with her lessons. She was remarkable for an amiable and affectionate disposition, and was much loved by all. But at length she fell sick, and for many days was very ill. Amid all the pain, however, which she suffered, she never complained but bore it with patience, because she knew that it was God who afflicted her. She had no wish to recover, and seemed to think that God was going to take her to heaven; and this thought made her very happy. She knew that she had been great sinner, but she knew also that the blood of Jesus could take away *all* sin. At one time she said to her mother, "Mother, I have been a very wicked girl; but were not *M* Magdalene, and Paul, and Manasseh, pardoned?" Before mother could answer, she cried out, "Yes, Lord, I believe for thou hast pardoned *me*." She then spoke many words about the Saviour. At another time she said, "I cry for *me*, mother; I am going to my Father in heaven;

will come, yes, he will come and take me to himself." To a friend who called to see her, and who directed her mind to the tender love of Jesus, in the midst of sorrow and suffering, she said, "Oh, my Saviour, my Saviour!" She then said, "Pray for me;" and during the time prayer was being offered, she lifted up her hands and cried, "Oh, Lord, undertake for me."

A day or two before her death, she said, "Mother, I am going; God bless you!" Her mother rejoined, "My poor child!" She replied, "No, mother, rich, rich; I am going to my Father in heaven." She then turned to her brother, and said, "God bless you, and you too, sister;" and to several others who were in the room she said the same thing. She then appeared to be in earnest prayer that God would bless them all, and repeated these words: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." She also repeated many favourite hymns, with which her mind was well stored. The last words which she was heard to say were, "My Father! my Father!" and thus her happy spirit took its flight, to be for ever with the blessed Saviour, who had redeemed her, and washed her in his own precious blood.

Are you not ready to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like *hers*?"

### Trick of a Hindoo Devotee.

One day, on my way home from street preaching, says Mr. Scudder, while passing through a part of Arcot, I saw a large crowd assembled, and on asking the cause, was told that a Hindoo mendicant lay in the middle of the ring. I made my way to the centre, and saw him lying on the ground, while a man was *clasping his feet* with reverential affection. I soon





When I was lost in slumber,  
There seemed just o'er my bed,  
An angel child, with beaming brow,  
And shining wings outspread.  
And stainless seemed the robe to flow  
About that lovely one  
As lies a glowing sheet of snow  
Beneath the morning sun.

A touch of golden glory  
Was on her wavy hair;  
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To shed upon some heathen shore  
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### *The Fingoes.*

The above picture represents a woman of the Fingoe tribe, one of the numerous races of South Africa. As they are rather a curious people, perhaps our young readers will feel interested in hearing a little about them.

The houses they inhabit resemble immense bee-hives; some of the largest of them are twenty-seven feet in diameter.

## The Missionary's Farewell.

Yes, my native land, I love thee;  
 All thy scenes, I love them well;  
 Friends, connections, happy country,  
 Can I bid you all farewell?  
 Can I leave you,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—  
 Joys no stranger heart can tell;  
 Happy home, indeed I love thee;  
 Can I, can I say, "Farewell"?  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,  
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
 Can I say a last farewell?  
 Can I leave you,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes, I hasten from you gladly;  
 From the scenes I loved so well,  
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;  
 Lovely native land, farewell!  
 Pleased I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the deserts let me labour;  
 On the mountains let me tell  
 How He died—the blessed Saviour—  
 To redeem a world from hell:  
 Let me hasten,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
 Let the winds my canvass swell;  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion  
 While I go far hence to dwell:  
 Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land, farewell! farewell!

S. F. S.

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THE  
venile Missionary Herald.

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# Index.

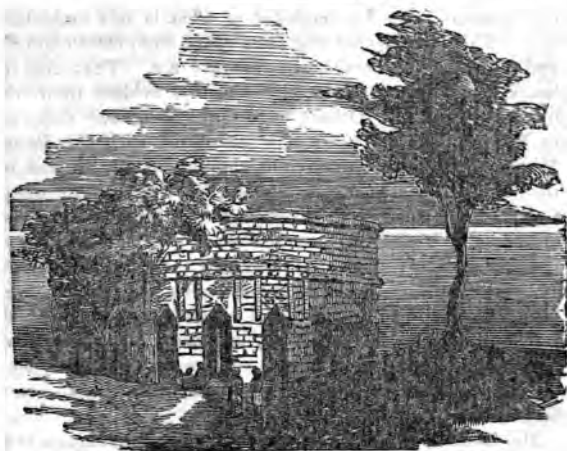
	PAGE		PAGE
1. No. 1 (with an En-)	1	Kaffir Children and the Hyenas..	83
son's New Year ....	3	The Gas-Light and the Candle..	86
Preaching (with an	6	The Turkish Bastinado (with an	89
ing) .....	6	Engraving) .....	90
tin's Work .....	12	A Native Preacher's Journal....	93
Child's Prayer .....	15	A Mela at Monghyr.....	95
son and the Child ....	15	"I love Jesus" .....	95
ts of Ceylon (with an	17	The Happy Hearer .....	95
ing) .....	17	Travelling in Ceylon (with an	97
2. No. 2 .....	19	Engraving) .....	97
China (with an En-)	24	Conversion of Copaul .....	98
) .....	24	A Remarkable Death .....	101
g School Facts .....	27	The New Missionaries .....	103
ot the Root" .....	29	Snake Charmers (with an En-	105
onary's Salary .....	31	graving) .....	106
Preacher .....	31	Escape from the Thugs .....	110
tells us what we must	32	The Last Yam .....	110
.....	32	Something about Java (with two	113
ctors (with two En-	33	Engravings) .....	116
) .....	33	"Always the Bible!" .....	121
onary Child .....	38	The Young Samoan Teacher ..	123
anders (with an En-)	41	The Wheel of Prayer .....	125
) .....	41	The Hindoo Goddess Bhawani..	125
ldren in Jamaica .....	44	Good from an Adverse Providence	126
es of the Rain-Drop ....	47	Grass growing on the Path ....	126
ies (with two Engrav-	49	Burning the Dead (with an En-	129
) .....	49	graving) .....	130
onary. A Sailor Story	53	Girls' Schools in India.....	132
ro. By the Rev. Geo.	57	The Snowy Mist. A Fable .....	132
(with an Engraving)..	57	Scindian Letter Carrier (with an	135
but Christ!" .....	62	Engraving) .....	137
orning Sow thy Seed ..	63	Dying in the Lord .....	139
rchill (with an Engrav-	65	Life in Southern India.....	141
) .....	65	Farewell to the Missionaries ....	142
Little Emigrant. A	68	Giving Money to the Lord.....	143
r Girls .....	68	The Lad's Five Loaves .....	143
Teaching (with an En-	73	The Death of a Child blessed to	143
) .....	73	her Father .....	145
t the Child!" .....	77	A Roman Catholic Funeral (with	146
talk to you about Je-	79	an Engraving) .....	146
e Hills (with an En-	81	King George of the Tonga Islands	150
) .....	81	How Little Folks can do Good..	150
		The Chinese Tea Shop (with an	152
		Engraving) .....	152

	PAGE		PAGE
Poor Ned .....	155	The Swearer Rebuked by a Child ..	18
The Golden Lamp .....	157	Hunooman ( <i>with an Engraving</i> ) ..	18
Poor in this World, yet Rich in		The Perfect Pattern .....	18
Faith .....	158	Praying and Doing .....	18
A Hindoo's Idea of the English			
People .....	159		
A Gem Secured for the Saviour..	160		
The Date Tree ( <i>with an En-</i>			
<i>graving</i> ) .....	161		
The Priest and the Bible .....	162		
Hindoo Pilgrims .....	165		
The King of Cochin China ( <i>with</i>			
<i>two Engravings</i> ) .....	168		
The Earnest Listener .....	170		
A Simple Fact .....	171		
The Devotee and his Pupil .....	172		
Good News from Jessore .....	173		
The Blind leading the Blind .....	175		
Next Year .....	176		
Chalia Modliar ( <i>with an Engrav-</i>			
<i>ing</i> ) .....	177		
Hindoo Pilgrims ( <i>concluded</i> )....	178		

### Poetry.

The Child's New Year Hymn ..	11
Remember .....	21
"There is but One Step!" .....	41
The Child and the Bee .....	51
Christ's Love for the Young .....	51
"I'm not too Young for God to	
See" .....	51
All his own .....	111
"What must it be to be there?"	
( <i>with Music</i> ) .....	111
A Missionary Lesson for Children	14
Lines .....	16
A Child's Missionary Hymn ....	17
Lines on the Death of a Young	
Lady .....	17

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



Serampore.

No. 1.

Serampore is probably known to most of our young readers as the place where the Baptist Missionary Society began its labours. And though none of them have seen the eminent men who made it so illustrious, the names of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, are almost as familiar to some of them as their own.

The above picture represents an old Pagoda there, which from an idol temple became a meeting place for prayer, and here Dr. Carey, Dr. Marshman, and Mr. Ward, the first Protestant missionaries to northern India, met Dr. Buchanan, Henry Martyn, and Mr. Brown, chaplains of the Church of



England, to unite in prayer for the heathen, and hold religious conversation. We are reminded of what is said in Malachi, that "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard," &c. That God did hearken and hear these excellent men is evident from what has since resulted. Others have followed in their steps, and in Bengal alone there are now connected with the Baptist Missionary Society, thirty-eight churches of Christ, with one thousand Hindoo members, besides five hundred Europeans and East Indians. And in connection with the stations there are three thousand five hundred other persons who have renounced idolatry; and about forty-four thousand five hundred and fifty-four bibles are distributed among the heathen every year. This is in addition to what is being done there by the London, the Church, the Scotch, and many other Missionary Societies, and our young friends will see that what they do in the cause of missions is *not labour in vain*. But to return to Serampore.

Mr. Russell, in his Missionary tour, says, "Serampore is an interesting spot, with its beautiful trees, and with both old and modern buildings. The Baptist college is a fine ornament to the place. The Baptist chapel is remarkably pretty; paved with marble, and adorned with tablets, rich in detail, and yet chaste in general effect, in memory of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, and of two ladies of the name of Marshman, the mother and former wife of J. C. Marshman, Esq. We went over the college and met nine young men who were educated there, and had come purposely to see us, seven of whom have professed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We were much gratified by the efficient manner in which the business of the college is conducted. We paid one or two visits subsequently to this important institution, and may *therefore* return to it again. Mr. and Mrs. Marshman are

ery kind and useful. They principally support a boarding school for native girls; Mrs. Marshman gathers them round her every week, and gives to them scriptural instruction. We visited the native chapel and village, and the burial ground where the first three missionaries lie interred. How great the good which they accomplished; how bright their example; how fragrant their memory. Dr. Carey breathed his last on the 9th June, 1834; Dr. Marshman on the 5th Sept., 1837." In our next number we will also give our young readers an account we lately read of another visit to Serampore by the Rev. Mr. Granger, an American missionary, which we think will interest them.

### Harry Johnson's New Year.

"Harry, I want to talk to you a bit," said Frederic Johnson, as he lay on the sofa, by a bright fire in the little parlour; "will you come and sit by me for a few minutes?" he added, seeing that his brother still stood at the window.

"Wait one minute, old fellow, here's an old woman down, with a basket of oranges, all in the snow! enough to make anybody laugh. Oh, there's a little girl picking up her things. Now then," cried Master Harry, bounding towards his brother, "what's the matter? and please be quick!"

Fred smiled,— "What a merry boy you are!"

"Is that all?"

"No," said the invalid gravely, "my words are of more importance; but, before I go on, I must ask you, Harry, never to laugh when you see an old woman fall."

"Why not?" enquired Harry, laughing again.

"Because it is not doing as you would be done by."

"Well, I know that, and I won't do it again, if I can help it; so go on, Fred."

Fred went on,—“Harry, 'tis Christmas eve!”

“Well?” said the boy with a smile.

“The old year is nearly gone!” Harry’s face, light, looked very grave. “How do you mean to new year?” The face was turned up in surprise. Harry.”

“I don’t know,” said the boy; “just like the I pose, if I live.”

“And if you *die*?” There was no answer. have something very important to say to you, and much to say it on New Year’s day, but I cannot are a christian.” Harry looked into the fire intently do you ever feel afraid to *die*?” The boy started “Yes, very often.” “Do you know the only way for death?”

“I *know* it, but,”—

“But you do not *feel* it?” There was a long pause. I am afraid you will begin another year without Christ.” There was another long silence. “I every day, Harry, and so does mother.”

The boy leaned against the couch and hid his face bent over him most tenderly, and uttered a brief God would guide the unhappy wanderer into the fold.

Harry listened, and wept bitterly.

The New Year came, and in the pleasant t brothers were again alone.

“Harry,” said Fred presently, “how have you New Year?” The boy looked up with a smile—fing. “Shall I tell you what I *think* and *hope*?” answered again. “I think, dear Harry, that you your heart to Jesus, and that it is the ‘peace w

understanding,' which has made your face so cheerful for the last two or three days. Am I right?" There was a pause, and Harry's face said, "Yes." Angels had rejoiced over *him* as "a sinner that repenteth." And Frederic tasted of their joy. "Now, Harry, I will tell you my little secret; come nearer, and give me your hand." Harry obeyed, and sighed when he thought how thin the hand which he held had grown. "Do you remember how you found me crying here some months ago?"

"Oh, yes, and you said perhaps you'd tell me what was the matter, one day."

"Well, I'm going to tell you now, Harry." Harry was all attention. "I was grieved because I had made up my mind to be a missionary, and when I saw that God would take me home before long, I murmured, because *my* plans must all be set aside."

"But you do not feel so *now*?" said Harry anxiously.

"No, Harry, for God has taught me that he knows best."

"I knew you wished to be a minister," said Harry, "but you never told me *this* before."

"Well, Harry, now I will ask you my question. Would you like, when you are a man, to preach the gospel to the heathen?"

"Would I?" cried the boy in surprise.

"Yes, Harry, *you*. Have you ever thought about it?"

"Yes, many times."

"Then promise me, dear Harry, that you will think about it still, and that you will *pray* over it; and God will guide you in the path of duty."

"But uncle Alfred says he will make a rich merchant of me,—must I give up—?"

"Ah, Harry, *this* is why we have so few missionaries! Is it better," asked Fred gravely, "to serve God or mammon?" Harry looked at the carpet.

"But what will mamma say?"

Mrs. Johnson's return prevented Fred's reply.

After tea the dying boy told his mother what had passed between them. Mrs. Johnson passed her arm round Harry's waist, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. But she only said, "You have made me very happy."

The widow's home was the abode of peace that night.

*This* was Harry Johnson's *New Year*. Boys! christian boys! "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Is there not *one* who will give up the *world's* honour and riches for a service like *this*?

### Way-side Preaching.

I am about to tell you, dear children, a true story which happened far away in a country adjoining India, called the Burman empire. It is about a missionary who had sat many long and wearisome hours in a Zayat (kind of chapel), by the road side, hoping that some one would stay to hear him tell of the Lord Jesus Christ. The day was intensely hot, hotter by far than any day you ever knew, and he might have been happy at home with his dear wife, or reading some nice books; but, no, he felt he had God's work to do, for you know that when Christ ascended up to heaven his parting words to his disciples were: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He took up a little Burmese tract, and commenced reading aloud. The sound caught the ear of a coarsely clad water-bearer; she put down her water vessel, and listened to what the missionary was reading,—she heard something which did not please her, for she did not love God and Jesus Christ, and replacing the water vessel, she went away scoffing and angry. I hope, my dear children, that you love to hear about Jesus Christ, for you have been taught to believe

him as a kind and merciful Saviour, who died on the cross : you, and it would be sad indeed did *you* ever make light of ch sacred things as are contained in his word.



The missionary's heart sunk within him as he saw her pass ; but another came on, a tall dignified looking man, leading

a little boy with bright eyes and open face. "Papa said the little boy, with a merry skip, and pulling his hand, "look, look, papa, there is Jesus Christ's man missionary raised his eyes and smiled on the little though rather shy, was pleased to be so noticed. The ray of hope in the missionary's heart at thus hearing so called by the stranger's child, for he knew that he worshiped Gautama, and did not believe in the true that night before he lay down to rest he remembered boy in his prayers, nor did he forget the old water-bearer.

Day after day went by, the missionary sitting in the house and the tall stranger and his child came past him. When the missionary saw them coming he beckoned with his hand, and the child sprang to his knee. The father looked at him, surprised and angry, and the boy was back in a moment, his eyes sparkling and his face beaming with joy. The stranger made a low bow to the missionary, and the child's hand hurried away. "Moung Moung, father to the child gravely, when they were out of sight. "these white foreigners are"—He did not tell the boy but shook his head mysteriously, and the boy looked at his father's face with wondering silence. "I shall not go at home to-morrow, to keep you away from his work." "Papa," said the child. "What, my father, think it will do me no good to leave me at home." "He has done something to me." "Who, the Kal?" "I do not think he has hurt me, papa, but I cannot know, no, no!" "What do you mean, Moung Moung? The sorcerer has done something to me,—put his beautiful me,—I see it now,"—and the boy's eyes glistened with joy and startling brilliancy. "What a boy! he is not I was only joking. But we will have done with him. He shall go there no more." "If I can help it, papa,

it! what strange fancies." "Papa!" "What, my son?" "You will not be angry?" "Angry?" His smile answered, No. "Is it true that *she*—my mother,"— "Hush, Mounge Mounge!" "Is it true that she prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Who dares tell you so?" "I must not say, papa; the one who told me said it was as much as life is worth to talk of such things to your son. Did she, papa?" "What did he mean? Who could have told you such a tale?" "Did she?" "And makes your bright eyes brighter than ever." "Did my mother pray to the Lord Jesus Christ?" "There, there! You have talked enough, my boy," and the two walked on in silence.

"Ko Shway-bay," called out the missionary. A man bearing a large bag full of books appeared at the door. "Did you observe the tall man who just passed, leading a little boy?" "I saw him." "What do you know about him?" "He is a writer, a very respectable man, haughty, reserved." "And what else?" "He hates christians. Do you remember three or four years ago a young woman came for medicine?" "Indeed," said the missionary smiling, "I should have a good memory to remember all who come to me for medicine." "But this was not like other women," said Shway-bay; "she had the face of an angel, and was the favourite wife of the Sahya, and this little boy, her only child, was very ill. She did not dare ask you to the house, or even send a servant for medicine, for her husband was one of the most violent persecutors." "Ay, I do recollect her, she was much distressed, and very grateful. So this is her child! What has become of the mother?" "Have you forgotten," said Shway-bay, "putting a Gospel of St. Matthew into her hand, and saying it contained medicine for *her*, for that she was afflicted with a worse disease than her son, and then you lifted up your hands and prayed very solemnly?" "I do not remember it just now, but



what became of it?" "They say," said the Burman, lowering his voice and looking round to see if any one was near, "they say the *medicine* cured her. She read the book at night, while watching her baby, and then she would kneel down and pray as you had done. At last her husband got the writing." "What did he do with it?" "He burned it; the baby lived, but she took the fever and died; as she grew weaker and weaker she begged the Sahya (her husband) to send for you, but he would not send. And so she died, talking to the last moment of the Lord Jesus, and calling on everybody about her to love him, and worship none but him. The Sahya said he would destroy any one who spoke about it." "And what of the child?" "A wonderful boy, Tsayah. He seems usually as you have seen him. But he has another look—so strange! He must have caught something from his mother's face just before she went up to the golden country." The next day the missionary noticed that the Sahya went by on the other side of the way, and without the little boy, and the next day, and the next the same. In the mean time the old water-bearer became a true though timid believer. The missionary sighed, and said, "The one shall be taken, and the other left."

It was four days after, when he had just ceased saying so, that the very child who had occupied his thoughts, sprang up the steps of the Zayat followed by his father; the boy carried a tray with plantains on it, and laying it at the missionary's feet drew back with a pleased smile, and took his seat upon the mat. "And so you make people believe in Jesus Christ?" "I try to." "My little son has heard of you, Sir, and is very anxious to learn something about Jesus Christ. It is a pretty story you tell of that man,—prettier I think than any of our fables, and you need not be afraid, my little boy will of course not believe it." Now the stranger wanted to hear himself, though he pretended it was for the little boy he asked the

missionary to speak about Jesus Christ, and he was very anxious that the missionary should think he despised his religion, and he asked for a writing that he possessed, that he might take it home to read and amuse Mounng Mounng. The missionary gave him a tract, saying solemnly, "I put into your hands the key to eternal life and happiness; this soul of yours cannot be intended to enter another animal after your death; God made it for a better purpose, and I hope and pray I may yet meet you in a world beyond the reach of pain and death." At these words the boy sprang forward. "Papa, papa, hear him. Let us both love the Lord Jesus Christ. My mother loved him, and in the golden country she waits for us." "I must go," said the Sahya. "Let us pray," said the missionary, kneeling down. The child bowed his head, and gradually the father covered his face with his hands as if in prayer.

Day after day went by, the Sahya passing but not going into the Zayat. Meanwhile the cholera came, and one night the missionary was aroused by the faithful Ko Shway-bay. "Teacher, you are wanted." "Where?" The man lowered his voice to a whisper. "At the Sahya's." "Who?" "I do not know, Tsayah." The missionary went to the house where the man led him. No one seemed to observe him,—from the inner room came a wild, wailing sound. He stood by the corpse of a little child. "He has gone up to the golden country to bloom for ever amid the royal lilies of paradise," murmured a voice close to his ear. "He worshiped the true God, and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer; he called and he was answered; he was weary, weary, and in pain, and the Lord, who loved him, took him to be a little golden lamb in his bosom for ever." "What did he talk of?" "Only of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose face he seemed to see." "And his father?" "His father! Oh, my master! my noble master! He is going too. Come and see, Tsayah."

The dying man was unable to speak. "Lord Jesus, receive his spirit," exclaimed the missionary. A bright and joyous smile flitted across the face of the Sahya, and his spirit stood in the presence of his Maker.

"You had better go now," said the woman. "Who are you that bring me here?" "Pass on and I will tell you." They drew near the body of the child. "See," said the woman. A copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew lay on his bosom. "Who placed it there?" "He did with his dear little hand," and the woman's voice gave expression to a cry of agony. Presently she said, "I was his mother's nurse. My mistress taught me, and made me promise to teach her baby, about Jesus Christ, and when he was old enough to take him to you for more instruction. But I was alone and afraid. I sometimes got as far as the big banian tree, and crawled away again, trembling with terror. At last I found Ko Shway-bay, and he promised to keep my secret; he gave me books, and explained their meaning, and taught me how to pray, and I have been getting courage ever since. I should not much mind now if they did find me out and kill me. I think I should even like to go to-night, if the Lord would please to take me!"

### Little Austin's Work.\*

Austin was very glad to find that even a little boy can do some good. He gave some of his pennies to the Missionary Society as he had resolved. I cannot tell you very *exactly* what good these did, because they were mixed with those which other children gave, and with the shillings and sovereigns of richer people. Altogether there was a very large sum; and when good men were willing to go to teach the poor heathen,

\* See "Little Austin's Wish" in our December Number.

and a great deal of money was wanted to buy books and other things for them, and to pay for taking them over the sea, and for building their houses and supporting them in the land of the heathen—*Austin's pennies helped.*

But I can tell you what Austin did with the tracts he bought to give away *at home*, and how he talked to the children in the fields. He was a little *missionary* to those children.

Full of hope, he rose very early on Sunday morning. He did not forget to ask God to bless his work. As soon as he had breakfasted he set out to the Sunday school, taking with him some of his books and tracts. He gave a tract to a man that he met, the man thanked him. Another man took the offered tract, but said nothing. Two others that he met laughed and would not have a tract. He looked in vain for the children—there were none out so early. At last he saw a little girl carrying a basket; he gave her a book, and said, "Little girl, are you going to school to-day?"

"No," she said, "mother wants me at home; she is ill, and cannot spare me; I am going to fetch her medicine."

Austin went on; but he saw no one else that he could speak to, and he felt discouraged.

"Be not weary in well doing," was the minister's text that morning. Was it not just suitable for Austin? He thought so; and as he was very attentive, he was able to understand much of the sermon. He resolved not to give up his work.

The afternoon was very fine, and there were many groups of children in the fields. Some were playing, some lying on the grass, some gathering flowers. Austin now felt rather afraid to speak to them; but he was sorry to see them forgetting the holy Sabbath day, and his earnest wish to do something for Jesus helped him to overcome his fear.

But he did not find the children very willing to listen to him. They liked the fields better than school. Some took no

notice; some only laughed; others said, perhaps they would go another day.

At last he went up to a girl who was leading two little ones and said, "Are you going to stay here all the afternoon?"

"Yes," said the girl; "it is very pleasant here, why should I not stay?"

"Because it is Sunday. I am going to school; if you will come with me you will hear many things you never hear before."

"I cannot leave my little brother and sister," said the girl.

"Oh," said Austin, "you can bring them with you, there are many scholars quite as young. See, this is my hymn book it is full of nice hymns, and we shall sing some of them at school."

"I like singing," said the girl; "but I shall feel strange."

"Oh, you will soon feel at home," said Austin; "do come I will shew you the way. Come, now, we shall be just in time."

She went with him, and his heart was cheered. How happy he felt when he entered the school with three new scholars.

He was very happy, too, when at home he was able to tell his mamma all about it.

"Well, my child," she said, "you see that even a little child can do some good."

"Yes, mamma; but it is not so easy as I thought it would be."

"Ah, my Austin, it is never *easy* either to *be* good or to *do* good. But we must not mind a little difficulty; and you will be able to help others."

"Yes, mamma; Mr. U—— said that God would give us strength; and I shall often think of the text, 'Be ye weary in well doing.'"

"And you may remember the encouragement too, Austin,  
'For in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'"

S. L. E.

### Effect of a Child's Prayer.

A man went into a mission school in Turkey, to see if he could not find something wrong,—something that he could make use of to induce the authorities to shut it up, or to make the people oppose the teacher. He hated the truth, and wanted that school shut up because the truth of the New Testament was taught there. The school was about to be dismissed, and the teacher was putting some questions to the children. He called a little girl and said to her,—

"Do you believe that there is a God?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Do you worship him?"

"Yes."

"How do you do it?"

"I pray to him morning and evening."

"Do you do it with your parents, or alone?"

"Both with my parents and alone."

"Then let me see you do it."

The little girl fell on her knees, closed her eyes, put her little hands together, and prayed in her own simple words. The visitor felt the force of that prayer. He went away silenced, and with a different feeling towards the school from that he brought there.

### Dr. Morrison and the Child.

When Dr. Morrison was on his way from England to China, he visited New York, and called on an old friend there. This



friend received him gladly, and—not having expected a bed not being ready—gave up his own bed to this bed was a crib, in which a little girl, the doctor's friend, slept; and she, being in bed with the doctor's friends, slept; and she, being in bed with the doctor's friends, slept. Early in the morning she awoke, and, as usual, turned herself round to her parents' bed; but, to her great surprise and instead of her own dear mother, a strange man with his eyes fixed upon her. The little girl ran in her crib, and, looking the doctor hard in the face, she said, "Man, do you pray?" Dr. Morrison immediately answered, "Yes, my dear child. I pray to God every day; he is my best friend." Satisfied that all was well, the stranger was a man of prayer, she turned round again. Was not the little girl right in trusting even a strange man who loved and feared God, and prayed for him every day?

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### The Child's New Year Hymn

I thank Thee, Lord, for all thy love,  
And all thy care of me;  
All my past has been blest above,  
My future is with Thee.

Oh, let me love Thee! kind thou art  
To children such as I:  
Give me a gentle, holy heart,  
Be Thou my friend on high!

Help me to please my parents dear,  
And do what'er they tell;  
Bless all my friends, both far and near,  
And keep them safe and well.

If I should live, then guide my ways,  
And all my wants supply;  
If I should die, Thee may I praise,  
And in Thee may I die!





### The Priests of Ceylon.

There are two orders of Buddhist priests in Ceylon. The superior order is called Upasampada, and the inferior, Samanaria. The meaning of the first name is, Almost full of religion; and the second, The son of a priest. At Kandy there are two colleges or academies of them, to which all the priests of the island belong. Every priest is, however, more particularly attached to a wiharé or temple, and these temples have several at a time.





Persons who enter the priesthood are generally brought from a very early age by a priest, whom he attends as a pupil and to whose temple, if he possesses sufficient knowledge, destined to succeed. They begin their preparation at the age of eight or ten years, in order that they may become accustomed to the hardships and sufferings of a priest's life. Like the Romish priests, Buddhist priests have to suffer many severities, and to expose themselves to many trials. At the end of three years the youthful novice provides himself with a yellow robe. His head and eye-brows are shaved, and his body smeared over with perfumes. He then kneels to his tutor in a Pali verse requests to be admitted to the order of Samanaria. If he has behaved properly his request is granted and he thenceforth wears the robes of the order. He attends at the temple, performs the rites of worship, and continues to receive instruction from the older priests. At the time he seeks to be admitted into the superior order, he undergoes an examination as to his acquirements, and is asked many questions about his health, his willingness to be a priest at his age, and whether he is provided with a cup and proper garment. If all is satisfactory his head is again shaved and his body is besmeared with turmeric, sandalwood, and perfume. He is dressed in rich clothes and costly ornaments,—is mounted on an elephant, and conducted in grand procession through the streets,—flags waving before him, and music uttering its yet wild sounds,—and umbrellas held up on high. He is then examined, and finally invested with the robes of the order.

There are a great many priests in Ceylon. Every temple has several priests. They dress in a yellow robe or cloak which is wrapped round their middle and reaches to the knees. Another yellow robe, several yards long, is thrown over the left shoulder, and reaches to the ground before and behind. They never wear stockings or shoes, and seldom san-





Their heads, beards, and eye-brows are kept close shaven. Their heads are thought so sacred that no barber must touch them. The priests, therefore, shave each other. They live by begging. Every morning at daylight the priests take their dish, and covering it with a piece of white cloth, go about from house to house through the village where they reside to beg rice. They are seldom sent empty away. However poor the people may be, they put away a little rice, or fruit, or money, for the priest the next time he comes. It is a great sin, they think, for them to use the rice they have thus devoted. In towns you may often see six or seven priests at once thus begging from door to door. As soon as anything is put into the dish, the giver stands with his hands together as if in worship, and receives the benediction of the priest.

But the priests teach the people nothing useful. They are left in ignorance of the value of the soul, of eternity, of heaven and hell. They know nothing of God or of his commandments; of Christ or his love. But the people set us an example as to how we should give to the cause of our Redeemer. How many more missionaries could be sent and bibles given, if we all put by a little every day to devote to this holy purpose. Will our little readers think of the missionary box every day, and try to drop a little into it every day?

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### Serampore.

No. 2.

In our last number we promised our young readers an account of Mr. Granger's visit to Serampore. He says,—

“The following morning, early, we left for Serampore, about fifteen miles above Calcutta, on the opposite bank of the river. We went in what is called a *palkee* carriage, or *gooree*, which is simply a palanquin set on wheels and drawn by two horses.

We were taken up to the place opposite Serampore in two hours, over one of the finest roads in India. It itself stretches along the river half the distance. The road, however, is lined with dwellings, some of very fine, with gardens where are growing the luxuriant trees, and the strange and beautiful flowers, nowhere seen within the tropics. We passed some fine fields of sugar and some paddy or rice fields. Just on the river's bank opposite Serampore, we found several old temples, and the houses of the Brahmins in the neighbourhood shewed that the temples are not forsaken. I looked into them. In the front of each was a huge block of wood, without human features, painted black. It was the idol which lived in worship.

"Serampore looks finely from the water. It stretches along the west bank of the Hoogly about a mile. The buildings, especially those near the shore, are large and well built, with high verandahs supported with Doric columns. They are of brick, covered with a cement which in this climate adheres well, and at a distance is easily mistaken for marble. We landed directly opposite the Serampore College, founded by the Serampore missionaries, and went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Denham, immediately adjoining the college building, who was expecting us and received us with kindness. It is the house in which the immortal Carey lived and in which he died.

"We had but one day for Serampore, and were not long to assure you. The first visit was to the college. It is still is, a noble building. The upper hall, designed for exhibitions, is more than one hundred feet in length, and five in breadth. Everybody has heard of the magnificent staircases leading up to this hall. They are of bronzed iron, of beautiful design and fine workmanship.



were imported from England at the enormous expense of £13,000.

"In the library, I did not ask for Carey's dried botanical specimens. In fact I forgot them. But they shewed me what interested me more, some of his manuscript works. There, for example, was his Sanscrit Dictionary, in five huge folios of about seven hundred pages each. There was his Bengali Dictionary, in manuscript, and other large works, any one of which would have given any other man a world-wide reputation. Carey's own writing in Oriental characters is so neat and perfect, page after page, without an erasure or a blot, that one has to examine closely to convince himself that it is not printed. As I surveyed these huge tomes, and thought of the herculean labours of the man who learned thirty-eight languages that he might translate the Holy Scriptures into them; as I thought of his want of early classical training; as I thought of his labours as a professor in the Government college and translator for Government, and as superintendent of an indigo factory one hundred miles from this, all which secular work he undertook that he might raise funds to carry on his mission work, I stood amazed at the courage, boldness, and success of the man. God's grace gave the impulse. 'Eustace, I can *pled*,' shews the method of this, the most wonderful man of his age.

"From the college I went to the graveyard. It is half a mile distant from the shore, walled in, and ornamented with neat walks and a few trees. It is in the immediate vicinity of a heathen population, whose miserable houses crowd close up to the sacred enclosure. It happened to be a festival day, and our ears were continually filled with the cries of the people and the rude music of their religious processions, several of which passed the ground while we were there. I went to the graves of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the triumvirate of

Serampore. Carey's is by far the least pretentious. Over his grave, near to the ground, is a slab, with the figure of a coffin-lid in raised work which is simply written the name, 'William Carey the little enclosure, however, and a few feet from stands a plain cenotaph erected by himself for family. It bears, with other epitaphs, the memorial, dictated by himself,—'William Carey, born 1 1761; died 9th of June, 1834.

'A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall.'

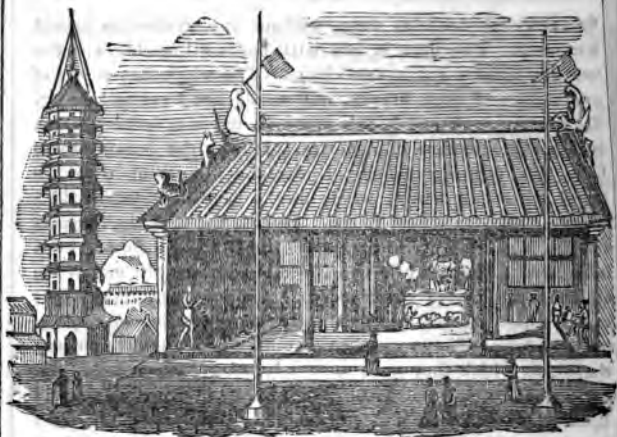
The monuments for Marshman and Ward are more and record their lives and characters in a way more ostentatious; but that may be because of the close Carey's epitaph.

"Returning home, we rode near the shore, a little town, to see a mammoth banyan tree. I have seen them, but none so large as this. An idol was seen this 'green tree.' Near the banyan and upon the river stands an old ruined pagoda, which I visited have been a fine building, as a few pieces of ornaments within and without, serve to shew. But the close connected with it arises from the fact that it was ordered by Henry Martyn. While chaplain at a neighbouring station, he retired to this quiet spot to prosecute the study of the Scriptures into the Persian language, and of that version was written within these old walls through the building, which the others did not really trembling with emotion. Some natives now ruin as a place to store rags.

"I will mention only two other places which I visited mission chapel and Dr. Carey's garden. The chapel is a really beautiful building, constructed, as all the

those early missionaries were, without any scrupulous regard to expense. The floor is laid with beautiful marble, and the seats are mostly ratan arm chairs. The whole has an air of good taste and even luxury, one would not have looked for. The reading-desk and pulpit stand in opposite corners, much as in some churches in America. It was the pulpit where Carey had often preached. Under the same roof with the chapel were two wings, which might have been intended as vestry or Sunday school rooms. During the time the Judsons and the Newells were at Serampore in 1812, the former lived in the south room, while the Newells occupied the one at the other extremity. I contrived to get alone into each of those rooms, now deserted and used only as store rooms for cords of useless books. They seemed to me more sacred than the elegant chapel, to which they were mere adjuncts. The letters from Serampore, which you find in the memoirs of Ann Judson and Harriet Newell, were written in these rooms. The forty years that have passed since those days, appeared to me extinguished. I seemed almost to feel as if the young missionaries were about the premises still, full of hope, and prayer, and faith, the wide fields of heathenism untrod before them, and they ready to go forth, they knew not where nor to what, trusting only in God! What changes have been wrought since those days in this eastern world, what revolutions in society, what wonders in the missionary work!

"Both here and in Calcutta, I enquired if there were any living who knew the Judsons, but there was not one. Two aged members of the Lal Bazaar chapel died last year, who might have known them and doubtless did, but no one could tell me anything about it. I left the spot of such precious memories, improved, I hope, in feeling. How soon will my own poor ministry be at an end! How very few the years that remain, in which to serve the Lord!"



### Light in China.

Far away is the land of China, where the tea we drink is grown, and the people wear pigtails. For many hundred years China has been ruled by men of the Tartar race, who came from the deserts, or steppes, of Tartary. Once the Chinese had rulers of their own nation; but these were slain or driven into exile by the victorious Tartars. And now for a very long time the people have groaned under their tyranny, and sighed for deliverance.

A few years ago a young man whose name was Hung Sow Tseren, came to Canton to be examined in Chinese learning; for in China no one who is unable to read and write, or is not acquainted with the learned writings of the country, can hope to obtain advancement, or to be employed in any of the offices

of government. Hung then came to Canton to pass the necessary examination, that he might if possible in the end become a mandarin. Mandarins are the magistrates of China.

At Canton he met with a christian man named Leang Afa, from whom he received a tract. After this he went to an American missionary named Mr. Roberts, who gave him further instruction in the gospel. He went away. No one heard of him for several years, until it began to be rumoured about that a new emperor had risen up of the old Chinese dynasty, that he was becoming every day more successful in overthrowing the power of the Tartar emperor, that the Tartar soldiers ran away instead of fighting, so that Hung, or as he was called Tae-ping-wan, the Prince of Peace, was gradually taking possession of the cities, and towns, and country, and would soon reach Peking, and drive away all his enemies. It was also said that he killed all the priests who would not become his subjects, that he pulled down the temples, and everywhere destroyed the idols. He would not permit his followers any more to worship the gods, or to burn incense and gilt paper at their altars, or prostrate themselves before the images, or offer gifts at the tombs of their ancestors. He told them there was but one God, that he had sent his Son Jesus Christ, that they must keep the ten heavenly commands, and many more like truths of the bible. At the same time he taught a few things which are not found in that holy book.

Hung is assisted in his government and conquests by four persons called kings. Fung-Wung-San is the southern king, and was formerly a neighbour of Hung. They became believers together, and it is said they were also baptized, the one immersing the other. Now, Fung has a nephew, whose name is Asow, and was taught some of the truths of the gospel by Hung, six or eight years ago. When the rebellion began he came to Canton, and being afraid that if he fell into the hands



of the Tartars they would kill him because of his relationship to the southern king, he was introduced to Mr. Roberts, with the hope that Mr. Roberts would take him to Nanking, and afterwards help him to reach the quarters of the patriots.

Mr. Roberts took him to Shanghae, whither he was going, as his servant, that he might not be discovered. On the way Asow asked for a New Testament. This he often read. Mr. Roberts soon learnt that for a long time Asow had given up the worship of idols, and had been seeking and serving the true God.

At Shanghae, Asow met with other missionaries, and to their joy they saw in him evident tokens that his heart was under the influence of the Holy Spirit. They found that he loved secret prayer. He thought that God's law relates not to the outward actions only, but to the very innermost desires and feelings of the heart. He believed no more in idols but in God, and was looking for salvation through the merits and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ. Everything in his words and conduct shewed him to be sincere and truly penitent for sin. It was, therefore, concluded that Asow might be baptized.

About a hundred persons assembled at the place of baptism, a running stream near a missionary's house. Mr. Gates explained in Chinese the nature of this ordinance of Christ, Mr. Roberts offered prayer in the same language, and Mr. Percy immersed the youthful convert in the flowing stream.

Very shortly Asow hopes to return to his friends with Mr. Roberts, and to teach his countrymen more fully the way of life. The day after his baptism he began his work. He distributed among them the ten commandments. He told them they contained the same truths as those which are issued in the proclamations of the Tae-ping-wan, and the missionaries are full of hope that the knowledge which multitudes already



have of the gospel will lead them to bow at the Saviour's feet, and that Asow may be made very useful among his friends, who are the leaders in this great movement to free the Chinese from the Tartar yoke.

### Interesting School Facts.

We think our readers will feel interested in hearing a few incidents of missionary schools in India and China. We will begin with one at Barisal, in Bengal, under the care of Mrs. Sale. It appears that there are twenty-two girls in the school, and during the three years that it has been open, Mrs. Sale has lost nine by marriage and one by death. Of the married girls she has never heard a single complaint, but in several instances has been told of their endeavours to teach their ignorant neighbours. They are considered to be such good wives, that Mrs. Sale has not one girl above eight years old who is not betrothed; for, you know, they marry several years earlier in India than they do in this country, and their lives are generally shorter. One of the married pupils, named Mina, Mrs. Sale describes to be still her joy, and in a recent letter she says that she was expecting her with her husband Bhojon, to spend a few days as soon as they had finished their rice planting. Mina has taught her husband to read. He had told Mrs. Sale he was ashamed to see his wife reading while he could not, so he had taken lessons of her every evening till he could read himself. This is a great change in India for the wife who was formerly considered as a *slave* to be raised to be not only a companion but a *teacher*. The books used in the school are the Bible, Bible Stories, Pilgrim's Progress, First and Second Catechism, Geography and pleasing Tales, Peep of Day, and the History of Koruna and Phulmonie, with most

of which, though not the last, our young readers are familiar. The girls learn to sew, knit, work, crochet, and spin. They clean, work, &c., in turn, and also prepare their own rice. Mrs. Sale buys it in the rough state, and with the native instruments they thresh and clean it. There is no English taught, as it is wished that they should read the Scriptures in their own tongue, and be prepared for usefulness in their own homes.

In the Sabbath school at Amoy, in China, the subject one Sabbath afternoon being "Solomon's choice," the minister, the Rev. W. Young, said to the girls, "If God were to ask a good many persons in the world what they most wished for, what answer do you think they would give?" They replied, "They would ask for gold and silver." He then enquired, "If God were to ask you what you most wish for, what reply would you make?" One of the elder girls, named Kipha, answered candidly, "I should ask for a name for being very learned." One of the younger, a bright, mischievous little thing, said, "I would ask to be made a disciple of Jesus." She had that afternoon been caught making rag dolls, and Mr. Young asked her if she thought any one who worked on Sunday was fit to be a disciple of Jesus. She said, "No!" And on being asked what the fourth commandment said,— "It told us not to work on Sunday." These girls have a great knowledge of right and wrong. May they be doers of the word, and not hearers only.

At another place in China, the island of Penang, there is a school under the care of Mrs. Bansum, who gives the following interesting account of the firmness of one of her scholars when put to a severe trial:—"Only two evenings ago, my girl, L— H—, had a severe struggle with her father. I looked out of my window into the girls' compound, and saw her crying bitterly, and at a little distance stood her father, who had



to take her home. I enquired what was the matter; he lied that she was too big to remain in the school, and that had heard something of her that would eventually bring me upon him. I suppose he had heard of her intention to come a christian, for when I went down to speak to him he did not tell me what he meant. I called Mr. Bansom to me, and, if possible, calm him, and afford protection to the girl. In the meantime she had run up into our rooms, and there she stood trembling until her father called her, when I was obliged to command her to obey before she would go, so great was her fear. He heaped upon her many reproaches, I said many evil things of her, which I know to be false. She stood firmly, and affirmed that she would not go with him, because he would marry her to an idolator. He then told her that he would for ever disown her, and that she must never again call him father, and demanded all the clothes of her father, who at that time was at her father's house; but I thought it a good sign that he took none of L—H—'s. The poor girl seemed to feel deeply his disowning her; but I directed her to the promise, 'When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.'"

Few of the young readers of this are likely to be put to such test; but let them ask themselves if they feel as much love to God as this little Chinese girl manifested, child of idolators she was, and in a country full of idolatry!

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### "We've got the Root."

Some time since, several christian natives of Tahiti called one of the missionaries, and told him of a conversation which they had just had with the Roman Catholic priest. They said the latter had shewn them a large tree, with the root, the trunk, the branches, the twigs, and explained to them



the meaning of it. At the root was a lamb, and that, a priest, meant the Saviour, the Lamb of God; and the added, represented the Roman Catholic church. At the of the trunk, next above the root, was Peter, the first of Rome, said he, and next to Jesus Christ. "Yes," Tahitians, "we know about Peter; we have got two le his, which we read in our Testament. That was the m denied his Master; but the Saviour looked on him, a look melted his heart, and the Saviour forgave him."

"But who are all these," said the Tahitians, "rising the trunk of the tree above Peter?" "Oh," said the "they are the popes, the successors of Peter." "Ah, w know about them," said the natives; "but never mind, GOT THE ROOT."

"And what are the straight branches that go off fr trunk?" asked the inquisitive Tahitians. "They are ferent orders of the church—monks and friars, and so "We don't know them either," said the people; "but we've got the root, so we can do without them." "Bu what are these twigs, dropping off at the extremities?" they are the heretics, and they are falling quick into the below." "Indeed!" said the Tahitians; "then wher are we?" "Oh," said the priest, "you are there," p up to one corner; "there's Luther,—a decayed twig, dropping off, you see, into the flames, and that's wher and where you and your missionary teachers will go, : are all heretics!"

"Ah, well," said the astonished Tahitians, "such picture, and such is the meaning of it you give us; bu ever, WE'VE GOT THE ROOT, and so we think we car very far wrong, and we mean to keep to that."

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## The Missionary's Salary.

While the Rev. Mr. Worcester was labouring among the Cherokees in Georgia, a sceptic wishing to find occasion of accusation against missionaries, visited the station and began to catechise Mrs. Worcester as to their employments among the Indians. After receiving answers which impressed him with the idea that their labour was arduous and self-denying, he said, "Well, I suppose your husband gets a very high salary for such a service?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "How much does he get, madam—five hundred dollars?" "Oh, yes, more than that." "One thousand dollars?" "Oh, more than that!" "One thousand five hundred dollars?" "Oh, much more than that!" "More than that?" "Yes, a hundred-fold in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting!" "Poh! it was money I meant," said he. "As to that, Sir," she replied, "the property here is owned by the mission, and we have the promise of such a living as you see, while we are able to render such services as I have spoken of."

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## The Little Preacher.

The mother and sister of a little girl in one of the schools in Ceylon, told the missionary that one day, at home, when a suitable occasion presented itself, the child addressed her mother, brothers, and sisters, and said, "Mother, why do you worship the idols, and make the offering of rice and plantains to them? Can they speak? Can they hear? No, they are deaf and dumb." And then closing her eyes, and putting her little hand on her breast, she exclaimed, "With this heart we must worship God. Thus our teacher's wife closes her eyes and prays to God. And so we must all do."

## "Nobody tells us what we must do."

This was the pathetic complaint of a South American Indian. A missionary visited them; but he could not stay with them. When he bade them farewell, they were very sorry; and he told them he could not return to them unless his English friends sent him, they said, "You should tell them they send us another minister. Nobody tells us what we do!" Alas, alas, how many poor neglected heathen utter the same lament, and say, "Nobody tells us what we must do!"

### Remember!

Remember, oh, remember,  
Before thy young days fly,  
That the youngest one among us  
Is not too young to die.

We've all immortal spirits,  
And a living soul to save;  
Then pray, oh, do not linger,

For we are near the grave.

The golden days of childhood  
Are now fast passing by;

Then seek to improve the present,  
Ere that too soon shall fly.

To thy Creator give the primest,  
The best of all thy love;

Then think with hope sublimest,  
Of the joy there is above.

Then remember, oh, remember,  
Before thy young days fly,

That the youngest one among us  
Is not too young to die.

F. M. (aged



### Witch Doctors.

The readers of this magazine do not need to be told that the Kaffir race called Zulus, are a very superstitious people. I will give them a still farther proof of this, and of the need they have of the knowledge of a Saviour to enlighten their dark minds and banish their foolish practices. Among other classes of people they have one called Witch Doctors, consisting generally of men, but sometimes of women. They form a distinct profession, and have to go through a long course of preparation before they are considered capable of practising their art.

No one is supposed to undertake it voluntarily, but the spirits of his ancestors, it is thought, appear to him, calling him to the office, and imparting their aid. It is generally a clever or eccentric youth that is pointed out by his friends as likely to be called to be a witch doctor; and what his friends

March.



declare he afterwards believes. From the time his call is he must give his whole mind to the preparation. "He d wonderful dreams, especially about the amahlozie, or spi the dead; he sees strange and terrible visions; his anc appear to him, and tell him the secrets of the dead, a often takes the name of one of the most distinguished of he talks all manner of marvellous things; then he is myst and reserved in his manners for several days; next he is with convulsions, runs frantically about, leaps, contorts his shrieks, and yells. He plunges into water; catches liv pents, and twines them round his neck and body, to prov he has superhuman power; he pretends to have wandered nights with leopards and lions, which are subject to his Afterwards he consults old renowned doctors, and studi secrets of his profession. Then for many days he disapp during which he is supposed to hold communion with spi his ancestors in the deep waters and in the earth. Wh again appears, it is to commence practice. His face is sm with river mud, his long hair hangs in matted locks o shoulders; his neck, arms, and body are bound with stri roots, bones of animals, and teeth of serpents; his move are wild and haughty; he is said to be a *new man* b deluded friends.

"He now selects a companion, who makes it his busin go to and fro throughout the region where he intends to tice, attend all the public dances and feasts, and pry in the family secrets he can; in a word, he must keep hi informed of all events and all opinions in regard to Whenever there is sickness or death in a kraal, someb suspected of having caused it, and in almost all cases the picion falls upon some one who has been before suspes witchcraft by somebody. The friends of the person w sick or has died, now repair to the nearest witch doctor, c one in whom they feel the greatest confidence, taking

them a handsome present of cattle or money. They present their offering, and sit down in silence before the doctor, who is expected to tell them why they have come, what sad events have happened in their kraal, and who is the guilty person. Decked in all the frightful emblems of his trade, as before described, he begins a long harangue, in which he pretends he foresaw their coming; he dwells on the knowledge, virtues, and powers of the amahlozie, *condemns witchcraft in general*, asserts his own skill in detecting it, and then, if he has been well informed by his spies, he describes the case in question. He also adds many particulars, which none but he knows, of the manner in which the crime was effected, and then names and denounces in the most terrible manner to his astonished hearers the very man on whom their suspicions were previously fixed, who is thenceforth at the mercy of the avengers of blood. If they spare his life, they seize all his property, and make him and his family beggars and outcasts."

Our young readers will perhaps enquire how the doctor manages when he knows nothing of the persons or the facts in question. Mr. Wilder, a missionary in South Africa, from whose account these particulars are taken, answers this difficulty. He says that in such cases the doctor sometimes begins his incantations, but soon declares that because the offering is so small the amahlozie deny a response, and they must return for a richer present. Meanwhile, he sends out his spies, and contrives to get the desired information before the richer present arrives. If, after all, he finds none whom he can pronounce guilty, he tells them the spirits of their ancestors are calling for meat, and have caused the sickness or death in their kraal in anger, because their worship has been neglected. But the witch doctor has still another means by which to save his reputation and satisfy his employers. He begins a long rambling discourse about the amahlozie or spirit snakes, about all diseases and death, and paints them in all their possible

forms to the excited imaginations of his hearers, who constantly clap their hands, and cry out, with more or less vehemence, according as the case described resembles the one they are thinking of, "Yizwa! yizwa!" (Hear! hear!) When he speaks of cattle, he knows by their manner of applause whether it is a *cow* or an *ox* which is sick or dead. He then discourses on the diseases of animals, the means by which the *ahakati* make them sick and kill them; and if their applause increases, he confidently pronounces it to be an animal concerning which they have come to enquire. If it is a *person*, he takes the hint from the vehement applauses he receives whenever he mentions *human* afflictions or death. By skilfully managing his speech, and watching the countenances and applauses of his hearers, he will at last tell them the disease, the age of the afflicted or deceased, who his relations are, where he lives, and many like circumstances, all of which increase the wonder and reverence of his employers.

But the most important revelation is yet to be made. Who is the *umtakati*? (or guilty person.) The doctor sometimes burns snake bones and smells the ashes; he takes bundles of spears and brandishes them in the air; skins of serpents, claws of beasts and birds, dangle from his joints; his hair is filled with feathers of ravenous birds; he draws a magic circle around him, and begins his maniac dance. He leaps and runs, every vein is to be seen, every muscle writhes, his eyes glare, while with songs, prayers, and yells he invokes the spirits of the dead to reveal to him the guilty one. He calls the names and describes the persons and characters of numerous persons, all the while watching the applause of his hearers, who cry out, as he approaches the decision they wish for, "Si ya vuma! si ya vuma!" (We consent! we consent!)

If he at last succeeds, their applause knows no bounds; they shower praises on him, and hasten away to seize the fat herds of the condemned, to repay them for their expense and trouble.

If the first doctor does not decide in their favour, they go to another till they are satisfied.

From the judgment of the witch doctor there is usually no appeal, and he is often bribed to decide as his employers wish. Mr. Wilder mentions a case that occurred only a few months ago, where two sons and a father had a difficulty, and suspected one another of sorcery. They agreed to appeal to a witch doctor, and both parties paid him bribes. They started to go to him, but the father never returned. The sons murdered him on the way, and the murderers are now at large.

Are you not rejoiced, dear children, that missionaries are labouring among these poor Zulus, to shew them their folly and wickedness, and point them to Jesus Christ, the knowledge of whom has already enlightened some of them, and entirely altered their character, habits, dress, and appearance?



ZULU IRON FOUNDERS.



## The Missionary Child.

"I love the missionaries," said Sarah, as she dropped a [ ] into the family mission-box. "Wouldn't you like to have a missionary, mother?"

"If you are prepared, my child," answered her mother.

A little girl with a basket in her hand came loitering the road. Her dress was faded and ragged; she had a black hood on her head which did not hide her tangled and her bare feet were almost black with dirt. Her [ ] was a drunkard, and her mother a sickly, shiftless woman. Nancy was now on her way to school.

"There is a little child that needs a missionary," said Sarah's mother, who sat at the window.

"Who, mother?" asked Sarah, running to look out. "Nancy?"

"Yes," said her mother. "The poor girl needs the help of a missionary to love her and do her good. And a child of love and sympathy, and self-denial, would, I think, be the missionary for her. Children like to learn of each other; love springs up quick between them."

"Why, she is a very hateful girl," said Sarah; "the children in the school; nobody can go with her."

"I thought she was in great need," said her mother.

"Could I do anything for her, do you suppose?" asked Sarah.

"Any one who has the heart for it, can do good."

"I am sure I want to do good," said Sarah, as she ran to her sun-bonnet and books. She plucked a branch of rose and she passed through the gate, and then joined Nancy on her way to school.

"Good-morning, Nancy," she said, as she came up with Nancy. Nancy was unused to attention, or even civility, and [ ]

up surprised.



"Isn't it a pleasant morning?" said Sarah.

"Humph! I don't know," said Nancy.

Sarah offered her a fine rose, saying, "See how sweet it is."

Nancy was pleased with it, for there are few children who do not like a sweet-smelling flower, and whose little hearts do not smile at the sight of one. "Your folks have got a great many roses, haven't they?" she said. "I wish ours had. Once I had a root, and father trod on it and broke it down."

"My mother 'll give you plenty of roots in the autumn, if you want them," said Sarah.

"Mother says it's of no use; nothing 'll grow for us."

"You might have a root in a box, and put it in some place where it would not be disturbed. I'll give you a pretty rose-bush in a box next season, if you'll water it."

"Guess I could do that," said Nancy, smiling and putting back her uncombed locks under her hood.

A beautiful, bright-feathered bird sang merrily on a tree by the road-side. "See that beautiful bird," exclaimed Sarah.

"How lovely everything is!"

"I'll make him fly," said Nancy with a roguish look, as she stooped to pick up a stone.

"Oh, don't," said Sarah; "you might kill him."

"No, I won't, but I'll scare the rascal."

"Oh, don't. How can you make him afraid when he is so happy, and sings so sweetly for us? God takes care of every little bird."

"How do you know?" said Nancy.

"Jesus himself said that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without him."

When Sarah entered the school-room, she bade the teacher a pleasant "good-morning," and Nancy had already felt enough of good influence to follow her example. "Good-morning; I am glad to see you in good time," answered the

teacher encouragingly, and Nancy felt a self-respect quite new to her.

At noon she was at some of her old tricks, snatching the girls' bonnets, throwing them in the dirt, and upsetting their dinner-baskets, because they would not play with her; so Sarah left her own quiet play and offered to see-saw with her, to soothe and keep her out of mischief. The other girls wondered at this, not knowing that Sarah had a good thing at heart for her.

After school, she said to Nancy, "Come early to school tomorrow, wont you?"

"Why?" Nancy asked.

"I shan't tell you now," said Sarah, laughing.

Nancy's curiosity was excited, and she was early the next day. Sarah was watching for her at her own gate, and was glad to see that her feet had been half-washed and her hair half-combed. She had one of her own sun-bonnets in readiness, and gave it to her, saying, "Your hood is too warm." Nancy smiled, and handed her a wild flower she had plucked by the way. She had not learned to say "thank you" in words, still her heart could express the new and pleasant feeling of gratitude.

And in such quiet little ways as we have told, Sarah tried to do Nancy good without embarrassing her and giving her pain, and it was not long before she had a strong influence over her. Nancy was one of the poorest scholars in the school. She could not read at all, and was in the lowest class in spelling. She now took a start in learning; and when at her lesson, if she caught Sarah's eye fixed on her with interest, she tried her best.

Sarah knew well that decency of looks, and kindness of manner, and diligence in study, are but little in comparison with true excellence of character and the conversion of the

heart to God, and Nancy was very ignorant of God and his requirements.

Sarah wanted her to go to Sunday school, but Nancy's mother said "it was too long a walk there for her to go, and she hadn't clothes fit; besides, she wanted her to take care of the children, for Sunday was the only day she got; and more than all, 'twas'n't no use to go to Sunday school." Sarah talked with her mother and planned to have a little Sunday school of her own after chapel, and have Nancy come to it and bring all her brothers and sisters along with her, so that her mother could not complain. Her own younger brothers and sisters were to make up the school.

So Nancy began to learn of Jesus and his wonderful life, and her heart was melted within her at the story of his love and his death. "Oh, I love him!" was her simple expression as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Was not Sarah a missionary child to the poor neglected Nancy? Are there no other missionary children, and is there no work for them to do? Have they looked around to find out the forgotten and the perishing?

### The Laplanders.

The opportunity of travelling falls to the lot of comparatively few, but we may know a great deal about other countries without visiting them ourselves. There is a very curious people in the cold regions of the North about whom our young readers may like to have a little information, and may probably prefer a visit in imagination to one in reality. I refer to the Laplanders. You have all heard of their sledges and their reindeer, but you may not perhaps have heard a description of themselves or their habitations. Their first appearance is



not very promising, but like many others they improve on further acquaintance. The Laplanders are very small, have a swarthy complexion, black short hair, a wide mouth, hollow cheeks, and a chin somewhat long and pointed. Their eyes are generally weak and watery, in consequence it is supposed of their smoky habitations, or the driving and glaring snows of winter, which often have the effect of depriving them of sight for several days after a hunting excursion. But they possess great strength of body, are very swift of foot and agile, and can go through an extraordinary amount of exertion.



They are also very ingenious in making the articles they use. Their sledges and canoes are so well constructed that not a drop of water can penetrate them. From the wood of the birch tree they make drinking cups and casks for holding the milk of the reindeer. From the horns of the reindeer they manufacture spoons in a very neat manner, which they stain with figures very tolerably designed. With no other instrument than a knife, they carve their bowls and spoons very expertly, and the steel of these knives they manufacture for themselves, and ornament in a style of elegance. They tan

their leather with the inner bark of the birch, and stain it red with fir bark, and they dye their wool with a root called tormentil. The women prepare the skins of foxes, fawns, otters, and other animals for sale. They also make tinsel wire of various thickness by drawing it through a machine formed of a reindeer's skull, and with this wire they embroider coats, gloves, harness, &c., in a very fanciful style. They make their thread of the tendons of the reindeer. During winter they carry on traffic in bartering skins, furs, dried fish and venison, gloves and short boots, for coarse flannel, cloth, hemp, iron, and various utensils, but particularly for tobacco, brandy, meal, and salt.

You will perceive from all this that the Laplanders are far from being a barbarous people, and we can only regret that they have not more learning, and that they know so little of religion. But I have told you nothing as yet about their habitations. The Laplander's hut is formed of curved bits of wood that unite near the centre in a ring, which is open, and allows free escape for the smoke,—the fire being lighted in the centre of the floor. The exterior is covered with turf. The door is of wood on one side. The inmates recline on skins on the floor, with their feet towards the fire; and behind them, on a row of stones near the wall of the hut, are their various utensils. Their clothing consists of tanned skins and woollen stuffs. Their chief wealth is the reindeer.

Our young readers will be amused with the description we have seen of one of their infants' cradles. It was cut out of solid wood, covered with leather, flaps of which were so arranged as to lace across the top with leather thongs,—the inside and the little pillow were rendered tolerably soft with reindeer moss, and the infant fitted the space so exactly that it could stir neither hand nor foot, so that it was literally packed into its cradle. A hood protected the head, and it admitted air



freely. When the packing was finished the little creature soon rocked to sleep.

We are sorry to inform our young readers that alth the Laplanders have Swedish missionaries labouring am them, they possess a very small portion of the Bible—o few of the Psalms, and the first two chapters of the gos Matthew. Religion seems, however, to have some infl over them in restraining drunkenness, which was form besetting sin, and producing habits of order and reli observance; but let us hope that they will soon have the Bible given to them, and know more about God and th of salvation by Jesus Christ, instead of having a religi little more than outward form.

### Black Children in Jamaica.

The following letters will shew the effects of missi school instruction in Jamaica; and we think our young re will agree with us that they would do credit to *white* ch in the good feeling they express, and the gratitude for in tion received. They were sent by Mr. Watson, a black ister in Jamaica, the writers being in Mrs. Watson's and we give them just as they are.

Mount Olive School, May 3rd, 18

My dear Father,

I hope that when this letter come to your it may find you in the best state of health, as it leaves present. I am happy to see that you are about to settle Mr. Smith. Mrs. Blake has given me a filly to tame for she says if any of the boys ask me to lend it to them I not do so. A few weeks ago we used to complain of the but we have no occasion to do so now, for the Lord has





us, and sent his rain to water the earth, so that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater. My dear father, I am very thankful to you for sending me to school, so that I might know how to read the Scriptures; and I hope that I will be a dutiful son to you, so that you may be pleased with me. I am happy to inform you that Thomas and William are getting on well, and I see that Thomas will soon be able to write you a letter also. I hope, dear father, that as you see your children getting on so well, you may see the necessity of leaving your sins and coming to the house of God. I hope you will not be angry with me for telling you so. My dear father, do you not think of sending Mary to school? she is quite big enough to come, and surely you are not going to allow her to grow up in ignorance.

I remain your loving Son,

JAMES MACKCALLA.

Mount Olive School, May 3rd, 1853.

My dear Father,

Governess has requested me to write you a letter, in order that you might see how I am getting on. I now stand up to the table in the school to send you these few lines, which I hope will please you well. I thank you, dear papa, for putting me to school, so that I may not grow up in ignorance. I do hope, if it is the will of the Lord to spare me, I may grow up to be a dutiful son, and try never to offend, or do anything that will give my parents pain. I hope the Lord will spare your life long, so that you may give all your children a little learning. I know that education is a useful thing, and I must beg my dear father to do all that lies in his power to educate his children. We have no occasion again to complain for the long dry which we have had. The good God of heaven has in his own time poured down rain upon the earth, to give his people food in due time. Truly the Lord is good, he will

not keep back anything from those who love him. If all is well, our dear minister wants to see all the Sabbath school scholars at Merrick's Mount on Sunday coming, to see how many children can read the Scriptures, as he is writing to some of his friends in England about the fine Sunday school which we have at Merrick's Mount, and at the same time he is going to beg a few books for the use of the scholars. Thomas is getting on well with his book; but Letitia is very dull, so that governess is obliged to be sharp on her.

I remain, dear Father, your dutiful Son,  
WILLIAM CONNOR.

Mount Olive School, May 4th, 1853.

My very dear Father,

I am sure you will be pleased with this letter which I am now writing to you, and I hope when you receive it, it may find you better than you were last Sunday. Next Sunday minister is going to have a singing meeting at Mount Zion, and he is inviting all of us to take a walk down to help Miss Dorothy in singing. If all is well, I hope dear papa will let brother John, sisters, and myself, go down to it, as I should like to be there. A few months ago everything looked withered and dry; but since the rain has commenced to come, the fields look very beautiful with the corns in them; and I trust, if the rats don't destroy them, we will get a plenty to eat. The pastures also look pretty and green, and the horses has a plenty of green grass to eat, but they will soon eat it down. I am sure you are thankful, dear papa, to our heavenly Father for the rain which he has poured down on the earth, so that a plenty of victuals may come, in order that there be not a famine in the land. I am glad to tell you I am cyphering in simple long division; when I first got in the rule it was quite teasing, and I thought I would never know how to do it, but with a little trial I now understand it very well. George is

cyphering in simple addition. I must now conclude, my loving father, by wishing every spiritual and temporal blessing to rest upon you.

I remain, my dear Papa, your loving Daughter,  
JANE E. CONNOR.

### The Fable of the Rain-Drop.

There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he ploughed it and planted the corn, and harrowed it and weeded it with great care, and on this field he depended for the support of his family. But after he had worked so hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for want of rain, and he thought he should lose his crop. He felt very sad, and went out every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day, as he stood there looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little rain-drops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken such pains with his field of corn, and now it is drying up; I wish I could do him good."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little rain-drop; what can you do? You can't wet even one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much; but I can cheer the farmer a little at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best. I'll try; I'll go to the field to shew my good will, if I can do no more; so here I go." And down went the rain-drop, and came pat on the farmer's nose, and then fell on one stalk of corn. "Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? A rain-drop. Where did that drop come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field, than the second one said, "Well, if you go, I will go too; so, here I come;" and down dropped the rain-drop on another stalk.

By this time a great many rain-drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about, and when they heard them, and saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one of them said, "If you're going on such a good errand, I'll go too;" and down he came. "And I," said another; "and I," "and I," "and I," and so on, till a whole shower of them came, and the corn was all watered, and it grew and ripened,—all because the first little rain-drop determined to do *what it could*.

Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do much. *Do what you can.* Angels can do no more!

### "There is but one Step!"

1 Sam. xx. 3.

There's but *one* step ere you may be  
Where Jesus cannot save,  
Where not a gleam of hope can pierce  
The darkness of the grave.

Where conscience ne'er can lose its sting,  
The worm can never die,  
Your soul a prey to deep despair  
Throughout eternity.

There is *one* step! oh, joyful sound!  
One blessed moment given,  
To flee from sin, to sue for grace,  
To agonize for heaven.

Jesus, with condescending voice,  
Invites you to his home;  
Repent, believe, obey the call,  
And enter while there's room.

For souls as guilty, vile as you,  
He pleads his work on high;  
Delay is death! there's but one step,  
Repent, or you must die.

R. C. S.



COOLIE INTERPRETER.

### *The Coolies.*

The Coolies (a term meaning labourer) are a race of people belonging to India. A great number of them have been imported into some of the West India Islands, for the purpose of *cultivating the sugar cane*. They are prompted to leave their



own land for the same reason that most men voluntarily become exiles; that is, they hope to better their condition; but as it is not all who leave England for distant lands that improve their position, so it is not all the Coolies who leave Calcutta or Madras for the West Indies that better theirs. There are agents who go to India for the purpose of obtaining cargoes of Coolies. It must not be supposed that they are compelled to leave their native land as the poor Africans in times gone by; far from it; the agent meets with a number of these people, agrees to take them to the Island for which he is agent, promises them a certain amount of wages, much higher than what they are earning; he also promises that after a term of years agreed upon (which is generally five), they shall be brought back to their own land; but should they, being satisfied with the country and their prospects, choose to remain and engage to work for another term of years, they are promised a bounty of fifty dollars. Many of them have served their first term, and, after receiving the bounty, have entered upon another, and even then a passage to their own land is guaranteed to them. Some have, at the expiration of the five years, preferred going back to India. They have done so for several reasons. The greater part, no doubt, had hitherto been employed in the cultivation of rice, which is a widely different labour from the cultivation of the sugar cane. Working in the cane field is far more arduous than working in the paddy grounds. The climate of the West Indies is different from that of India, although they are both warm. Many of them are subject to fever and ague, of which they are very much afraid. They are of a desponding temperament, so that when they fall ill they wander into the woods and die. This proneness to despondency is increased by being in a strange land, among a people whose language they do not understand. It is only those who cannot or *will not work that come to such an end.* It is not the case with them

as it sometimes is with labourers in England, that no work is to be had; there is always plenty of work, at which they can earn two bitts (which equals tenpence) a day.



These people present a somewhat strange appearance when dressed in their own fashion. The men wear some half dozen yards of cotton twisted round their heads, which you know is

called a turban. They wear their hair (as long as the women) in a knot on the top of their heads, so that a Coolie without his turban looks anything but manly. The remainder of their dress consists of perhaps some eight or nine yards more of cotton, in which they envelope themselves in a very peculiar manner. As the women wear no turbans, they are left exposed to the rays of the sun without any protection except the hair which nature gives them. They wear a sort of coloured jacket without sleeves, in addition to what the men wear. Coolie women are passionately fond of trinkets. They wear rings on their toes, which are an ornament to them, as they do not trouble themselves with shoes and stockings, bracelets on their arms, a great number of necklaces of all descriptions, a quantity of rings on their fingers, ear-rings which are so heavy as to cause a hole in their ears as large round as a sixpence; but above and beyond all these, they wear a nose jewel, that is a ring in their noses, and this nose jewel they consider the greatest ornament of all. It is quite unimportant with them whether these rings, bracelets, and ear-rings, are jewels or not; they are generally brass, and not very valuable.

The mode in which the Coolies carry their children is rather strange. Instead of carrying them in their arms, they place them astride their hip, keeping them perched there by throwing their arm around them.

But what a sad thing it is that so many of these poor people are living without any knowledge of the true God. They leave India idolaters and return idolaters. There is no one to tell them of the true God, of the Saviour, or of heaven. As there are neither Brahmans, nor temples, nor idols, in the West Indies, to remind them of their religion, they very often break caste, which is done by cutting off their long hair and wearing European clothing. How pleasant would it be to see them become disciples of the Saviour, "sitting clothed, and in their right mind."

W. H. G.

## The Missionary.

### A SAILOR STORY.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOT.

Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor dropped anchor, at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbours of that island. We had been months upon the ocean without seeing any land; and when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of that magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realise that we were not approaching some region of fairy enchantment. We soon, however, found that we were still in this world of sin and woe; for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe the whole revolting scene, the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed worse than inhuman. Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist; and, as he fell lifeless to the ground, his head was beaten by reiterated blows, till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life, as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us unthinking sailors with emotions of the deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or some other cause, no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the captain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbour to collect some fuel. I was sent with this party. We landed upon a beautiful beach upon which a heavy surf was rolling.

The savage scene we had just witnessed so filled us with terror, that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time we returned to the boat, and found to our dismay that the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased, that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind angry clouds, which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling more and more heavily in from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage warriors, their hands already dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship the captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue in his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavour to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increased masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness like that of Egypt enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where for some time, we heard the loud shouts of savages either in conflict or in revelry. Cautiously we approached the sounds, till we beheld a large party gathered around their fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle, and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling, in the darkness, over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of

the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another one of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night-fire of a savage New Zealander, or from the lamp of the Christian missionary, we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window; and when, through that window, we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one child, kneeling in their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds. Waiting a few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and though the surprise of the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor for the night. Weary, however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my mother, and her anxiety about her sailor-boy in this his first voyage. The scene was indeed a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild scenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiend-like outcries—all united so to impress my spirit, that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning, a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew were on the shore. The missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. The savages were imperious and rude,

and it seemed to me then, that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved this family uninjured, in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men. While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors fair game for plunder and abuse. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary, they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had, for our retinue, a troop of rioting and carousing savages, brandishing their bloody war-clubs over our heads, to convince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger to be great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it further upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest upon the folly of permitting our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat through the now subsiding surf.

As we rowed from the shore, and I looked back upon that devoted man, standing upon the beach in the midst of these rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and of the days, weeks, and months he must there pass in thankless labours, I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known; and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach, and point the finger of scorn towards the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered this same harbour. It is now called the Bay of Islands, and is one of the most beautiful places in natural scenery on the surface

of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school children with their slates and books. And there were to be seen New Zealand families dwelling in cheerful parlours, sanctified by morning prayers and evening hymns. The untiring labours of the missionary had, through God's blessing, created a new world; and the emotions of deep compassion with which I had regarded him, when we left him on the beach along with the savages, were transformed into sentiments of admiration and almost envy in view of his achievements. All other labours seemed trivial compared with his. And I then felt, and still feel, that if any man can lie down with joy upon a dying bed, it is he who can look back upon a life successfully devoted to raising a savage people to the comforts, refinements, and virtues of a Christian life.

### Choto Horo.

BY THE REV. GEORGE PEARCE.

Choto Horo was the name of a little Hindoo girl who belonged to one of our christian schools in Bengal, that are supported by the contributions of Sunday school children and others in this country. Her history is somewhat remarkable, and in giving it we hope that our youthful readers will be both pleased and profited.

This little girl was born at a village called Khari, which is now well known to the supporters of the Baptist Mission, because most of its inhabitants have forsaken the worship of idols, and have become christians. The people of this village were once very ignorant, rude, and wicked. How ignorant they were may be understood a little from the nature of the idols which they used to worship. When we speak of idols,



our readers will probably think of some rudely carved image, in the shape of a man or of some animal, &c.; but some of the idols of the people at Khari had no such forms as these, but were only lumps of clay, with a little red paint on them; and these stupid things they used to worship, in order to be preserved from the ravages of wildbeasts, such as tigers, &c., of which there are plenty near this village. How sad it is to think that our fellow-creatures in heathen lands, who have minds like ourselves, that might become wise, and good, and happy, should be so debased, and senseless, and wicked.

But through the kindness of God in sending his holy word to this part of India, Choto Horo was rescued from this sin and ignorance. When her father and several others of the inhabitants of this dark village professed themselves christians, the missionaries who had made them acquainted with the blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, determined to open a school for the children of these persons, that they might receive the benefits of christian instruction, and no longer remain in heathen ignorance. The school which they established was a boarding school, as there was no person in the village qualified to conduct a day school, and the missionaries wished to have these children near themselves, that they might give them the best instruction. Choto Horo was one of the happy children that were admitted into this school. When she entered she was quite little, and as there was another girl of the same name, her schoolfellows, to distinguish her, called her Choto Horo, for the word Choto in their language signifies little. Great was the change in her circumstances when she came to this school. Her parents were very poor people, and she had doubtless often fared very badly while at home for food and clothing; but at school she found no want of either of these, and she must have felt how very good it was in christian people to take so much care of poor children. But that was not all, for here she was carefully taught to read and write, and to

know and love the Saviour Jesus Christ, and all without harshness, but in a kind and tender manner. This must have appeared very strange to this little girl, for she had not been accustomed to such treatment as this. In heathen countries girls and women are not cared for and treated so kindly as they are in Britain. Nowhere are they taught to read, or anything that is of any value, or that will make them wise and good. Hindoo women used, some few years ago, to be burnt alive when they became widows, and in some places little babes are put to death two or three days after their birth—such is the effect of idolatry upon the heart of its followers. But the gospel of Jesus Christ teaches us to care alike for all, for women as for men, for girls as for boys. Hence the kind missionaries took as much pains to instruct these little girls as they did the boys that came to them to learn.

And they did not labour in vain, for they soon found that Hindoo girls were willing to learn, and could learn very well everything that was taught them. The more the pity, therefore, that they have been so long neglected. Well, little Horo, after she had been some time at school, shewed that she had a very good capacity for learning, and great love to her books also. She, therefore, made excellent progress, and in a shorter period than most of her companions got promoted to the first class. When she could read well, she was observed to take great delight in the word of God; and she might often be seen in the morning sitting at the door of her chamber with the New Testament upon her knee reading it with great attention, and when she was questioned as to what she read and learned, she would give very intelligent and pleasing answers. It was known, too, that at this time she began to pray in secret in her little chamber, and often to speak to her schoolfellows about Christ and salvation. Her reading was so fluent, and her knowledge so great, for a little child, that she became quite a

wonder to many. On one occasion when she went home to her friends, at the vacation, her fame for reading went forth far and wide, and many persons came, both men and women, to see this wonderful child, some of whom were Brahmans or learned persons, and they heard her read in the Scriptures with astonishment, for it is probable that she could read better than any of them. Once, also, when returned to school, seeing a poor idolator, a carpenter, at work on the school premises, she took her Testament and went and sat down beside him,



and then read and talked with the man so sensibly and against idolatry that he was quite amazed, and so threw down his tools, he looked at her for a time and exclaimed "Why, what a wonderful child you are; where did you all this knowledge? what does all this mean?" In the



dent we see an illustration of the Saviour's words, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." Yes, it was God who gave this child all this wisdom!

But Choto Horo did not live long. When she had been at school about four years, she was taken ill and soon died. A short time before her illness she loved the Saviour so much, that although she was only about eleven years old, she wished to become his disciple by being baptized in his name, in obedience to his command. This, we are sorry to say, her illness prevented. However, we have no doubt that though she was not permitted to join the church on earth, she has joined it in heaven. During her affliction she often expressed her trust in the Saviour, and her thankfulness that she had been brought to the school, saying, "I must have perished, if I had not come here."

We have said that Choto Horo used to pray in secret, and she continued to do so to the last. Here is the proof of it, for the following prayer written on a small piece of paper in her own hand-writing was found under her pillow after her death. It is given almost word for word as she wrote it. It is so wise a prayer, that English children who feel that they are sinners, might use it with advantage:—

"O Lord, I am a sinful, wretched child; but do thou hear my prayer! Grant that when I die I may in mercy find a place at thy feet! I am, indeed, but a little child, but thou wilt forgive all my sins, through the death of Jesus Christ. O Lord, I have a hard heart, take it away, and give me a heart of flesh! O Lord, when I come to die, may I die in comfort! Grant this in mercy. Amen."

Such was the life and death of this little girl. Our youthful readers may see from this story how sad is the condition of

the heathen, and how good a thing it is to send them the word of God. Hence they will not regret giving their pence to schools in India. They may learn from it, also, to value instruction which their own kind teachers give them week to week, and to feel that they also need salvation that it is not too early for them now to seek it. Let therefore, love the Bible, and try to serve God as Chotc did.

### "Not me, but Christ."

A short time ago, an American missionary was entertained very hospitably at the house of a widow lady at Cincinnati whose youngest son was seven years of age. He told him on his visit he had lately paid to the Seneca Indians, and of his intended visit to another Indian tribe, the Tuscaroras. He asked the little boy among other questions, "Would you like to be a missionary?" "I should," was his prompt reply. The next morning, taking leave, which was late at night, and after Alexander (that was his name) had retired to rest, his mother handed him three missionary tracts belonging to her son, with a request from him that they might be given to Tuscarora children. His message was this:—"I want the Indian children to know about Christ and love Christ. I do not send these tracts because I wish them to know about me, and love me; I wish them to love Christ!" On opening one of the tracts, a five dollar bill was found by the missionary pinned in, with which he wished him to make use of in the manner he thought for the benefit of Tuscarora children. Accordingly, on the 9th of October, being at a station among the Indians eight miles from Niagara Falls, he gave the three tracts respectively to Alois Kenett, Susan Patterson, and Mary Smith, with the message of their young friend at Cincinnati.

and an exhortation and prayer that they might know and love Jesus Christ. With the five dollars, a map of the Holy Land, Sabbath-school cards, and books, were procured, and sent for the use of Tuscarora children in school at Mount Hope.

"Not me, but Christ!" Take example from this, dear children, when you are doing anything for the Saviour's cause. We may hope that this little boy may live to carry out his wish to be a missionary, and we also desire that many of the readers of this little account will become missionaries too, and that they may teach the heathen to know and love Jesus Christ, and may their motto ever be, like little Alexander's, "*Not me, but Christ!*"

### "In the Morning Sow thy Seed."

A medical gentleman in India, in the discharge of his duties after a battle, entered the hospital, and visited each bed, with words of cheering and of sympathy. Before leaving the room he seated himself by the bedside of a poor sufferer, and taking from his pocket a Testament he read to him a chapter from the gospel by John. The poor fellow listened with deep attention, and thanked him with much emotion. On his next visit the assistant surgeon told him that the man to whom he had been reading expressed an earnest desire to see him again. On entering the room the sick man, after expressing his joy, said, "I am the only Protestant here, Sir, the rest are all Roman Catholics. When I was a lad I was a Sabbath scholar; my parents feared God, but I was wild, disobedient, and wicked; I turned my back on them and their God; but the chapter you read has brought my sin to my mind, and all the past is come back to me; I do feel I am a great sinner, and I trust Jesus will have mercy on me. And now, Sir, will you write to my brother, with his regiment at M——, and tell him

to think about his soul and come to Jesus?" That medical gentleman has been summoned to his reward, having been the instrument of turning many to righteousness. You, my young friends, are rising up into life, some of you will probably fill important and influential positions; see to it that the love of God is implanted in your hearts, and then determine in his strength to embrace every opportunity God may bestow on you, for speaking a word for Jesus to perishing souls around you.

E. C. S.

### The Child and the Bee.

"Stay awhile, little bee, in this blossom so gay,  
I am sure you must tire working thus all the day;  
What beautiful things in this garden we see,—  
Sweet flowers, and ripe fruits,—stay awhile, little bee."

"Little lady, I only can happiness know,  
When what is my duty I cheerfully do;  
Except I seek honey when flowers are in bloom,  
What food shall I have when the winter is come?"

How wise is the bee! what a lesson it gives  
To the child who in folly or idleness lives;  
Who passes in sin and vain pleasure his days,  
And seeks not the knowledge of God and his ways.

Henceforth like the bee may he lay up a store,  
To serve him when youth's sunny time is no more;  
For youth is the season which Mercy has given  
To prepare for old age, and to fit us for heaven.



### Huitzilopotchli.

What think you, my young readers, of such an object as this for a deity? You no doubt think it more worthy to be laughed at than worshipped. Yet this shapeless nondescript was once held in profound homage and terror by a civilized people. This is the terrible Huitzilopotchli, the Mexican



Mars, whose temples were the most stately and august of the public buildings, and whose altars reeked with the blood of human victims in every city of Mexico.

The ancient Mexicans appear to have been a very superstitious nation. They had no less than five thousand priests attached to the principal temple in the capital, each devoted to the service of some particular deity. Three times during the day, and once at night, they were called to prayers. They mortified their flesh by fasting and cruel penance, drawing blood from their bodies by thrashing themselves, or by piercing them with the thorns of the aloe. The Mexican temples, *teocallis*, "houses of God," as they were called, were very numerous. There were several hundreds in each of the principal cities. They were solid masses of earth, cased with brick or stone, and in their form somewhat resembled the pyramids of Egypt. They consisted of four or five stories, each smaller than the one below. The ascent was by a flight of steps on the outside. The top was a broad area, on which were erected one or two towers forty or fifty feet high, the sanctuaries in which stood the images of the presiding deities. Before these towers stood the dreadful stone of sacrifice and two lofty altars, on which fires were kept that were never permitted to go out. The long processions of priests winding round the sides of the *teocalli*, as they rose higher and higher towards the summit and the dismal rites of sacrifice performed there, were a visible from the farthest points of the city, impressing on the minds of the people a superstitious awe of the mysteries their religion, and of the dread ministers by whom they were interpreted. Some of their ceremonies, however, were of more cheerful kind, consisting of national songs and dance in which both sexes joined. Processions were made of women and children, crowned with garlands, and bearing offerings of fruits.

One of their most important festivals was that in honour of Tezeatlepoça, whose rank was inferior only to that of the Supreme Being. He was called the "Soul of the world," and supposed to have been its creator. He was represented as a handsome man, endowed with perpetual youth. A year before the intended sacrifice, a captive, distinguished for his beauty, and without a blemish, was selected to represent this deity. He was arrayed in a splendid dress, regaled with incense, and with a profusion of sweet scented flowers. When he went abroad, he was attended by a train of the royal pages; and as he walked in the streets to play some favourite air, the crowd prostrated themselves before him and worshipped him, as the representative of their good deity. But at length the fatal day of sacrifice arrived. He was stripped of his gaudy apparel; one of the royal barges carried him across the lake to a temple on its margin; and here the inhabitants of the city flocked to witness the close of the ceremony. As the sad procession wound up the sides of the pyramid, the unhappy victim threw away his gay chaplets of flowers, and broke in pieces the musical instruments with which he had solaced himself in his captivity. On the summit, he was received by six priests, with long and matted locks flowing over their black robes, on which were inscribed mysterious hieroglyphic scrolls. They led him to the stone of sacrifice,—on this the prisoner was then stretched. Five priests secured his head and limbs, while the sixth, clothed in a scarlet mantle, opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of *itsli*,—a substance as hard as flint,—and thrusting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart. Then after holding it up towards the sun, he cast it at the feet of the deity to whom the temple was devoted, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration.

*This was only one among a multitude of victims that were*

sacrificed every year ; for in the whole Mexican empire were not less than twenty thousand, and some carry the number as high as fifty thousand !

Such were some of the superstitious practices of the old or ancient Mexicans. Do not our young readers perceive a great and fearful resemblance in all false religions, under different forms, and that cruelty is the distinctive feature of them all ? How different from the religion taught,—how opposite these deities to the gentle Saviour. While, then, you wonder at the stupid wickedness of these false religions, be thankful that you have been taught differently, and seek to be like the God of truth and holiness whom you are taught to worship.

### Mary, the little Emigrant.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

"How sad you look, Aunt Mary !"

"Sad ? little Minnie ! Have I a *very* long face ?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary, and you didn't smile as I came in door, and say, 'Good morning, Goody,' as you generally do. What is the matter, Aunt Mary ?"

The lady, for she *was* a lady, though she had been a slave in that old farm kitchen, and though she wore a coarse apron, and a thick white cap,—turned towards the niece, and bending low to kiss her, said, "And does *any* one know why Aunt Mary is sad ?"

Little Mary Benson—"Minnie," as they called her, ran up quickly, and said, "Yes, I *do* know, aunt."

"What is it, then ?"

"Oh, Aunt Mary, isn't it because father, and mother, and Kate, and John, and Ellen, and Willie, and I, are all away ?"

Aunt Mary was raining tear-drops on the floor so fast, that Mary could not expect a reply just yet; so she sat on her knee, and waited patiently.

"Minnie," said Mrs. Somers presently, "I want to tell you now, what you must do in Australia; for to-morrow, when you are all here for the last time,"—there were more tears here, but they were quickly wiped away,—*"to-morrow I may not have time to talk much with you."*

Minnie was listening, and her aunt went on.

"You have heard me speak of missionaries, have you not, Minnie?"

Minnie had heard a great deal about them.

"Well, I want you to be a little missionary!"

"Me! Aunt Mary?"

"Yes, and I will tell you how you may begin. Out there, in Australia, you will meet sometimes with people who do not love the Bible, who do not love Jesus Christ, who break the Sabbath, and care nothing about religion. Well, when you meet with these people, you must pray very much for them."

"Yes, aunt, I will."

"And then you must try to do them good, and if they are fond of you, as old James is, for instance, perhaps they will let you sing to them, and read the Bible, and repeat your texts,—and so you may do them good. Will you try?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary, as soon as I get there I will begin."

"You can begin before that."

"Oh, on board the ship? I will *try*; but I don't think a very *very* little girl like me can do much good."

Aunt Mary smiled, and said, "God doesn't choose kings, and princes, and great people, to do his work, Minnie, but out of the mouth of babes He perfects praise."

"Aunt Mary," said the child, "you will not forget to,"—*here she whispered in her aunt's ear, clasping her arms around her neck.*

"Pray for you, my dear child? oh, yes, while I can say a prayer!" but the tears *would* come again, and I said no more.

We must not stay to explain all the misfortunes little Mary's father to decide on leaving his native we must pass over the parting with Mrs. Somer husband, on the day after the conversation with began our tale: enough for us to state, that Mr. I good prospects in the far-off colony, for a rich farm distant relative, had promised him a good situation: it is with little Mary and her work we have. There is one thing which it is important my you should remember. Mary was a Christian, a follower of Jesus,—and this was the secret of her desire to go. From her infancy the tale of Jesus' love had been told to her,—from her mother's lips she heard of the Gospel,—and young as Mary was, her heart was given who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

We have listened to the good advice which Mary gave her little niece,—we have seen good seed sown and look for the fruit.

We will stand on the deck of the good ship which is carrying our emigrants across the wide sea. Mr. Benson with folded arms gazing at the reflection in the water of the sun's last beams. Suddenly a hand is laid on his shoulder, and he turns, and sees a man who has been exceedingly kind to all since the day they left "old England."

"Benson," he says, "I cannot understand this of yours. It appears to me that the little creature is more than any child I ever came across."

"Why, what has she been doing now, Matthews?"

"Oh, well, perhaps nothing particular; but she has reminded me of my mother, and my mother's presence was wonderfully!"

"But how could she know anything of your mother?"

"No, not *that*, but the singing, and the texts, and the sight of the little Bible, all bring it back to me, and *home* to me, as nothing ever did before."

"I see myself," continues the man presently, folding his arms and looking out upon the sea, "I see myself kneeling by my mother's side, and I hear her voice in prayer, and then I hear her dying words, and then I stand beside her grave, and then I see myself reckless and hardened to this very day!"

He turns quickly away to hide the emotion he feels, and Mr. Benson will not follow him just now, lest he intrude upon his sorrow. But in an hour or two we find them in earnest conversation, and the good work which Mary has been enabled to begin, is continued by her father, and God's blessing rests on both.

In the respectable Mr. Matthews, who was so successful as a carpenter in Melbourne, few persons would have recognised the man who left England because no master would employ one so careless and so idle.

Again, another scene. We look in upon the Australian farm. Minnie is seated on Mr. Browning's knee. Mr. Browning is her father's relative, the rich farmer of whom I told you. Since he came to Australia he has been "too busy," he says, to think about religion; and though God has prospered him in worldly things, and has given him abundance of food and of raiment, still Mr. Browning has forgotten God, and has believed that his own wisdom and prudence have been the causes of all his success. Minnie does not understand Mr. Browning exactly; she is too young to do that; but they are already very great friends.

"What book is that, little Miss Mary?" asks the farmer.

"The Bible, uncle." Mary calls him "uncle," because he has told her to do so.

"And can you read *that*?"

"Oh, yes, uncle; shall I show you how I can read?"

"Why, Mary, I did not think you were so vain! want to show off, do you? Well, let us hear, by all means," says Mary's uncle. "No, it isn't that;" but she has not time to say that she wishes to do her uncle good by her reading, and only asks, "Where shall I read?"

"Oh, anywhere, it is all one to me. I just want to see you can read, child."

Mr. Browning's voice does not sound quite pleasant to Mary's hand shakes a little as she opens the Bible to "anywhere."

"The ground of a certain rich man brought forth much fruit: and he thought within himself, What shall I do, I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do; I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. His goods will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

Was it by mere accident that Mary chose this passage?

Mr. Browning has listened attentively so far, but when Mary is passing on to the next paragraph he stops her, takes the book, pushes her hastily from his knee, and is gone.

"The word of God is quick and powerful," and it was so to him everywhere that day; he cannot rest till he has read the words again, and with what joy does little Mary look at the Bible.

Time passes on, and Mr. Browning is an altered man. That book has been to him the Book of Life. Oh, that he would be so to all of us.

Little Mary has not done much yet, but she is working on; and by God's grace, she will continue to work till death shall all her to her great reward. Let us part then with her, saying that in all she did in accordance with God's word, we may imitate her,—and that wherever we are, or whatever position we occupy, we may be enabled to work for God, and to live to God.

C.

### Mother's Teaching.

I think that almost all of you, dear little children, know what mother's teaching is. I have been in some of your homes, and have heard and seen your mothers' lessons.

I will tell you about one family that I know. The mother of this family loves God, and she tries to teach her little children to love him too.

As soon as they are dressed in the morning, they kneel down and thank the good God for taking care of them while they were asleep; and they ask Him to keep them and help them to be good children all day. Their mother has taught them to do this. And at breakfast, she teaches them to thank God for their food, for it is he who gives it to them.

Sometimes dear kind mamma takes a walk with her children. Then they are very glad. You should have seen them as I saw them one day in the fields, with their glowing happy faces; they were making daisy chains, and filling their little baskets with all the flowers that grew about, and they had crowned the youngest with a golden crown of buttercups, and mamma was telling them that it was the good God who made all the pretty flowers, and spread the soft grass over the fields like a carpet, and made the bright warm sun. "He loves you, little children," she said, "and gives you all these things to make you happy." And the little one, with the crown upon her head, looked up and lisped, "I love God, mamma!"



But are these children always good? No; they have natures, and sometimes they are angry, and snatch on other's playthings, and give a great deal of trouble to dear mamma. A sinful nature is a very dreadful thing; it is like a bad disease, and if not taken away, grow worse and worse, and make them miserable for ever. Very often these children *mean* to be quite good, and yet break their resolutions, and again and again they are naughty.

One day, after being in a passion with his sister, the boy came sobbing to his mother, and said, "Mamma, very sorry—it seems as if I could not help it—I have grieved you, and I know I have displeased God. What shall I do? how can I be a good boy?" Then his mother drew her to her, and gently told him how God had loved us so much, and sent his own Son into the world *to save us from our sins*. She told him how Jesus suffered, and how he died, because of our sins, thus showing us at once how very dreadful sin is, and how very great is God's love for us. And she said, "My dear boy, God is quite willing to forgive you for Jesus' sake, and will take away your sin. If you ask him he will give you his Spirit, to help you to overcome your bad temper, to renew your heart, and make you holy." The little sobbing boy thought this was very good news,—and so it was. What a blessed thing it was for him to have such mother's teaching. Do you wish that every child in the world had such teaching?

Shall I tell you what sort of mother's teaching some children in Bengal have? Bengal, you know, is in India.

that English children have, but *they do not know how to get cured*; their mothers cannot tell them of a Saviour, for they have not heard the good news themselves.

"In Bengal," says a missionary, "you may see a mother pressing the family idol, and showing it to a little child that cannot yet lisp a word; then teaching the little child to bow down to the idol, and make a salaam to it."

A child, perhaps, is hungry in the morning; an earthen vessel is on the fire,—the rice is there. The mother pointing to the fire, will say, "What is that?" "The fire, mother." "What does the fire do?" "Makes the rice boil, mother." "Nothing else?" "It makes me warm, mother." "But is that all you know about it?" Then the mother will put on a grave face, and say, "That is a god." Then she will begin to tell stories about the fire-god, how it is to be propitiated, and what mischief it will do if it is angry; and then she will bring some little offering, and throw it into the fire, and show the child how it is to be done.

If the wind is blowing, the mother will say, "What is that, my child?" "The wind, mother." "What does it do?" "It is blowing the dust, mother, and shaking the leaves." And then the mother will tell the child about the wind-god.

And so she teaches how the water is a god; how the sun, moon, and stars, are gods; and she will tell stories about them.

Perhaps she tells this story about the sun-god. "You see, when we worship the sun-god, we don't give him the whole rice, we must grind it very small for him; this is the reason. There was once an assembly of the gods, and the sun-god was there; and the sun-god offended the other gods, and in great anger one of them gave him a blow, and knocked out his front teeth. So the sun-god cannot eat the whole rice, but must have it ground small." And then, perhaps, the mother will say, "*Mind you don't quarrel with other boys, lest you should have your teeth knocked out like the sun-god.*"

Poor mother ! she believes these silly stories,—she knows no better ; she is *perishing* for lack of knowledge. Should you not like some one to make haste, and go and teach her about the true God and all his wonderful love ?

Dear children, if you love your own sweet mother's teaching, love the Missionary Society which is sending teachers to heathen mothers and heathen children. Help the Missionary Society all you can. Pray for the missionaries ; theirs is a noble work, but they have many discouragements and many difficulties. If any of you have ever wished to be missionaries yourselves, do not put away the wish,—cherish it, and pray to God to prepare you for the work. You are too young to go yet, but you are not too young to give yourselves wholly to Jesus Christ, and then you will be ready to work for him whenever and wherever he chooses to employ you.

S. L. E.



A HINDOO TEACHER.



## "Thou art the Child!"

Howard Wiley is now about twelve years old. He is his mother's only child, and she is a widow. Ever since he was a babe, he has been her first thought and care by day and night. She is very poor, but still, by hard work and great saving, she has managed to keep Howard as comfortably, if not as handsomely clothed, as most of the boys in the village. Almost all she earns is spent upon him; and, after her day's work is done, and he is soundly sleeping in his bed, she sits up till very late, to make, and patch, and knit for him, that he may not be ashamed to appear at school among the boys whose parents are much better off than she is.

Howard has had two or three severe fits of sickness, and his kind, devoted mother, watched him then unceasingly. She sat by him all day, and was at his side the moment he stirred or spoke at night; and she has been known to go without necessary food for herself, that she might purchase little delicacies for him, such as a sick person craves. Once, when he expressed a desire for an orange, she took her last sixpence and went to the shop to get it for him, when she was so weak from hunger and watching that she could scarcely drag herself along.

Oh, what a good, kind mother! And what a grateful, dutiful son Howard should always be. But is he so? Step with me into his mother's cottage this cold December evening; I have heard that Mrs. Wiley is not well, and I would like to look in and see how she is getting on. The snow has fallen fast all day, and the air is now thick with the flakes, as they are driven about by the keen winter wind. There has no path been shovelled to-day from the gate to the door,—no path to the coal-house, or to the well. Strange, when there is a stout boy of twelve years old about the house, that these things should be neglected. We will open the door and enter.

Howard is seated in the rocking-chair, the only chair in the room, as near the chimney corner as possible, the only candle drawn to his side of the table, reading paper; while his mother, who looks thin and feeble, sits in a hard wooden chair, trying to see by the dim light of Howard's clothes. She remarks that the fire is low and there ought to be more coal brought in. She sits still and says not a word. Then she asks him to go out to the coal-house and bring in a shovel. He shrugs his shoulders, and says gruffly that "it is too late," and he actually allows his sick, feeble mother, to go out in the snow that stormy evening, and bring in coal warm!

As you might suppose, she is worse the next day, obliged to keep her bed. She needs care and attention, it is Saturday, and Howard wants to play, and he goes out to play with the boys all day, never reflecting that his mother needs him at home; and were it not that kind neighbours look in upon her, she would suffer for care. And in this way, day after day, Howard's mother's unwearied kindness to him.

"Oh, wicked, ungrateful boy!" you exclaim. "But what would you think if I were to say to you, or little girl, you are as bad as Howard Wiley?" Is he worse than he? What had Howard's mother done that can at all be compared with what God has been daily doing, for you? Who watches you day and night? Who takes care of you when you are sick, and restores your health again? Who gives you every blessing and enjoyment, — kind parents, comfortable home, clothing, food? Who gives you all these? But more than all these, who sends his only and dearly-beloved Son, to come to this cold world, and live a life of suffering, and die a death

agony, to save you from everlasting punishment. And all the blessings and comforts you enjoy were purchased for you by the death of that same blessed Saviour.

And what does he ask in return for all this kindness and all this sacrifice? Simply that you should *love* him, trust in him, and obey him. He says kindly and sweetly to you, "My son, my daughter, give me *thy heart*." It is your love he wants in return for his great love and kindness to you. And if you love him you cannot help working for him. And the service of every little girl and boy is needed in the church of Christ. Now, remember, if you do not give your heart at once to the Saviour, you are a thousand times more ungrateful than Howard Wiley is to his mother. Never dare to condemn him as wicked and undutiful, till you have attempted to do something for your Saviour in return for all he has done for you.

### "I must talk to you about Jesus."

A little girl, thirteen years old, belonging to a missionary school in Ceylon, was converted. After a time, she wished to go and see her mother, who was a heathen, for the purpose of conversing with her about her soul's concerns. On reaching home, her mother expressed much pleasure in seeing her, spread a mat for her to sit down upon; and, as the first act of the mother on such occasions is to provide something for her children to eat, told her that she would go and cook some rice for her.

The little girl replied that she was not hungry, and did not wish to eat, but wanted to talk with her. The mother replied that she would talk with her after she had prepared her rice. The little girl persisted in her wishes, telling her mother that, as she worshipped idols, and might lose her soul, she had a desire to speak with her about Jesus Christ. The mother ex-



pressed her dislike of what she had said; and, as the child continued to say that she wished to talk with her, threatened to punish her. The little girl said in reply, "Mother, though you do whip me, I must talk with you about Jesus Christ!" began to weep.

The mother's heart was touched; she sat down; and little daughter talked with her, and prayed with her. The child's interest in her behalf was so great, that she was kept praying for her mother during all parts of the night. The result was, that the mother forsook her idols and became a Christian, and her conversion was followed by the conversion of one or two others.

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### Christ's Love for the Young.

Jesus was once despised and low,  
A stranger and distress'd,  
Without a home to which to go,  
Or pillow where to rest.

Now, on a high majestic seat,  
He reigns above the sky;  
And angels worship at his feet,  
Or, at his bidding, fly.

Once he was bound with prickly thorns,  
And scoff'd at in his pain:  
Now a bright crown his head adorns,  
And he will ever reign.

But what a condescending King!  
Who, though he reigns on high,  
Is pleased when little children sing,  
And listens to their cry.

He views them from his heavenly throne;  
He watches all their ways;  
And stoops to notice for his own,  
The youngest child that prays.

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### Russian Ice Hills.

There are very few of our young readers but must have heard about the war with Russia now going on, and they will perhaps feel curious to know a little about the people who, in consequence of their emperor's unjust treatment of our allies, the Turks, are now become our enemies,—it is said *unwillingly*, and that they do not approve of what he has done. War is a very dreadful thing, only another name for wholesale murder; but in this case we could not avoid it; and we must hope that, as in some other instances, God will cause good to spring out of evil, and open this vast country to us as he has India and China, for the spread of the Gospel, of which it is so greatly



in need. The Greek church is now the religion of the people, and this is very little, if at all, better than Popery. One difference is, that they have no images in their churches, but there is quite as much superstition in their worship, and they are as much opposed to the simple truth as it is in *Jesus*.

They have a great number of religious ceremonies, some of them very magnificent, especially at the time of *Easter*. After a long period of fasting, the return of *Easter* quite alters the scene, changes their mournful observances into grand and showy worship, and the Russians give themselves up to rejoicings and festivity. They have a great variety of amusements at this time, but the one I am now going to describe belongs to the winter season. It is represented in the sketch at the head of this article, under the name of *Russian ice hills*. These consist of a scaffold about thirty feet high, erected on the river *Neva*, then in its frozen state. On one side of it are steps or a ladder to ascend to the platform on the top; on the opposite side a steep inclined plane about four yards broad and thirty long, descends to the river; this is supported by strong poles, and its sides are protected by a parapet of planks. Large square blocks of ice, about four inches thick, are laid upon this plane, close to one another, and smoothed with the axe; they are then cemented together by water thrown upon them. The snow is cleared away at the bottom of the plane, for the length of three hundred and the breadth of four hundred feet, and the sides of this as well as those of the scaffolding are ornamented and protected with firs and pines. Each person, provided with a little low sledge, something like a butcher's tray, mounts the ladder and glides with astonishing rapidity down the inclined plane, poising his sledge as he goes down. The motion given carries him to a second hill, at the foot of which he alights, mounts again, and in the same manner glides down the other inclined plane of ice. The Russian boys amuse themselves in skating down these hills.

The Russians have also summer hills in imitation of their ice hills. These consist of a scaffold between thirty and forty feet high, with an inclined plane in front, flowers and trees sheltering the person in his descent. A small narrow cart on four wheels is used instead of a sledge, below there is a level stage of some hundred feet in length, along which he is carried by the impulse of his descent. This amusement has been introduced into Paris, under the name of Russian mountains.

Some years ago there was a Bible Society in Russia, but no bibles are now allowed to be circulated, and there were also missionaries, one of whom, Mr. Knill, is possibly known to some of our young friends, and his interesting tract, the Russian tract, will, if they read it, show them that he met with some success. But no missionaries have been allowed to go there for some time. Nothing but the Greek church is tolerated, and it is on the pretence of establishing this in the place of Mahomedanism, that the Czar has made war upon Turkey. It is not easy to choose between two such religions as these, and we must hope that before long the Christian religion will take the place of both of them, and make the people who inhabit the vast cold country of Russia, and those who dwell in the warm regions of Turkey, alike happy, putting an end to war, and making them love instead of hating one another.

### *Baffir Children and the Hyenas.*

The Mambukis build their huts in the shape of a bee-hive. The ground behind them is thrown up so as to form a wall, while, in the front, about three or four feet from the door, it is hollowed out into a kind of pit, where the calves are placed for the night, to protect them from the weather and from beasts of prey. One would expect when the hyenas break in that they would content themselves with the calves, especially as the

natives always have a fire burning at their feet during the night; but instead of this, the hungry beasts spring over the fold, and without caring for the fires, they drag the children from under the sheepskins where they are sleeping. They do this, however, in so careful and quiet a manner, that often the mother does not find out her loss until she hears the screams of her poor babe, as it is dragged away, or torn in pieces by the jaws of the wild beast. You would be quite tired if I were to tell you all the cases of this kind which I have known about. I will therefore only mention one or two.

The first I will relate happened to a grandson of the king, Dapa. He was ten years old. Before this, the hyenas had seized his younger brother, and had torn a piece out of his cheek. On the next night they again broke into the hut, and dragged a second child away, and in the morning only a small part of his body was found. On the third visit, they seized the boy I have named by the left shoulder, and dragged him nearly a mile, before the poor child could be snatched from their jaws. Part of his thigh was already torn off, but, happily, the bone was not broken. He was brought to the missionaries for help, and by daily care, through the blessing of God, he was perfectly cured.

Another case of the kind was that of a little girl of eight years old. She had laid herself on the ground in the cool of the evening, when all at once she was surrounded by not less than four of these ravenous beasts. In a few moments, one of the hyenas seized the poor child by the head, a second by the shoulder, and the two others by the thighs. The villagers, hearing her cries, ran with all their might to save her, and, happily, they were able to drag her from their jaws, but she was so much torn and injured, that it appeared to them too late. In a few days, however, they tried all their skill in surgery, but it would not do, and from fever and from the flies

the girl assumed so frightful an appearance, that they at length determined to get rid of her, and they left it to her choice, either to be put to death by the young people of the village, or to go into the woods to die, or become the prey of wild beasts.

The poor child chose to go into the woods; for she hoped that she might reach the mission station. She had never been there, indeed, but yet she had heard of the kindness of the missionaries, and thought that she might get from them the help and safety which her own parents had denied her. With this desire she set out, and though she had many miles to travel, over rocky ground, and through mountain ravines, she nevertheless reached the station. When she came, her appearance was frightful, from the injuries and sufferings which she had borne. She was almost naked. There were fourteen large wounds on her body and head. The hyenas had torn her mouth almost from ear to ear, while a large part of the scalp had been stripped away from the skull; but through the mercy of God, the missionaries soon had the pleasure of seeing the frightful wounds close up, and by great care and attention she got quite well, and scarcely any marks of the injuries are to be seen.

When she had recovered, she would not go back to her father, who had cruelly driven her from his hut to seek her death in the forest. The missionaries therefore kept her at the station, and gave her instruction, in which she made good progress. Her gratitude was great; "but we did not know," says one, "that she was under religious impressions, until one day, as I was walking among the bushes surrounding our house, I heard some one engaged in fervent prayer. I stopped to listen. It was the voice of a child. I went towards the spot from which the sound came, and discovered my little patient in a solitary place in the wood, kneeling on the ground, and pouring out her soul to God, where, as she supposed, no eye saw her but his alone.

I felt, dear young friends, how sweet and pleasant it is to be the means of doing good to the afflicted. Here God has made me the humble instrument of saving both the body and the soul of one who was now glorifying God in the darkest parts of the earth." Who would not delight in and support the work of missions? It is heaven's testimony, in these latter days, to the sure fulfilment of all his promises; and happy are all they who go "to the help of the Lord against the mighty!"

### The Gas-Fight and the Candle.

A tall wax candle found herself one day brought into a large parlour. This was her first introduction into the world, and she was suddenly taken out from a dark box, and found herself surrounded by all kinds of gay and pretty things, and herself stuck into a gold and blue candlestick. For a time the candle was quite satisfied with her new position. And, indeed, why should she not be so? For there was a porcelain match-box ready to await her orders; a pink and yellow shepherdess with a gold crook, who was to act as extinguisher whenever she was needed; the finest of note-paper lay at her feet, and the perfumed sealing-wax all ready to be inflamed in her service. Indeed, the candle's little brain, whatever she had, came near being turned with vanity. She was already weary of talking with her neighbours on the writing-table, but had commenced a conversation with some literary neighbours which lay on the table near. Some rose-buds in a vase on the centre-table had nodded to her kindly, and the porcelain piper on the mantel-piece had given her a glance of his eye.

Very impatient was the candle for evening to come, for then she was convinced was the time in which she should shine. *She talked quite sentimentally about the "garish light of day."* *She hinted to one of the books lying near her she would*

When she could shed some light upon something, and felt she was one of those beauties who needed to be seen to be fully appreciated. But, alas, for the poor candle! Evening there came a sad blow. In the view of the candle had taken in the day-time, she had entirely neglected the gas-lamps that hung from the ceiling, indeed, above her. Now, gas-lamps are accustomed to be very bright day, but with the night, not only did they flash up with startling brilliancy, but they began, too, to buzz and to make the poor little candle felt quite put out in comparison. How very well her little flame could make very little show beside these brilliant burners. Her heart sank within her, and as her vanity had been, and as high her hopes,—as low was her humility, and as low her despair.

"What use was she in the world, indeed?" she asked; "what were candles made for, when they were so outshone by gas?"

Thus was the way she went on, muttering to herself. For making a show in the world, that she did not expect she could only once in a while be of *some little use.*"

She had scarcely finished these words, when there came along the daughter of the house, who seized the candlestick hastily, took the candle, and, followed by a party of girls, left the room. And now came the candle's time! For they went up and down stairs, and through long dark corridors, and penetrated dark corners, where even the day-light seldom penetrated. There was something to be looked for, that all were bound to find. How the candle exerted herself! She sent up a broad flame; and even dropped some of her hot wax upon the little mistress's fingers. But who minded that, when such a search was going on? Successful at last! The candle found, all thanks to the candle! The little candle, which waited so long, had shed all this light, and, in a dark room, had discovered the hidden treasure!

So back into the parlour came the candle; and how it flamed up with its importance! Such a story as it made of its journey! "It is worth while," said the candle, "to wait till one's true mission comes, and then follow it. It is worth while to go out into the dark places of the world, and light up ways that have never been light before!"

And the candle quite forgot the lesson of humility she had been studying all day, and talked so very largely, and indeed absurdly, of what she had done, that the gas-lamps were obliged to take notice of her. They reminded the candle that the light had originally come from them with which the candle had been lighted before she left the room, and without which she would have been quite useless. At this the candle grew indignant. She thought it was a poor return for services, out in a cold entry, and in distant garrets, to be twitted so by comfortable gas-lamps, that had been all the time in a warm room. And she began to ask them where, indeed, their light had come from.

But here an allumette interposed. This was a lamp-lighter made of twisted paper, of newspaper, too, which, I suppose, was why the allumette was so wise, for on the paper were printed many wise words.

The allumette thought they might all ask where their light came from, and not one would see a reason to be proud of the answer,—not even the lucifer matches themselves. For himself, his own path of duty was very humble. And he told the candle how he had seen one after another of his family taken away, merely to light a candle, and to be extinguished again. "A simple and a short-lived duty," said the allumette; "yet I am inclined to wait patiently till my time comes to perform it."

It was in talk with this allumette that the candle gained some new views of life that did her good. She looked back to *that long nightly excursion as the great era of her life. Yes.*

was she willing to perform all her minor duties patiently. She lent her light to seal many a letter and note. She little knew how great a service she rendered in this way. Perhaps it was as well, indeed, for the little thing was easily made vain, and now she had grown quite humble. It might have awakened her pride had she known how she had helped to guard great secrets of state; how one letter she had helped to seal had carried relief to a suffering family; and how another had borne away very soothing words of love and warm affection. As it was, *she tried to make her little light work what good it could, and not ask for its results, or any reward.*



### The Turkish Bastinado.

The above engraving represents one of the punishments used in Turkey; it is rather different from the mode in which they inflict the bastinado in some other countries, and is ex-



cessively painful. If our young readers will look attentively at the picture, they will find it answer exactly to the following description.

Two men support between them a strong pole, which is kept in a horizontal position; about the middle of the pole are some cords with two running knots or nooses; through these the naked feet of the sufferer are forced, and then made tight in such a manner that the soles are fairly exposed; the sufferer is then thrown on his back, or left to rest on his neck and shoulders with his feet in the air, which are forthwith beaten by a third man with a heavy tough stick. When the presiding magistrate gives the word, the heavy blows cease, the maimed feet are cast loose from the cords and pole, and the victim is left to crawl away, and cure himself as he best can.

May we not hope, dear young friends, that among the improvements that are said to be going on in Turkey, this cruel punishment will come to an end?

Christianity will certainly put an end to it, and there appears to be now some hope that ere very long it may cast out Mahomedanism, and make the Turks a happy people.

### *A Native Preacher's Journal.*

The native preachers in India are accustomed to keep journals or records of their journeys into the country to preach the gospel to their fellow-countrymen. Sometimes the message they deliver is gladly received; at other times the people mock and jeer at them. Now, we propose to give our little readers a specimen of one of their journals. It was written by a native preacher of Kalikapur, a town in the district of Tipperah, on the eastern side of Bengal. Within the last two years it has pleased God greatly to bless his word there, and many persons have been baptized.

The native preacher writes, "July 1st. All our brethren and sisters met as usual for divine worship;" the native christians are wont to meet every day in their little chapel to pray for God's blessing on their daily duties.

"July 2nd. Whilst sitting in my house two Hindoos, knowing that I had been a Brāhmin and had become a christian, asked me how the sins of men could be forgiven. I said, 'The reply is simple. Not so in the shastras of the Hindoos' (that is, in their sacred books), 'when a man is lost, to know what he is to do to have his sins blotted out. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved! And to encourage sinners to come to him, he has added, Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'" You see the native teacher has learnt how foolish are the stories of the shastras, and has learnt that there is no Saviour but Jesus, to whom he points these poor Hindoos. Let us pray that God will fix in their hearts his word.

"July 5th. Morning and evening worship with our brethren and sisters;" that is, with those who like himself have become disciples of Christ. Hindoo christians learn to love one another as brethren. "In the middle of the day went to Shuah's-hut, where a good number attended, and heard the gospel preached. A Brahmin asked me when the day of judgment would come. I replied, 'That event is known to God alone; and besides him there is not a single soul, great or small, that can ever tell the time.' He then asked me, 'Who will on that day be regarded as the greatest?' I replied, 'Jesus Christ will be the head of all things.'"

"July 6th. I preached at Joge's Khal to day. A Brahmin, who knew me, said, 'Oh, you Johannes Sahib's golam, what are you doing here?' I replied, 'I am not Johannes Sahib's golam, and if he heard it he would be displeased; for he himself, as well as myself, is Jesus Christ's golam, or slave.' He then said, 'If you are, as you say, Jesus Christ's golam, what

work has he given you to do?' I said, 'I go every sound abroad his goodness and love, what he has done and what he is able to do for others.'" Johannes S the missionary, Mr. Johannes.

"July 8. Went to a few persons living in a they were very glad to hear of Christ. They said, 'ligion is good. Whilst there will be an end of o yours will have no end, but will flourish and thrive more.'" "

"July 9th. Visited Josadapur. The Brahmins out." The native preachers have sometimes to er cution; but they bear it meekly for Christ's sake.

"July 12th. Went to Ranga-mati. The people : may we learn by your books?' I said, 'There is pointed out; and it is now made known in this cou have found him a Saviour indeed, and recommen Jesus to you as able to do you good, and save your death.'" "

"July 14th. At Jagaunath the people said, 'H you have left your jât and religion and become a I replied, 'Because I find none in our jât who can but I find one in the christian's jât. His name is you have no doubt heard of him before.'" "

"July 17th. At a place called Modon's-hut, a surrounded me and said, 'You are become a chr you make us also christians?' I replied, 'You made by God, and he holds the key of them. H change your hearts. I am a sinner, and have power. I simply sow the seed, and look up to G fulness.'" "

Thus patiently does this good Hindoo try to sov God's kingdom, patiently travelling from place to times reading to the people a tract, sometimes a p word of God. Sometimes he sits down in the

poor weaver and preaches to him Christ, amidst the rattle of his loom; at another time he will enter the idol's temple, and there tell the Brahmins and people the folly of worshipping it, and direct them to the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent. It is very pleasing to know that some of the people have believed, that a great many are fully convinced that their idols are nothing in the world, and are expecting to see the gospel everywhere prevail. Let us add our prayers to the labours of the missionaries, for God heareth prayer, and has promised his people success in their endeavour to bring men to the knowledge of his name.

### A Mela at Monghyr.

The following account, received from Mr. Lawrence, of a ceremony observed at Monghyr, at the eclipse of the sun, will furnish our young readers with a specimen of the superstitions of India :—

“After leaving Dinapore, I visited another Mela, which took place at the eclipse of the sun, in December. Some thousands of people of all ranks and castes, ages and conditions, assembled on the banks of the Ganges, opposite to Bár. The Hindus esteem it particularly meritorious to bathe in the Ganges at the time of an eclipse, and the merit is greatly enhanced if performed before sunrise in the morning, and after sunset. We observed that the females were numerous, and more zealous than the men in performing their ablutions. Although the weather was really very cold for India, crowds of females were to be seen at a very early hour standing in the water, and repeating the prescribed form of invocation to the goddess Gunga. It was truly painful to see these poor creatures shivering with cold. There was also a raja, with a retinue large enough to make a small village. The poles of

with numbers of images and little brass cups, heaps of and other offerings before him, while he was engaged one who had not been informed might have suppose childish play, such as pouring a little water on one throwing a flower at another, bowing to another, presenting sweetmeats or spices to a fourth, muttering all the time self certain invocations, and then shouting with a loud voice at the same time patting his lips with his fingers to produce sounds. And all these various antics are repeated over again for several hours every day, and are honored under the name of "devotional exercises;" and the raja passes for a very religious man! Could the good people in England see him engaged in these exercises they would certainly say that the man is mad!"

But this is a true specimen of the unmeaning and childish character of Hindu worship. It is somewhat remarkable to find that there are great numbers now who are fond of these things, and never attend to them except when compelled, in order to keep their standing in society and their caste. The people who attended this Mela came from all parts of the country where the gospel has not been preached.

there is no truth in our religion; yours is the true way, and must sooner or later prevail throughout the country." Oh, that it *may* prevail, and that rapidly.

### "I love Jesus."

A little boy, only six years of age, named Willie, used to attend a Bible class, where he listened with deep interest to the statements made of the love of Jesus for perishing sinners, and of his having sent his servants to teach the way of salvation to the heathen. During the holidays, for he attended the Mission school, the little fellow sickened and died. On his death-bed, he requested his sister to take his money-box, containing tenpence halfpenny, to add to the fund for sending the gospel to the ignorant. His father asked him if he was afraid to die? He said, "No, Father; I am going to Jesus; for you know we are taught at school that Jesus says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' I love Jesus, and he loves me, and will let me live with him in heaven."

Little English children, who have kind parents and teachers who love Jesus, and teach you about Jesus, do you love Jesus? Have you told him so? Do you love to think of heaven as your home when you die? He is willing to receive you as lambs in his own blessed fold. Go to him at once, and go with a hearty good will, and tell him you want to be his children, to love him, and to serve him.

### The Happy Hearer.

What is it that makes us love to look on that aged woman in the congregation at Pera? Her face is deeply scarred by the small pox; she is a great sufferer; when she moves, she



almost drags herself along, she is so feeble; and yet hardly take our eyes from her. See, her face grows red and tears fill her eyes, which are lifted to heaven. She is overflowing with happiness. Ah, we understand. The preacher is telling about Christ. Nothing delights her so much as to hear of him. He is her Saviour. She knew nothing of him till a short time ago, and now he is so near to her, that the more she hears about him the more she loves him. Oh, how sweet will be her praises in heaven, that Jesus to save such sinners as she is! Would you be truly and happy in the most trying circumstances? You will find such happiness in being wholly Christ's.

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### "I'm not too Young for God to See"

I'm not too young for God to see;  
He knows my name and nature too;  
And all day long he looks at me,  
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,  
And knows the thoughts I have within;  
And whether I'm at work or play,  
He's sure to know it if I sin.

Oh, how could children tell a lie,  
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,  
If they remembered God was nigh,  
And had them always in his sight!

If some good minister is near,  
It makes us careful what we do;  
Then how much more we ought to fear  
The God who sees us through and through.

Then when I want to do amiss,  
However pleasant it may be,  
I'll always strive to think of this,—  
"I'm not too young for God to see."





### Travelling in Ceylon.

Our young readers will perceive that the above engraving presents a part of the world where railroads are not common, though they are now being introduced into India. There are great many modes of travelling in the East, and a variety of animals employed ; but some that were formerly common, such as camels, are growing into disuse. Bullocks are very much used in drawing carriages or carts, and horses increasingly so ; but palanquins are still very generally made use of, and palanquin-bearers form a large and important class of people in India. Here is an elephant carriage, still, it appears, used in



Ceylon, though we think not very often, either anywhere else. In this case it seems to be answered for a purpose,—it is both drawing and bearing; and our young people can decide for themselves which place they would rather be on an elephant's back or in the carriage. They will remember Heber's hymn about—

"The spicy breezes  
That blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Where every prospect pleases,  
'And only man is vile;"

and they will also gladly remember that good people are now labouring there, who will be the means in time, of making this last line *untrue*. Among our missionaries, Mr. Allen, who, with Mrs. Allen, is doing great work there, and Mr. Carter, the first of the missionaries to India.

### Conversion of Copaul.

Poor little Copaul was born blind. He lived in a pit, which some one had dug for him in the earth, which was made of branches and twigs of trees almost level with the ground. He shared this miserable life with two companions,—his grandmother, and his father. The old woman used to sit at the entrance of the pit, with a wheel, spinning cotton; but, alas! she was a worshipper of idols. The dog was very useful in leading his master from one door to another, where he begged for himself and his grandmother.

One day the dog led him to a house that stood in the middle of a garden. The poor animal saw then what he had never before seen, a gentleman with a white face sitting under a tree. He therefore drew his master by the string of the collar to the open gate. When he came up to the house he

still, and Copaul, supposing that some one was near, bowed himself till his face nearly touched the ground, though he did not yet know before whom he stood. But it was a servant of God, whom his divine Master had sent to bring this poor little blind boy to Christ.

The good missionary had pity on the boy. He saw that he was nearly naked; for the little covering he had on was merely rags. He therefore said, "Where do you come from, child? and what do you want here?" Poor Copaul laid his hand on his breast, and said, "I am hungry, Sir." The missionary resolved to enquire about him, and in the meantime put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of money, which he threw to the hungry boy, to prove whether he was blind or not, and whether he would pick it up. But the money fell to the ground without the boy's looking at it. The faithful dog, however, who was accustomed to collect the money for the boy, sprang to the spot, picked it up with his mouth, and put it into his master's hand.

The missionary was not long before he found out that all the blind boy had told him was true. He then had him clothed, and sent to a christian school, which was held in a house near his garden. Day after day his good dog led him to school, and waited for him till evening, when Copaul returned home. He soon learned many verses of the Bible, and, like all blind people, he never forgot what he learned.

Soon after, the missionary had to take a journey, and was away two months. When he returned, the first thing he did was to visit the school; but, on looking round for Copaul, the boy was nowhere to be seen. He was then told that his grandmother had kept him away by force, for the poor woman was a confirmed heathen, and she was made to believe that the New Testament was a bad book. She would rather, therefore, *lose her bread* than let her grandson remain in a christian school.

The missionary hastened the same evening to the dwelling of Copaul. He crept through the entrance, and the poor blind boy lying on a wretched bed of bamb a pillow of rags to support his head; his faithful dog l side, but the moment he saw the friend of his master sprang up and greeted him in the most joyful "Copaul, my poor child," said the missionary, "wh lie here?" At first he received no answer; but, down to feel the boy's pulse, Copaul became aware t one was near him, though he knew not who it was. he thought it was his grandmother, and said, with voice, "Oh, mother, mother, let me die! I do no stay in this dark place; I will go where there is know the words are true, that God sent his Son to d sins of the world." Hereupon the poor boy began to r verse after another which he had learnt at school. especially pleased him above all others, for it seemed t blind and dark condition. It was, "I know that my l liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon t and in my flesh I shall SEE God, whom I shall SEE f and MY EYES shall behold, and not another." Seve he repeated the words; but at last he could get no fur the first two words, "I know." He was too weak t and he sank back, quite overcome, on his miserable pi

When the poor child gave over speaking, the m went down on his knees at the bedside, and praised this unexpected jewel, that, through his grace, he had from the dust of India to set in the crown of the R Four-and-twenty hours afterwards, the weak voice of verted boy was silent for ever on earth, to commence i in heaven. Would you like to hear some of the last uttered? They were these: "I see! Now I have l see him in his beauty! Tell the missionary that

sees! I glory in Christ! I glory!" As he said this, he slept in Jesus, and angels bore his happy spirit to that place where he should behold what no eye has seen, nor ear heard.

### A Remarkable Death.

The death scene which I want to describe is not of a ripe christian, but of a little boy only two years and four months old. It was such a scene of wonder and pleasure to me, that I would fain have all the Sunday-school children in the land acquainted with it.

A few nights ago, just as I was going to bed, a lady came in, and asked me to go over to a neighbour's house and see "Little Robbie," who was dying. Her statement of the strange scene induced me to go. Just before I went in, he had several times called, "Come, children, come!" and I found that all the little ones in the house,—who had gone to bed,—had been brought into the chamber by his parents to take their last farewell. He called each one by name. One by one they kissed him. Oh, it was a sight of great tenderness and many tears! One of his brothers was absent at a boarding-school, and him he did not call as he did the rest, but said, "Tell Willie come." After the children had retired to bed again, he repeated again and again the call, "Come, children, come! Come, children, come!" and whenever his parents would ask, "Where, Robbie?" he would answer, "To heaven." Then he would say, as he lay on his back, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, "Please, God, take Robbie. God, please, take Robbie." The expressions were continually interspersed with, "Pa, come,—Ma, come to heaven. Come, children, come to heaven!"

For three or four hours he lay thus gazing intently upward, as though he was looking into heaven, and almost incessantly,

during that time, uttering these expressions in an audible and almost ringing tone.

Once he asked for a white rose. "Please, ma, get Robbie a white rose." A red one being the only one at hand, it was brought. When it was offered, he rejected it, saying, "No, ma, Robbie don't want that." After a while he asked again for a white rose. When it was brought, he said, "Let me smell it. That will do; put it away now." There was but little intermission during the last few hours of his life of the above remarkable expressions, so that he must have uttered them scores, perhaps hundreds of times. At one time, as I stood over him, gazing with wonder on him, I recited the hymn,—

"There is a happy land."

He ceased to talk while I spoke, showing that the subject agreed with and filled up his thoughts; but as soon as I had done, he began again, "Please, God, take Robbie," &c. Again he was silent during most of the time that prayer was offered at his bedside. The last words he spoke were almost inaudible,—a mere whisper,—"Come, children, come;" he had not breath to utter the last word, and the fluttering spark of life went out.

Many may enquire, What was this child's character in life? Without being a very precocious child, he was thoughtful and observing. He seemed to have an intense love of flowers. He delighted greatly in music. He was a pattern of neatness and cleanliness. For some weeks before he became sick, he showed a remarkably unselfish disposition. A spirit of gentleness, meekness, and kindness showed itself continually. Some one teased him just before his last sickness about his fondness for tin trumpets, of which he had several. "Never mind," said he, "God will give Robbie wings pretty soon, and me fly to heaven and blow my music there!" Perhaps we may infer

from this that his heart was being prepared for what he saw and heard on his death-bed. It did seem to us as if the Spirit of God had somehow fitted him for heaven, and opened his spiritual sight to behold the bliss and glory to which he was approaching.

The chamber where Robbie died seems now a hallowed spot. One of the little children well expressed this a while after his death: "Ma," said she, "I was always afraid of a dead person; but there seemed to be a glory about him." The whole scene is indelibly impressed on the memories of all that were present,—a scene that would startle the sinner, confound the infidel, and delight the christian.

### The New Missionaries.

Some of the readers of this magazine will remember an article last year entitled, "More Missionaries for India," and we hope that the appeal was not made in vain, but that our *young* friends have had some share in the generous contributions that have been sent in to carry out this noble scheme.

One of the twenty, Mr. Carter, went last year to Ceylon, and is very much helping the mission there. A second was already in India when he offered to fill the place of his lately deceased father, Mr. Robinson, of Dacca. He had held a Government office, but gave it up to become a missionary, and is now pursuing his work.

But the three who are now going out are probably known to some of our readers, who may have had the pleasure of attending the very interesting service at Bloomsbury chapel, when they were designated (or set apart) as missionaries. They will remember the interesting account that each gave of his conversion to God, and first desires to become a missionary, and perhaps some felt inspired by the zeal they expressed in the *cause of Christ*, and determined to follow their example.

These new missionaries are to sail for India this month, and we hope that the prayers of our young friends will follow them. It will be interesting to them to know or be reminded of their names, and the stations to which they will be appointed, as they may hereafter read about them in some of the missionary magazines. The first who spoke at the service referred to, was Mr. Anderson, and Jessore is to be his station. Mr. Martin, the second, is going to Barisal; and Mr. Gregson to Benares. The first two places are in Bengal; Benares is in the province of Allahabad, and is a very splendid city, but, like the ancient Athens, is "wholly given to idolatry."

We hope that God will bless the efforts of Mr. Gregson, and other missionaries there, in bringing the people to the knowledge of himself, and that the vast number of superb Heathen or Mahometan temples, where thousands of deluded worshippers gather daily, may be turned into Christian places of worship.

But there is another new missionary, though not one of the twenty, Mr. Diboll, who has left his native country for Africa, and by this time has probably arrived there. He also is full of zeal for his work, and, in addition to the one great object for which he is gone, to teach the knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ, will be able to instruct the poor uncivilized Africans in many useful arts,—among the rest, fishing; for in one spot near Cameroons, the natives were not long ago actually starving where there was plenty of fish, for want of knowing how to catch them. In the first place, they have no nets, but Mrs. Diboll will teach the women how to make these necessary implements, and in various ways they intend doing all they can to make the people industrious, happy, and, with the blessing of God, true christians. Mr. Diboll's station is to be at Clarence, a village in the island of Fernando Po.



### Snake Charmers.

In the November number of this magazine last year, was a picture of a serpent charmer in the act of displaying his powers, with a description of the means he adopts to give him such wonderful power over these dangerous reptiles. Music has charms, it appears, not only to soothe the savage breast, but to subdue the fearful cobra. But the chief dexterity in



the snake charmer is in seizing the animal when in this charmed state; then passing his hand along the entire body, he presses the neck so firmly as to cause the venom it contains to be ejected. This was omitted in the article referred to, but is mentioned by Mr. Arthur in his "Mission to the Mysore." The present engraving represents the mode in which they carry the serpents about,—in covered baskets as mentioned in the former article.

### Escape from the Thugs.

The country in which we live is in many respects a highly favoured one. And our young readers will have no difficulty in telling us the reason of this. It is the light of the Gospel that gives us our privileges, and that exempts us from so many of the wicked and horrible practices that prevail in other parts of the world. Among these nothing is more frightful than the system of Thuggee or Thuggism, of which the following account will give our readers some information, if they are at present unacquainted with it. Or if they remember, in visiting the great Exhibition, the set of figures in the department of India, that represented the Thugs, they may perhaps feel an additional interest in reading about one who providentially escaped from their awful schemes of destruction.

Mohan, now a native christian, was formerly a pilgrim, and had visited all the shrines on the western side of India. He now proposed to leave his home and visit the city of Oude, the god Rám's birth-place. Leaving Lucknow he came to Lirthira, where he fell in with a man dressed as a barrági (or devotee), who told him that his mahant (or priest) was encamped in a place three kos (or furlongs) away, that he was visited by many *pious people* from a distance, and that great merit was to be

obtained by an interview with him. On this, Mohan gave him some pice and a blanket. He then said, "You have showed me such kindness that I will certainly introduce you to my priest, who does not permit everybody to approach him." Mohan went accordingly, and found the man and his party in a dense jungle of Dhak trees, about evening. The first things there that attracted his attention, were several graves such as are made by these murderers. This first awoke his suspicion. Next he saw about fifty stout fellows, who said to his companion in the disguised language of Thugs, "Thuck sampat Ram mire?" "Have you met with any wealth?" Mohan understood this, and all doubt of the real character of these men instantly vanished. He became very agitated, and was convinced that his life was in imminent danger. He, however, knew that he could not flee then in the dark, as there was no village in any direction for three furlongs. He wished to sleep separate from the rest, but they insisted on his sleeping in the midst of the tent, surrounded by all their beds. After this, they worshipped their idol, and thanked him in their language for sending them a *victim*. As he had a cold in his head, they pretended great kindness, and prepared some *dál* for him. When ready, one asked him to partake of it. He then discovered from the questions they put to each other respecting the seasoning of this *dál*, that poison was mixed with it. He heard them ask if *ráam ras* was put in, which he knew was poison. They besought him to take it, but all their arguments were in vain. About ten o'clock they spread his bed, on which he sat in a state of extreme agitation, with his long axe in his hand, the perspiration pouring from him, though nearly unclothed in a December night. After a time he heard a small scratching noise in the bushes for half an hour, and afterwards the person who had been making it appeared. He was asked by the *fakirs* (or devotees, for all the party pretended to be

devotees), "Have you made that traveller's bed grave of their victim. To this he replied, "Ye then knew his fate was sealed. As he kept looking he at length saw a man stealthily approach to within of him, whom he challenged to keep at a distance kill him. Mohan then plainly told him they were had dug his grave, but they were welcome to his clothes, if they would save his life. On this he his pice bag and all his clothes but his dhoti (or he tightened, as a man preparing to fight, and stood on the defensive. They said, "Don't be agitated take all you have soon." He defied them to approach the money he had thrown in front of them. Each urged each other to go in pairs, but had not the courage to approach. The next order given was, "All at once! Each urged the other to begin the attack, but a man restrained them. Poor Mohan then began to tell his sins, and that he was about to die, not having a salvation for which he had made so many pilgrimages now, at the instigation of the Brahmans, visiting pilgrimages, his family were of the Nanakpanth sect, the worship of the true God. In his distress he then prayed to God, and besought forgiveness and deliverance from death. Thus the night passed in a state of watchfulness on all sides, and *terror* with him. At dawn Mohan shouting of cartmen passing in the distance, begged the cartmen to stop, to let him go, to let him shout or run to them, lest the Thugs should murder him. The murderers at sunrise said, "Quickly with him." He was standing erect intently listening to them, when a Thug approached him from the right, he lost the sight of the eye on that side. In an instant he turned, caught a sight of the silk handkerchief, *rumāl* (or noose) of the Thugs, and threw up

in time to save his neck. The noose fell on his arm, and was at once tightened so as to cut like a sword. Providentially, when a youth, he had learned axe and sword exercise in his native village. The instant, therefore, he felt the noose, he cut down his opponent, dashed on those opposite, levelled several on the right and left, and fled over the rivulet for his life. As he fled from the midst of them, one man aimed a deadly blow with his iron-bound látih, which he avoided, and it fell on one of the Thugs. God again appeared for his rescue at the stream, for he crossed where the water was shallow and the bottom hard, but they rushed in their mad haste into a deeper part, where the bottom was all mud. In this they floundered, whilst he fled with the speed of the wind. At the distance of two fields he stood and defied them, but they fled with the speed of the wind. He then went to the Thánnádár (or magistrate), who ridiculed the idea of the holy man and his fellow-saints being a party of Thugs. Mohan then left, threatening to inform the Nawát of Lucknow, through a friend at court, that he connived at Thuggism. This alarmed the Thánnádár, who sent after him, brought him back, told him he had murdered one of the party, but if he would accompany him to their camp he would restore his property. Mohan said, "If you give me a lak of rupees I will not return. The Thánnádár then sent to the gang, recovered all Mohan's property, returned it to him, and allowed him to depart in peace. Thus did God preserve Mohan, and he is now no longer a pilgrim, wearing himself out with toils and penances, under the mistaken idea of winning heaven thereby, but is become a native preacher, proclaiming to fellow-countrymen, deluded as he once was, the news of the true salvation by Jesus Christ.

## The last Yam.

One day whilst our African missionary, Mr. Saker, was busily engaged in his work of translating the Scriptures, his coloured assistant entered the room with dismay on his countenance, and told him their stock of yams was nearly done; only enough for one day's food remained undecayed. All the rice and other stores had been used by them, or eaten by the ants. The missionary, looking up from his work, said, "Well, my friend, our God is full of tender love; he knows all the wants of the meanest of his creatures. He has never failed us yet in our extremity, and I am very sure he never will; we must trust him still and confidently expect his promised aid." No probable means of support seemed at hand. Their boat with the little servant boys had been sent forty miles to the next village to procure supplies, and was not expected for many days. So their last meal was eaten. The missionary went to the place of worship, and took for his subject, "Elijah fed by ravens." God was with him of a truth; the Word came with power, and found its way to hearts that had hitherto resisted the gospel; tears rolled over aged cheeks, and he returned to his study filled with love to his Saviour, greatly cheered and invigorated. After awhile a knock at the door summoned him to speak to a poor woman who brought him some yams,—the first present he had ever received from the natives. Who can describe his joy and gratitude? The winds and the waves were commissioned by their Ruler to speed onward the frail little bark, and just as the last yam was cooked, the boys returned with their cargo safely. Thus, again, our good brother had proved his Jehovah to be a covenant-keeping God, ever faithful to his promise, "Your bread shall be given you, and water shall be sure."

### All his own.

Lines suggested by the death of Mr. John E. Knibb, amongst whose apparel was found a number of withered rose-buds, beautifully emblematic of his short and sweet existence:—

[John E. Knibb was the nephew of the late Rev. William Knibb. His life had been characterized by great amiableness and docility, which rendered him an object of intense affection to his relatives and friends. He came to Kingston in November, 1852, for the purpose of obtaining a situation as clerk in one of the mercantile houses, and was invited to remain at the Mission-house until he could be accommodated. Under these circumstances he attended the ministry of the Rev. S. Oughton, and soon manifested decided symptoms of a change of heart; he attributed this decision for Christ to a sermon preached from these words, "And Peter followed afar off." He wrote a letter to Mr. Oughton, detailing his experience, and earnestly requesting christian baptism; his wishes were acceded to, and the first Sabbath in May was fixed for the administration of that ordinance; but God decided otherwise, and took this young and lovely disciple to himself, before he could witness to the world the love of his heart. During his short illness of three days, he dwelt much upon his disappointment; but, said he, "It is all right; my Father will accept the devotedness and affection of my heart. I know that he has accepted me for his child, by the Spirit which he has given me." He died of Yellow fever, at the Baptist Mission-house, East Queen-street, on the 11th of April, 1852, surrounded by all the members of the Mission family, who now mourn him as a dear friend and sweet companion. Mr. Oughton improved his death before a crowded congregation from the words, "He being dead, yet *speaketh*." May many young people, who never knew John

Knibb, imitate his early decision for Christ, and length with the innumerable company around the God in heaven.]

The Master to his garden came,  
Walking erect amongst the trees;  
He gazed on plants of varied name,  
And marked the growth of all degrees;  
He spoke not; but the fact was known,  
Both trees and plants were *all his own*.

He smiled while passing flowers in bloom,  
Which pictured forth the Maker's skill;  
(Ye blossoms, with your rich perfume,  
Grow on, and deck the garden still;  
The *fragrance* of the flower alone,  
Will prove it as *the Master's own*.)

But now the Master stops, he sees  
Some beauty brighter than the rest;  
His hand he stretches forth to seize,  
And lays the rose-bud on his breast;  
He tells not *why* the deed was done,  
But this we know, *it was his own*.

Perchance the tender bud might need,  
A richer soil, or fairer skies;  
(With storm and blight, and noxious weed,  
What wonder if a rose-bud dies);  
Whate'er the motive, this is known,  
It was, and will be, *all his own*.

When plants and trees of every name,  
Shall be removed to yonder sphere,  
Then *this* sweet bud, *the very same*,  
With full-blown beauties will appear;  
Shedding its fragrance round the throne,  
It still will be *the Master's own*.



### Something about Java.

The pretty engraving above represents a house and some of its appendages in the island of Java. Many of our readers are aware that this island is situated in the tropics, and forms one of the chain of islands in the Indian ocean. It is said by a French writer, to be "the rival of that veritable earthly paradise, the marvellous island of Ceylon." In the picture before us, we have the residence of a peasant family enjoying a certain degree of ease and comfort. The angular erection at the



side of the house is the Tombong, where is laid provisions of rice necessary till the next harvest. In the house are two females, occupied in pounding till day's consumption; farther off, another is cardwelling a basket containing the linen which is washed in the river; while on the top of the ladder girl bestowing her care upon a dove in the cage perched under the outside gallery. The Java superstitious idea to the song of the dove; and even in its manner of cooing will raise the value of a hundred, hundred and fifty, and even two hundred. The men in front of the picture is carrying various his two baskets,—most of the dwellings even of the are surrounded by fruit trees, such as the fig, the cocoa-nut, and the tamarind. They have also the shade to afford them a delightful shade, the coffee tree yielding various kinds of spices. "Then," say the writer again, "people these magnificent shades with birds, whose songs enliven the place, and you can see that, under the influence of such smiling scenes, the inhabitants of this Eden fulfil joyfully their duty and preserve to an advanced age the natural vivacity of character." This is in itself pleasing; but our missionaries will agree with us in thinking this gaiety of little value less they have a hope beyond the grave, and that is not generally the case in this beautiful island. There have been there, and scriptures and tracts circulated have awakened interest and enquiry; but, our governing powers in Java wish to keep the people idle and our English missionaries were obliged to discontinue labours. We hear that the Dutch have now some there, and sincerely do we trust that God will bless their labours, that this interesting people may be

another country," more beautiful than their own, and a God in heaven, in the place of their own contemptible idols.

In the engraving below, some of the Javanese children are represented in their singular costume with their shaven heads, which process is performed on both sexes, forty days after their birth, with this difference, that the boys have two locks of hair left, one before and one behind, while the girls have only one on the crown of their heads; but while the boys are continually shaved, the hair of the girls is permitted to grow, and never afterwards cut except on account of accident or disease. We cannot tell you a great deal about the Javanese children, dear young friends, but this little peep at them and their country may suffice to give them some interest in your good wishes and prayers, for their instruction in the knowledge of the true God and his Son Jesus Christ.



JAVANESE CHILDREN.

"Almost," said Marian, laughing; "but indignant as a gentleman not very far off."

"Now, Horace," said the young lady, inter-  
am sure we have had a great deal of enjoy-  
the pic-nic, a charming affair,—there are  
stories of his travels,—there are the tea-  
arbour,—and our walks with Charles and Fa-  
I can't let you find fault with *everything*."

"Yes, the sixty-fifth," said Marian.

**His sister acknowledged the truth of all th**

"So it is," returned the sister, "and I con-

wearisome, and very strange; but now I begin to like all this a little better; at all events, I do not wish myself back at uncle Herbert's, as I did the first day or two."

Horace and Marian Cooper were orphans, under the guardianship of the "Uncle Herbert" of whom we have heard them speak. When about ten years of age, they had been sent to highly respectable boarding-schools in the metropolis; and a few summers after this, we find them, after repeated invitations, permitted to spend a vacation with "Uncle Loxley down in Cornwall," as Horace always called him.

A beautiful place was Fernley, as Mr. Loxley's seat was called, and a lovely family were the Loxleys, dwelling within those ivied walls, with their deep, earnest piety, their active benevolence, their spirit of holy love.

Evening comes, and in the cheerful drawing-room at Fernley, Mrs. Loxley, Marian, Fanny, Charles, and Horace, and even little Frank, who *can* walk certainly, but who would rather not undertake *more* than three steps without assistance, are waiting the arrival of "dear papa." Charles has discovered that there is a particularly interesting story for this evening, and even Master Horace, who is acknowledged at school to be a prince amongst narrators, is quite ready to listen, and to applaud.

At length the step is heard upon the stair,—the door opens,—and, with a good humoured smile, and a shake of the head, Mr. Loxley seats himself in the "old arm-chair."

"Bertha," he says, addressing his wife, "I have a long letter to read to you. What is the matter, Fanny? how crest-fallen you look, my child! and Marian too!"

"Oh, papa, it is about our story: we thought you would begin now; and this letter —"

"Oh, I see,"—there was a merry twinkle in Mr. Loxley's eye, as Charles explained the downcast looks, which made his

wife laugh heartily; "I see," continued he, with assumed gravity, "the letter will have the goodness to wait awhile."

Everybody smiled assent. Mr. Loxley cleared his throat, the ladies arranged their work, the boys bent over the maps which they were colouring for the village school (nobody was idle at Fernley), and the "story" began.

"When I was a boy ——"

Everybody looked up.

"Well, then, I will choose some less antiquated beginning. The snow lay thick on Salisbury plain, as on the top of a stage-coach I rode home from school. 'Dark and dismal was the night;' not a star to be seen; just such as would suit the adventurous Master Horace yonder. The coach was heavily laden, and the horses,—we had six of them,—could scarcely drag us over the ground."

"How deep was the snow, uncle?"

"Really, Sir, I am afraid you won't believe me exactly, if I state my opinion on that subject, so I think I had better say that it was *very deep*, and proceed with my tale.

"Presently the guard whispered to a gentleman at his side, 'Shan't get through this without some mishap;' and, the same instant, down went the coach in the deep snow. The passengers dismounted,—the horses struggled nobly,—still it was evident that, without more horses, come out of that pit, or whatever it was, the coach *could* not. Now a conference was held, and it was resolved that the larger number of the passengers, with the guard, should proceed to the nearest village, and send help immediately."

"But how could they find the way?"

"Hush, I am going to tell you. There was one man on the coach who knew 'every step of the road,' and, with a lantern in his hand, this man, looking at the waymarks which he so *well knew*, was to guide us to the village."

"That was grand," said Horace, who was all attention.

"This man was called Guidewell."

"Oh, papa!"

"Guidewell, I say, and an honest guide he was. In our company, hastening with us over Salisbury plain, was a little, somewhat self-conceited man, Mr. Careless, I shall call him, who never appealed to our guide, but hastened before us through the snow. As for the rest of us, we applied to Mr. Guidewell constantly, and followed carefully in his rear. By and bye, Mr. Careless came behind us, and said, 'Why do you trust to this man? I believe I know the best way after all.' 'Have you ever been on this road before?' I asked, with school-boy forwardness. 'Why, not exactly; but I'm tired, sick, weary, of hearing your constant appeals to Mr. Guidewell, and I mean, whether you will join me or not, to strike off to the left, and find my way as best I can.'"

"Oh, how foolish!" cried Fanny.

"What folly!" cried Horace, "with a guide provided for him, when he had never travelled that way before, and when he might lose his life by his neglect of this guide! Surely, uncle, there never *was* a man so foolish!"

Mr. Loxley looked very grave. "In vain we remonstrated with him; in vain we called our guide, and questioned him as to the safety of such a course; in vain did Mr. Guidewell assert that the path which *he* pointed out was the only safe course; Mr. Careless shook himself away, saying, 'Always this Guidewell, I'm tired of him.'"

"Uncle, the man must have been *mad*."

"And thus, in darkness, in a strange country, without a guide, did this infatuated man commence his journey. What do you think became of him?"

"He wandered about till morning," said Fanny.

"*No, I think he was never heard of after,*" said Charles.

Horace had a positive assertion to make: "He died, and it was his own fault!"

Mr. Loxley still looked grave. "You are wrong," he said; "for, happily, some of the words which Mr. Guidewell uttered made a deep impression on the mind of Careless, and, ere he had walked a hundred yards, he returned and acknowledged his consummate folly."

All brightened at this unexpected conclusion, and during the next five minutes the children freely expressed their opinions of the principal characters in the history.

"But papa has not ended yet?" asked Fanny, presently.

"Well, perhaps I should tell you that we reached the village in safety, and that the coach was soon extricated; but the part of my story which I would *impress* on your memories is the adventure of Mr. Careless,—there is a *moral* there."

"For us, papa?" asked Charles.

"For *all*, my son."

There was a pause, and then Mr. Loxley, in his kindest manner, said, "Horace, my dear boy, come here." Horace obeyed. "And Marian." Marian came to the other side. Their uncle took a hand of each.

"I am going to tell you something that will bring the colour to your cheeks, something which I hope you are ashamed to hear again."

There was a long silence. "This morning," said Mr. Loxley, "I accidentally heard these words in my garden, 'Always the Bible; aren't you tired of it?'"

Horace started,—Marian shivered. They did not know till then how much they valued their uncle's good opinion.

"I stayed to hear no more; but I told you this anecdote this evening, that out of your own mouths I might convict you. With deepest reverence I would tell you that the journey of *life is dark and dangerous* without the guide which God has



given us, even his most Holy Word. If a man refuse to be guided by it, if he choose *his own path*, what shall be said of him? Will not your own words, Horace, just express it:— 'What folly! with a guide provided for him, when he had never travelled that way before, and when he *must* lose his *life*, his *soul*, by his neglect of this guide! Surely there never *was* a man so foolish!' "

Was it strange that Horace Cooper, the manly Horace, shed some few tears upon his uncle's shoulder that evening? or that the brother and sister chose God's word from that time forth to be their constant guide? Ah, no, for the word spoken was a "word in season;" and the motto of their future lives was, "*Always the Bible.*"

### The Young Samoan Teacher.

The island of Upolu is one of the most beautiful and fertile in the South Seas. Its lofty mountains, which run along its whole length, are covered with thick woods, having lovely valleys running between them.

In 1840, nearly the whole of its population had embraced Christianity; but a few tribes still cling to their heathen ideas and practices.

In that year a christian native happened to visit one of these heathen tribes, and during his stay among them he was in the habit of regularly reading a portion of God's word. While he was thus engaged, a youth, who evidently seemed at a loss to account for this strange employment of his time, watched him with much earnestness and curiosity, wondering greatly what he could be doing. At length he could not hide his feelings, and ventured to ask the man what he was doing, and if the *thing he held in his hand* was a god. "I am talking to my



book," said he. "What does it say?" asked the lad. "It tells me a great many wonderful things about the great God, and about the creation of the world and of man, and about Jesus Christ the Saviour of men."

"Will it talk to *me*, and tell *me* those things?" asked the boy.

"Yes, if you can talk to it," replied the christian; "not with the mouth, but with the mind and heart; and you must learn from the teacher how to do this."

"Oh, I should like to learn," said the youth; "where is the teacher? I will go to him."

"He is across the mountain," said the man, "at Fasetootali."

Delighted to hear this, he could not be kept back from starting at once to the place, that he might learn to read; not doubting but that he would do so at once, and would return the next day with his new found treasure. Mountains, woods, streams, were as nothing in his path, and he eagerly pushed on to the christian settlement. Here everything wore a different appearance from his own native village. Wherever he looked he saw order and cleanliness; and the people, no longer naked savages, were clothed in suitable garments. Nothing discouraged, however, our little hero asked for the teacher's house. "There it is; you see those animals feeding on the lawn in front of it," said a native.

But the little savage had already drawn the teacher's attention, who came towards him, and to whom he made known his wishes to be taught. So the next morning, after having been combed and clothed, he was admitted into the school-room. Nor was he long in learning the A, B, C, and so delighted was he with his accomplishment, that nothing could prevent him from forthwith returning over the mountains to teach it to his friends. Here he insisted on their forming a circle round him, and learning the alphabet from his lips. This done, he was

compelled to seek again the mountain-path which led him to Fasetootal. "So you are come back again," said his teacher. "Yes, I come to learn more." But no sooner had he learned "more," than back he trudged to impart "more" to his pupils. He could not be persuaded to wait until his own educational course had been completed, lest they should "forget." Thus he learned and taught, journeying to and fro over the rugged mountains, till his efforts had met with considerable success. At length a teacher was placed in his village, and he was able to seek undisturbed that knowledge which he so greatly desired, and which is able to make the most unholy pure, the most wretched happy, and ignorant heathen wise unto salvation by faith in Christ Jesus.

My young reader, may you not learn something from him ?

### The Wheel of Prayer.

In the steppes of Tartary the various tribes live in tents, and roam from place to place with their flocks in quest of pasture. No man calls a foot of the land his own. All have an equal right to any part of it. They neither plant, sow, nor reap. They live chiefly on milk and flesh,—*horse-flesh* being always preferred. One day, when on a preaching tour among them—as I almost daily was—I was informed that a Calmuck princess had pitched her tent in my immediate vicinity. Feeling this to be a fine opportunity to inform her of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he had sent to save sinners, and that it might be the only opportunity I might have, or she enjoy, I rode to her tent and was invited in. I found her at *prayer*. "At *prayer* !" you exclaim. Yes, children, at *prayer*. You are surprised, and ask me if she was converted to Christ. She was not, my dears; but an unconverted, ignorant heathen, and a princess, too, *praying* ! But you ask me, How did she

pray? and to *whom*? That is just what I was going to tell you. In the back part of the tent stood the household or family god,—a rude, carved image of wood, and painted black. It had eyes, but saw not; ears, but heard not; hands, but handled not; feet, but walked not; and a mouth, but spake not! Before this idol's face was placed a wheel, in the rim of which were cut a multitude of niches, into which were put *small written prayers*, purchased at a great price from the Molla or priest. She sat on the ground or floor of the tent, turning the wheel round, so as to bring each prayer right before the idol's eyes, allowing it a short time to read the prayer, before she turned up another.

What a lesson! What a rebuke, it is to be feared, this short story administers to some children of christian parents; and to some, it may be, who attend Sabbath-school! Children, dear children, do you *pray*? True, her god was no God; her prayers, as offered to an idol, were sin; yet how her conduct reproves and condemns such children as know the *true* God, yet pray not to him! If her praying to an idol was sin, how great theirs who, knowing the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, pray not to him! Surely their *silence* is more heinous in his sight than were that heathen princess's prayers to her idol; and does not her conduct rise up to condemn theirs? Children, will you not now all of you *pray*? All good children do. Only *wicked* children neglect *prayer*. And God says it is only such as call upon him who shall be saved. Children, your prayers to God *cost you nothing*; but this heathen princess's cost her much. She had her God to purchase, her wheel to buy, and the Molla to pay a high price for the prayers. Compared to this, Christ's yoke is easy and cheap. Shall a heathen pray, when it costs her so much to be able to do it, and will not you, when prayer to God is free of *all expense*? I hope you will! I pray God you may!

## The Hindoo Goddess Bhawani.

fame of the goddess Bhawani is second to that of no goddess in Western India. What is she like? You find in the temple where she is worshipped a stone image three feet high, dressed like a woman in India would be. Bhawani. But let us go to the temple early in the morn-  
 ing, and see what the priests are doing to this idol, which leads the people to trust in. First they bathe it; then they apply paint to the body and limbs to give it beauty; after-  
 wards they dress it, and then bring it its food. Do you suppose the food which they bring it? Place some food by the door-  
 post at your door; it will soon be gone; but has the post been taken? The food disappears which is set before Bhawani; what becomes of it? The priests could tell.  
 Nine days she is made to fast, and again she has food enough for nine days. Twice a year she is put to sleep for nine days. During this term no worshipper must molest her. What a sacrifice is to worship, that sleeps nine days together! Why, would a poor worshipper do, who was in distress, and not wait for help? How greatly they are to be pitied who are put to rest in such a "lie"! But there is something belonging to this worship which is still worse. Many parents consecrate their daughters, when in their childhood, to her service. These girls are never permitted to have families of their own. They can never have a sweet home. They become miserable outcasts. How wretched is their condition. How unlike they are to those whose parents consecrate them to that Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me?"

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## Good from an Adverse Providence.

Twenty years since, a missionary, in one of the Feejees Islands, found that the people in a neighbouring town were embracing

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Christianity. The report seemed incredible, as it was not known that any missionary or other christian teacher had been among them. A messenger was dispatched to ascertain the facts. The report was fully confirmed. The secret of this remarkable event was this:—A short time before, a canoe was wrecked off the place, and all on board perished except one christian lad, who swam ashore. According to the custom of the Feejeeans with reference to those who have been wrecked, the inhabitants of the place began to make preparations to cook and eat the boy. Just at this moment a pagan friend interposed and rescued him. He now concluded to remain with them and labour for their evangelization, and the immediate results we have already indicated. "Here," remarks the historian, "is the beginning of a christian church, founded by a doomed but rescued Feejee boy, who was faithful to his Lord and Master; a true successor of apostolic men, who, in any age or place, have done what they could for Jesus Christ."

### Grass growing on the Path.

The earliest converts to Christianity in Africa were very regular and earnest in their private devotions. They had no closets to go to, but each had their separate spot in the thicket, where they used to pour out their hearts to God. The several paths to these little Bethels became distinctly marked; and when any one of those African christians began to decline in the ways of God, it was soon manifest to his fellows, and they would kindly remind him of his duty, by saying, "Broder, de grass grow on your path yonder." If any little heart cares less for the Saviour's cause than it used to do,—if we are more negligent in giving for missions than we used to be,—we may be sure the grass is growing on the path to our closet!

# "What must it be to be there?"

(With Music.)

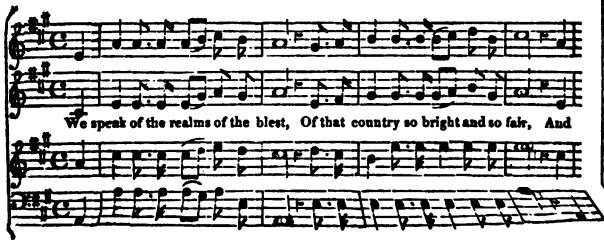
We speak of the realms of the blest,  
Of that country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confess'd,—  
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;  
Its wonders and pleasures untold,—  
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within,—  
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear:  
The church of the first-born above,—  
But what must it be to be there?

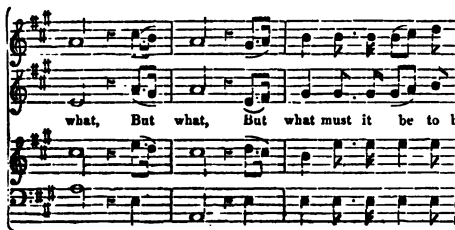
Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,  
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there!





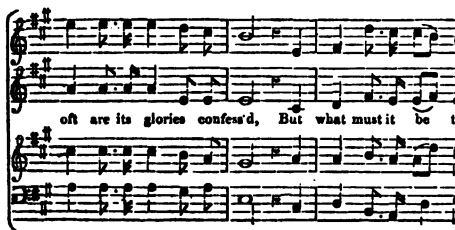
oft are its glories confess'd,— But what must it be to

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, with the lyrics 'oft are its glories confess'd,— But what must it be to' written below them. The bottom two staves provide a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4.



what, But what, But what must it be to l

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, with the lyrics 'what, But what, But what must it be to l' written below them. The bottom two staves provide a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4.



oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be t

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, with the lyrics 'oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be t' written below them. The bottom two staves provide a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4.



### Burning the Dead.

The above engraving represents the revolting practice that prevails very generally in India of burning the dead. It is not confined to one caste but is practised by all, though some tribes in the south of India, and some sects of Hindoo religions in the north, generally regarded as heretics, *bury* their dead. Our readers will observe that one of the relatives is *pouring something* on the dead body; this is *ghee* or clarified butter, to hasten the process of burning; another is applying *hot iron*, and another *pincers*,—the spectacle altogether is a very dreadful one, but too common, alas, in India!



Some who are too poor to pay for a sufficient quantity of wood for the funeral pile, and for the ceremonies to be performed by the Brahmins on the occasion, sink the bodies of their friends in the river. Mr. Buyers speaks of having often seen a dead body laid down on the banks of the Ganges, while the Brahmins and the relatives were fiercely contending about the amount to be given for performing the rites, the Brahmins refusing to go on till they were satisfied; "and after the ceremonies have been performed," Mr. B. says, "I have seen the Brahmins giving a good thrashing to the heirs and executors, and holding them fast by the collar or the hair of the head, till they should satisfy their demands, or pay what they had promised. The Brahmins take great care to do nothing without being paid."

### Girls' Schools in India.

As the little girls in England may like to know something about little girls in India, and how they get on at school there, I will give them a little information that I have lately gleaned from some of the missionaries' letters. One of them, Mrs. Mather, has been paying a visit to Benares, on occasion of the half-yearly meeting of the United Missions. A tea-meeting was held in the handsome Gothic girls' school-room just erected, when about one hundred and fifty native christians sat down to tea. After the repast, which consisted of bread, biscuits, fruit, &c., speakers addressed the meeting in Hindustani. Among them were two excellent catechists, named Nehemiah and David Mohun, who were heard with great attention both by the native men and women that were present.

*Mrs. Mather went to see Mrs. Buyer's school of forty girls.*

She found them in perfect order, quietly learning their lessons, which said much for their teachers, Sarah and Biani, who had been trained by Mrs. Buyers. Mrs. Mather heard all the classes read, and about half the children read very nicely; they also work and knit very well. Mrs. Mather then visited Mrs. Smith's school, where between fifty and sixty girls of good caste attend. They answered the questions put to them very correctly. Mrs. Smith said that English people have very little idea of the prejudices the missionaries have to overcome in every step of their progress. The other day, when she was talking to her Ayah about the difference between former times and these, she said, "Why, in those times, dared I have worn such a clean dress as I have on now?" It would have appeared great insolence and pride for a poor person to be anything but dirty. Mrs. Smith also told Mrs. Mather, that when she gave combs, and ordered every girl's hair to be made neat, she noticed one whose hair was disordered, and sent her out of the room to do it; the poor child did not return, but sat at the gate crying, and when asked why, she said, "The Mam Sahib had ordered her to comb her hair, and people would think her character was not good."

Mrs. Mather went afterwards to the Orphan school, consisting of thirty-six girls. As it was Saturday, they were all engaged in mending and cleaning, so she did not see them at their studies; but she walked through their school-room and sleeping-rooms, saw the cooking-room, their bathing-place, &c. They all looked cheerful, and good-tempered, and confiding. Mrs. Fuchs showed Mrs. Mather the orphans' work—hoods, d'oyleys, mats, collars, socks, &c., all beautifully made, in a great variety of patterns.

At another school, under the care of Mrs. Budden, of Almorra, a visitor remarked, that he had not seen anything so pretty in India; he would have come the whole of his journey on purpose, and have felt rewarded. The children

were on a gallery, just having their lesson on a Scripture print, all, or most, in their own clothes, and tolerably clean. They sang and repeated poetry, and answered very nicely. The girls now make their teacher a savings' bank for their reward pence, and they have lately made ten or twelve dresses, bought by themselves, through Mrs. Budden.

They like to make their own clothes; and it makes the parents value the little help in money that their children get at school. At a school in Cuddapah, where there are about forty girls and boys, the children had been told of the starvation of some poor children at one of the out-stations, and, without saying anything to the matron, they went into the cook-room, and said to the woman who was measuring the rice, "Annah, don't cook rice for our supper, but give it to us; we will put it by for these poor children at Venlota; poor things, they need it more than we do; we will go without our supper for one month, and send the rice to them." And so they have done, and got eighteen shillings' worth of rice to send them in need. What think you of this, dear English children? Does the instruction you receive produce such good effects upon you? If not, do not despise the example of children who once were heathen, and let it encourage you to do more than ever to send the gospel to the children in India, who have not yet become acquainted with the Saviour.

## The Snowy Mist.

A FABLE.

The sun rose and set as he had done ever since he first shone upon our round world. He looked down upon hills and plains, and rivers and oceans, broad lands and coral islands, and made *them* beautiful with his golden beams, as he dashed them, a thousand miles an hour, all around the globe.

There was a beautiful vale between two hills, where he looked down and smiled upon the peace and love of that happy abode. Spring filled it with flowers, summer with golden grain, autumn with rich fruits, and winter with hearty cheer, while the farmer rested at his fireside.

One morning, as the sun looked down upon the place, he found it was hidden from his sight. During the darkness a thick veil had been spread over it, and a dense mist was hanging between the hills.

"What is this?" he said, as he strove to break through the veil, and catch a glimpse of the scene he had made to look so lovely the evening before.

"Oh!" whispered a soft voice from within the vale, "we are the vapours that hang on the tall hill-sides, and serve as a curtain at night for the valley."

"And how long am I to wait before I can look down upon the fields and flowers?" said the sun.

"Not long," answered the voice. "We were only waiting for you to come and raise us from our resting-place. You shall have it all to yourself if you will only help us up."

"Certainly I will. And where are you going, Snowy Mist?"

"We shall float along in the blue sky till we join our sisters in the clouds!"

With a light current of air that the sun made to stir by his warm breath, he softly lifted the snowy mist to the hill-top and bade it adieu.

After several hours, the wind came whistling along, as if the whole world were his own, and he brought with him a wonderful train of snowy clouds, and then, one after another, they gathered, and shut the valley up in their shade, while the sun spoke out again, and said,—

"What are these?"

"We are the snowy mists you saw in the morning."

"And what are you doing here again, Snow?"

"We have come to bring treasures to your land," said the voice in the clouds.

All this time, while the sun was looking at the mist turned up toward him, the villages were in the shade, and were receiving a heavy rain.

"What kind of treasures do you bring, Snow? They seem too light to carry your own weight!"

"We will let you see in a moment," said the voice. A large cloud rolled aside, the sun looked down, and diamonds and gems that flashed with the light of the earth. He saw the trees, the flowers on the hill-sides, radiant with gems, and he flashed down over the vale in his delight, while the snowy mountain disappeared from view.

When the sun looked down as soon as it was able, not help thinking that his happy vale was in fact, looked as if everything had been bathed in it. He saw some drops of water trying to steal down, and he said,—

"What are these?"

"We are drops of water."

"And what are you doing here?"

"The snowy mist left us here."

"Where are you going?"

"Well, if you don't keep us too long, we are going to the fountain, and from the fountain to the sea; there we are going a long journey."

"And what will you do then?"

By this time the drops felt ready to die of the heat of the sun, and the sharp glance of his eye, and they flew out of sight into a little crevice of the rock, where they happened to meet a number of companions.

way; they threw their lot together, and trickled and ran along, the company growing larger all the time, until at last they burst laughing and bright out of a fountain, and leaped into the air in joy.

Some hours afterward, as the sun was looking downward over the hills in the west, to see what was doing there, a beautiful little river caught a backward glance from his eye, and he looked pleased and said,—

“Who are you, and where do you come from?”

“Oh! don't you know us? We are the rain-drops you spoke to, but we were obliged to get out of your sight as quick as we could!”

“But you have grown wonderfully since I saw you!”

“Oh! we have found a great many companions, and we are all going the same way.”

“Where are you going?”

“Down to the wide, wide sea!”

“What will you do there, little rain-drops?”

“We shall carry the great ships of the world, wash the feet of continents with our crystal waves, and lay our diamond treasures on the strand.”

Little reader, can you make out the “moral” of this fable? Try!

### Scindian Letter Carrier.

On the next page is a portrait of a Cossid, the especial messenger or letter carrier of Central Asia, who, useful at all times in effecting communication through countries in which there is no regular establishment, becomes incalculably so in times of war. He is a native of Kandahar, which our readers will find quite in the North of India, and, with others of his class, was entrusted with the conveyance of letters between Cabool and

the Indus, on matters of the utmost importance to the British Government, and the safety of its troops, during the occupation of the Bolan Pass by some Indian tribes.



These messengers are all sturdy, strong-built men, trained to undergo extraordinary fatigue, and to live on the most simple

food. Their garments are poor, travel-stained, and a strong staff supports them on their way. They travel onward day and night towards his destination; either the heat of noon nor the dews of evening, the sands, through mountain passes, stemming the torrents, and climbing the most difficult paths, he performs his duty, snatching food as he may from hisallet, and resting beneath a bush or rock to recruit strength which permits him to make journeys of many days passing some sixty miles in the twenty-four hours.

Times of rebellion and war, these poor fellows are persecuted, and sometimes murdered, in the discharge of their dangerous duty; but, usually, their knowledge of the mountains enables them to escape well by unfrequented paths across the mountains. In the late campaign at Affghanistan one of these messengers succeeded in conveying safely to his nation a scrap of paper which he had concealed in a "red" or talisman, commonly worn round the neck. When seized by the enemy, wounded, and stripped of all, he died, but the talisman failed to attract attention, and the faithful servant escaped, travelled on, and from it was the object of his trust. During the occupation of Gellat, Sir R. Sale, and the besieged State of Ali Musjid, all communication depended on the Cossids, who were so closely watched, that many could only be trusted with messages filled with iodine, by means of which the safety of the parties was learned, and secret answers given. Among the many faithful servants in the East, none is more able than these Cossids.

### Dying in the Lord.

A missionary writing from Clarkson, in South Africa, says, "We have lost several of our friends by fever, and among



them, a little girl twelve years old, named Spaas Sias. She was ill only eleven days. She used to come to our school; but as her parents were poor, she could not be very regular. For a long time she was in the service of my friend, Dr. Buchan, but in August she told him that she wished very much to go home; and although the doctor and his good wife tried to persuade her to stay, they were at last obliged to let her go. When she returned home, and came back to the school, I could see that there was a great change in her. She was much more quiet and orderly than she used to be, and I soon found that this was now a habit with her, just as it used to be one, to behave in a noisy and disorderly manner. She continued to come to school till the beginning of October, when she became ill with fever. I heard of her illness, and went to visit her for the first time with Dr. Buchan. Spaas lay there quite still. Her sister Rebecca, who was also ill, was groaning with pain. The doctor gave them both some medicine, and said to me as we were going away, 'Spaas is very ill.' However, I had no idea that she was going to die, till some days after, when I was hastily called in to see her. I now heard that from the very beginning of her illness she had lain quite still, and had given no trouble, but that last night she had been in such pain that she could not sleep nor get any rest. I spoke to her. 'How are you, Spaas?' 'I wish to go home; I wish to go home, uncle,'<sup>a</sup> was her answer. 'Where do you wish to go? to what home? You are at home now.' 'To the home of the narrow way,' she said. 'Are you, then, in the narrow way?' 'Yes, uncle.' And now she suffered such pain that it seemed as if she were fighting with death; and then in the midst of it she called out, 'Jesus receives sinners!—sinners!—sinners!—joy!—joy!—joy!' Those who were standing round the bed wept; I wept too, and prayed from the bottom of my heart that Jesus would

<sup>a</sup> The young Hottentots call grown-up people, not related to them, "uncle," or "aunt."

receive Spaas as a reward for the sorrows He had endured. The poor mother was shedding quite a stream of tears. Spaas appeared to be rather more easy, and continued to speak, but I could not well understand what she said, although I held my ear close to her mouth. Suddenly, as if she were in great pain, she began to cry out, 'I am losing the way! I am losing the way!' I comforted her as well as I could from the good word of God; she again lost the pain, and lay still. Once more I heard her call out, 'He lives! yes, he lives!' After this she was comforted, but soon again in pain.

"I now went home, and you may suppose that I remembered Spaas when I knelt at the footstool of her Saviour and of mine. After I left, she said several times that she was afraid; but her dear mother said to her, 'Spaas, my child, do not be afraid, but say, Father, into thine hands do I commit my spirit.' She replied, 'No, mother, wait a little longer.' A short time afterwards she said, 'Mother, come, and let me bid you good-bye. I am at the gates of heaven. I shall not remain with you any longer.' She then took leave of those who were in the house. When she had waited for about a quarter of an hour, for God to take her away from this world to that bright and blessed place that she was approaching, she said, 'Father, into thine hands I commit my spirit.' These were her last words; she soon fell asleep in Jesus."

### Life in Southern India.

A missionary, describing the manner in which he began living at a new station, says:—

"Our first care was to get a house to live in, but there was not one to be had; this was a serious matter, particularly just then, because the rainy season was not over, and we had two little ones to take care of. But a kind gentleman, who was

judge at the principal town, invited us to come and live with him till I could get a small cottage built. This I began to do at once, at a place which I thought would do. It was on a common; but as there was no wall or hedge round the cottage, we were sadly disturbed at night, and sometimes by day as well, by the noises of wild dogs, jackals, and other animals. Looking out, one day, we were frightened to see our little boy in full chase after a hyena. Poor little fellow, he did not know the danger of what he was doing; but some people ran after him and brought him back. As nobody had lived in that wild place before, we found there many serpents,—such as the dreadful cobra, and the deadly black snake, and others. Then there were scorpions of different kinds to be met with under nearly every stone, and we had some wonderful escapes from these poisonous creatures, and no one, either in my own family, or among the people engaged in this Mission, has ever been seriously hurt by them. This I consider a very wonderful thing, for these reptiles are so common. Indeed, I could fill a volume, if I were to describe the many dangers from which we have been delivered. One night we were much frightened by a wicked man, who came shouting out that he would burn down our cottage; and this he might easily have done, as there was no help from man near. As we did not know what terrible storms sometimes were in these parts, we had not built our cottage strong enough to stand against the hurricanes. One day the end of the roof was lifted up by the wind. At another time, in the night, we were flooded by the heavy rain, for our cottage was only thatched with cocoa-tree leaves, and we had no shelter, and not a corner where we could put our youngest child. Some time after, she was seized with one of the fevers common in this place, and was dangerously ill for many days. What made this trial much greater was, that there was no doctor within thirty or forty miles, and it would have taken a week or more for one to come to us; but just at

, strange to say, a medical gentleman who was travelling the country, came to see us, and kindly attended our ill. But he could not stay with us, and she lay two days insensible, and we thought she was dying; but our anxious mother and myself were watching beside her, and saw a change, and soon after she opened her eyes all over again and said, 'Mamma.' Oh, how thankful we felt to our Father! She soon recovered."

Are the trials that missionaries are exposed to. Should we pray for them, and help them?

### Farewell to the Missionaries.

In our previous number we told our young readers about the departure of the new missionaries at Bloomsbury chapel, and their approaching departure. We have now to announce that they have actually sailed, and proceeded some distance on their way to India.

When they left, a farewell service was held at Dr. Steane's, Bloomsbury chapel, when they were all present, and several ministers joined them, a large congregation being present to join in the prayers that were offered. Two addresses were given, one to the missionaries by Mr. Aldis, and the other by Mr. Pearce to the congregation, when he encouraged them to persevere in the cause of missions, and bid farewell to them; and their departure was to take place soon after the others, and Mrs. Pearce will, on arriving in India, take charge of the school at Intally, about which our readers will probably read in some future numbers. Thus you see, dear children, these good missionaries are leaving their friends and families for the cause of God. It cost them sorrow and many tears in parting, but they willingly make the sacrifice for the sake of taking the good news of salvation to the heathen.

Think of them and try to love Christ as they do, and you will, like them, be useful and happy.

### Giving Money to the Lord.

"I have a little money to give to the Lord," said an old man entering his minister's study one morning; "but I don't see any straight way to send it to him. He don't send his angels down to call for it; so, as I am thinking you are as likely to get it to him as any body, I have about concluded to bring it to you;" and putting down his staff and opening a leather purse, or pouch as it looked more like, he counted out several sovereigns on the minister's table, and pushed them towards him; then he turned round and walked off.

This took place many years ago. The old man did not want to hoard up his money; he wished to do good with it; but there were no Bible, or Tract, or Missionary Societies then; none of the many paths of heavenly charity which lie all around us; and we cannot help thinking what a privilege it is to live in these later days, when there are so many ways and means to send our little money to help on the Redeemer's kingdom, and so to lay up our treasure in heaven.

When this story was told in the presence of a little child, who, though small enough to sit in her mother's lap, was still eagerly listening to what her mother's friends were saying, she turned round, and putting her arm about her mother's neck, whispered, "And I too will give my gold sovereign to the Lord, mother, if he wants it." "Yes, my dear child, though all the silver and gold are his, and the cattle on a thousand hills, yet God is pleased to *allow* us to do something to redeem and bless the world; and he wants all the children to do their little part, first by sending their hearts to heaven, and then by letting their little offerings follow in the way."



## The Lad's Five Loaves.

Christ was once preaching in a desert place, and a boy came to hear him, and he cured the sick and sorrowful, and was very kind and compassionate to them. They came a long way and it was nearly night, he did not have them go home hungry, and he asked his disciples where was no bread to give them. They said there was not that it would cost a great deal to feed such a multitude: there were four or five thousand. Andrew then showed a little lad there was in the crowd who had in his pocket five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what were they good for so many? Jesus told them to ask the people to sit down on the grass, and they did. He then took the five loaves and blessed and broke them, and gave them to the people to hand round: everybody ate, and twelve baskets were left; so that the boy was no loser by giving his little to Christ; he still had enough and to spare. How might he have said, "My little barley loaves will do for such a great company as this is to be fed." But he taught the beautiful lesson that none need shrink from their aim on account of the smallness of the gift, provided they have to give; for his blessing can make the weak and the humblest instruments do a great work. A word, or a tract, or a little barley loaf, directed by his hand, can win some soul to heaven!

## Death of a Child blessed to her Father.

One day a boy came to a missionary, begging to be taught the way of Jesus Christ." "Why do you wish this?" said the missionary. "Because," he replied, "lately I became ill, and I was so weak and sick that I did not think I could

ever get well again, I remembered the peace, the patience, and even the joy, that shone from the face of my child before she died. Ah, said I to myself, that child believed in Jesus Christ! There must be something very good in this belief, since it can make people so happy and peaceful, even when they feel that they are dying. And so I have come, and I wish to be taught about your God, and the God of my child."

### A Missionary Lesson for Children.

#### PART I.

A grain of corn an infant's hand  
May plant upon an inch of land,  
Whence twenty stalks may spring, and yield  
Enough to stock a little field.  
The harvest of that field might then  
Be multiplied to ten times ten,  
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread  
Wherewith an army might be fed.

#### PART II.

A penny is a little thing,  
Which e'en the poor man's child may fling  
Into the treasury of Heaven,  
And make it worth as much as seven.  
As seven I say, worth its weight in gold,  
And that increased a million fold;  
For, lo! a penny tract, if well  
Applied, may save a soul from hell.  
That soul can scarce be saved alone:  
It must, it will, its bliss make known.  
"Come," it will cry, "and you shall see  
What great things God hath done for me."  
Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—  
Hear with the heart as well as ear;  
And these to thousands more proclaim  
Salvation in the "Only Name;"  
Till every tongue and tribe shall call  
On "Jesus" as the Lord of all!

*James Montgomery.*



### A Roman Catholic Funeral.

Roman Catholics are very fond of processions. This engraving represents a funeral procession, but as it is of a poor kind, it is probably a *poor* person that is being carried to the grave.

One of the priests in front is carrying the crucifix, the other



has a censer containing incense, which he will sprinkle very plentifully over the coffin. I was once present at a funeral service in Mayence cathedral, where this appeared a very important part of the ceremony. Immediately behind are some priests chanting either hymns or prayers for the dead, for they always pray that the souls of their deceased friends may be quickly released from purgatory. In the cart is the coffin containing the dead body, and behind it the mourners. Several crosses may be observed in the grave yard to which the procession is moving; as our readers are probably aware, the cross is a favourite emblem with the Catholics, and would not be objectionable if they did not attach a superstitious idea to it; but instead of simply reminding them of the Saviour, and what he has done for them, they make it an object of worship itself.

In front of the procession is a priest, who appears to be leading the way. In France they have a custom of throwing garlands into the grave, made of dried flowers called *ever-lasting*, on account of their durability. I was once walking in Père le Chaise, a beautiful cemetery near Paris, when I met a great many young ladies, in different directions, all dressed in white, who I afterwards heard had been attending a schoolfellow to her grave, and each of them, eighty in number, had thrown a garland into it. They generally throw in a new one every year. We cannot but admire their affectionate attention to the dead, and only regret that there is so much superstition mixed up with it all.

### King George of the Tonga Islands.

I am going to tell my young readers about a king who was once a dark cruel idolater, but is now a good man and a good king. When the truths of Christianity were made known to

him, he turned from the senseless images that he had worshipped and believed could save him, unto the true and living God; now he serves him with an obedient and a loving heart. "I had the privilege," says Mr. Young, a missionary who visited the Tonga Islands, "of being with him for nearly two months, and during that period I never heard a foolish word drop from his lips, nor did I ever see anything in his conduct inconsistent with the most entire devotedness to the Lord Jesus Christ."

King George preaches the gospel in various places, and his sermons are most interesting and powerful. His wife, Queen Charlotte, is a member of the Normal School, instituted by the missionaries, and subjects herself to all the toils of a hard student, that she may keep up with those around her in various branches of learning, for she says it will never do for any native of the country to know more than the queen.

One of the most common marks of ignorant and savage tribes is their love of war, and strong relish for scenes of blood and cruelty. Before King George had learned about Jesus, he too was a cruel warrior; but he now tries as heartily to save men's lives as he formerly did to destroy them. A few years ago, some wicked men raised a rebellion against him and would no longer obey the laws. The king did not want to fight, but the rebels became unmanageable, and must be subdued. So, after finding that his patience and kindness were only abused, this kind ruler was obliged to take up arms in defence of the laws and liberties of his country. But even then he sought not to revenge himself upon the criminals, but to reform them. By a course of conduct unknown in war his enemies were all overcome,—not slain, but convinced of their error and transformed into *friends*. A day was appointed when the king should receive his rebel subjects. They dreaded that day, for they knew they deserved punishment; and they expected it would

be death. Anxious and trembling they gathered around their king in obedience to his summons, and waited to hear their condemnation. But there was neither revenge nor wrath in the good king's heart; and the words which fell from his lips at that moment, were words of pardon and life to his guilty subjects. Blessed words! In transports of joy the people began to thank him for his clemency. But he said, "It is not me you should thank: it is Jehovah, whose law has enforced me thus to act. Thank him! Had it not been for his law, every man of you would have perished." This course, so strange and new to the people, deeply affected their hearts. They wanted to know more of the Great Being whom their king obeyed, and there in the camp they all, ruler and subjects, knelt in prayer before him and worshipped their Creator.

King George had a great desire to visit Australia, and Mr. Young offered him a passage in his ship, the *John Wesley*. He accepted the kindness, but said he must furnish provisions for the voyage. Mr. Young refused; he was sure the Missionary Committee would be happy to afford him the opportunity of taking the passage. "All that is very well," said he, looking archly at Mr. Young and smiling pleasantly, "but you are in a strange land, and must be so good as to obey the will of its king." So the missionary said no more, and the king had his way. He sent on board the ship five and a-half tons of yams, fifteen hundred weight of pork, six hundred fowls, and more than two thousand cocoa-nuts. A kingly provision truly! The vessel sailed for the Feejee Islands, and on the second day after reaching there, King George sent a dinner very nicely cooked to Mr. Young, who was on shore. Shall I tell you what that dinner was? It consisted of two large baked hogs, four capacious baskets of tallow, and six great puddings.

The *John Wesley* having again put to sea, Mr. Young and

his companion landed in Sydney, a port of Australia. Here King George met a gentleman who years before had been a missionary at the Friendly Islands, to whom he had given an idol god, which he and his family had been accustomed to worship. There was to be a missionary meeting at Sydney, and King George was going, so the gentleman brought forward the idol, and proposed that he should take it with him to the meeting. King George did so; and when the people were assembled, he rose upon the platform, and holding up the senseless image, he said, "This is the thing which I and my family were accustomed to worship." Then putting it aside, he held up first one hand and then the other, to the view of the audience, and showed them the single joint remaining of each little finger, saying, "My father cut off these fingers, and offered them in sacrifice to this very thing I have held up to you." The thrill that went through the congregation on his making this statement was indeed most wonderful. But the king had been amply revenged upon his idol gods. One day he gave orders that they should be collected from every part of the premises, and brought into the kitchen. The servants obeyed; but what was going to be done with them? The strange frightful order came, that all these gods be *hung to the ceiling*, and there they were left dangling and twisting about, to show their utter inability to save themselves, or those who trusted in them. It was a lesson in the royal household that needed no repetition.

"This is all I know," says the writer from whom we have taken this account, "of King George of the Tonga Islands; but perhaps the missionaries in that region will tell us more. I hope God may long spare his life, and make him highly useful as a christian teacher and spiritual guide to thousands of those Pacific Islanders."

## How Little Folks can do Good.

"Grandmamma," said little Alice Elwyn, with an earnest puzzled expression in her mild blue eyes, "can little girls do good?"

"What made you think about it, Alice?" said grandmamma.

"My Sabbath-school lesson said that Jesus went about doing good, and our teacher told us that we must try and be like Jesus, and that little girls must learn to do good. Can little folks do any good, grandmamma?"

"Yes, indeed, Alice, little girls can do much more good than you imagine."

"But how, grandmamma? Grown-up people have a great deal of money, and they can give it to the poor, and they can take care of them when they are sick, but I can't think what little girls can do. I wish I were a woman, that I might go about doing good, as Jesus did."

"I hope you will not wait until you are a woman, before you commence doing good, my little Alice," said grandmamma, with an encouraging smile.

"Please, then, to tell me how to begin, grandmamma."

"There are a great many ways, Alice, by which little girls can do good, besides giving away money. Whenever you can comfort or assist a person, or do any right thing to increase his happiness, or make life seem brighter or pleasanter to him, you are doing good to that person. When you are dutiful and obedient to your parents, and seek to relieve their cares, and to contribute to their happiness by affectionate attentions, and by thinking of their pleasure more than of your own, you are doing good."

"Last week, when little Annie, who was just recovering from the measles, cried so bitterly because you were intending

to spend the afternoon with your friend Clara, and you gave up the visit which you were so anxious to make, and devoted yourself to her amusement, you were doing good: you were comforting a sick child, and making her little heart cheerful, besides relieving her mother, and enabling her to rest awhile from the care of little Annie, who was exceedingly irritable. And this morning, when Betty asked you to shell the peas for her, and you refused because it was so pleasant to play in the garden, you lost an opportunity of doing good to poor Betty, who was very much hurried, and quite anxious lest she should not accomplish all that ought to be done before dinner."

"I wish I had shelled the peas for Betty," said Alice, in a tone of self-reproach; "I never thought before, grandmammas, that to oblige people, and to make them feel happy, was one way of doing good."

"Kind words, and pleasant smiles, and patient waiting, dear Alice, are some other of the many ways in which little girls can do good. Did you observe how grateful the poor lame beggar appeared this morning when you said to him, in a kind voice, 'Take this chair, poor man, and rest yourself, and I will ask Betty to give you a nice bowl of milk and bread'? and when you gave him the little frosted plumcake that I made you yesterday, he seemed very happy, and said, 'Thank you, kind little miss, I shall give this to my poor Tommy, who hurt himself so much yesterday.' That also was doing good, dear Alice; it was comforting a poor man, and causing him to forget his sorrows for a little while."

"I never thought before that there were so many ways for little girls to do good," said Alice; "very small ways indeed, but so many of them, that they are almost equal to large ways, are they not, grandmamma?"

"Life is made up of small things, dear Alice, as years are made up of months, and months of days, and days of hours,

and hours or minutes. If we should wait for opportunities for what are called great acts of benevolence, we should probably wait a long time, and while we are waiting our hearts would become hard and indifferent to the sufferings of others; and, on the contrary, if we improve all our opportunities for doing good in little things as they occur in daily life, the heart will be kept fresh and loving, the kind feelings will be cultivated, and in the course of a year we shall have done an amount of good which would be quite surprising, if we could see it altogether.

"Where there is a will there is a way, dear Alice, and little girls, if they are so inclined, may literally go about doing good, in the spirit of Jesus; not by working miracles as Jesus did, but by daily kindnesses towards others, and sacrifices of self. Pleasant words, and cheerful smiles, and kind deeds, bring their own recompense, Alice,—they bring the sunshine of a happy heart to an approving conscience. But we have talked enough this evening. Good night, my little Alice!"

"May I ask you first just one question, grandmamma?" said Alice.

"I think not to-night, Alice. Learn to obey promptly. Do not wait to think whether you want to go to bed, but remember only that you ought to go when desired."

"I will go this moment," said Alice, affectionately embracing her grandmother, and bidding her good night.\*

### The Chinese Tea Shops.

These somewhat resemble the collection of tea-tables seen at the eating houses in southern Europe, except that there the tables are placed out of doors, where gentlemen and ladies gather around them in the cool of the day, and call for a cup

\* From the Christian Treasury.

of tea or an ice-cream, or cakes and bread and butter. In China, the tea-tables, a dozen or two together, are placed usually within the house, having the doors and windows open. Here two or three, or more, Chinese men, not women, gather around each table, and over their tea-cups tell stories or report the gossip of the day.



Here the missionary, amid his way-side preaching, calls for a little while to rest after a weary walk, where he may also be sheltered from the sun; and seating himself by one of the tables calls for a cup of tea. This, spoken in the language of the place, attracts attention; and, suspending the little tea-cup



which is being conveyed to their lips, full of the fuming beverage of the country, each turns his almond-shaped eyes upon the stranger, surprised to hear this *fankuai* (foreign spirit) speak in the language of the celestial kingdom.

The missionary, perhaps, next asks the man nearest him his "honourable name." Still more surprised that this outside barbarian should know anything of civilization and the language of politeness, the company gather around him, and, as their curiosity gains upon their surprise, begin to ask a variety of questions; such as, "Why do you have so many buttons on your coat which are never used?" "Is it not very difficult to put your arms into such tight sleeves?" "How far is it to your honourable country?" "What do you have there to eat and drink, if you do not grow rice and tea?" Other questions lead on to the form of government, the rights of woman, the objects of worship.

Then the missionary finds a good opportunity for introducing his message, and speaking to them of "Jesus the only Saviour." At this name some are offended, having heard it spoken, but refuse in their thoughts to give him a higher place than that of a nobleman, or a sage, and think they are very liberal if they allow to Jesus a place of comparison with Confucius, and think the missionary very unreasonable if he presume to place him above their sage. At this place, which is filled with persons coming and going, or calling for tea, and with constant interruptions by questions irrelevant to the subject, the missionary can expect there and then to do little more than to direct the attention to the true God, and awaken an enquiry about this new religion. The bustle of the place must be exchanged for the quiet order of the chapel; and these first announcements of the gospel must be followed by instruction given with line upon line, and precept upon precept. For it is a mistake to suppose that it is easier to convert an ignorant

sensual heathen, brought up in superstition, than a man in this country, who has been taught the Scriptures from his childhood. The heathen seldom receive the gospel on first hearing it. They sometimes think they do, but on examination it is found that they do not understand the most simple truths, and have not the least idea of breaking off from their sins, and obeying the commandments of Christ. The novelty attracts them, and the promise of good pleases them, and they are ready to profess themselves disciples; but the missionary finds them as full of self-righteousness and sin as ever, and nothing but patient teaching, with the help of God's Holy Spirit, will convert them into true christians. Think not, dear children, that the missionary's work is easy. No, it needs the utmost patience; but when he does succeed in bringing the heathen to Christ, he feels amply repaid for all his anxious labour.

### POOR NED.

Before the negro slaves in the West Indies were set free, a regiment of soldiers was stationed near to one of the plantations cultivated by the slaves. One of the soldiers had often seen a slave, named Ned, pass by, and one day called to him and said, "Ned, I will teach you to read."

*Ned.*—"Oh, massa, me too much pleased to learn read," (meaning, I should be quite delighted to learn).

*Soldier.*—"But, Ned, I will teach you to read only on one condition."

*Ned.*—"Oh, massa, me much pleased learn read. What dat 'dition, massa?"

*Soldier.*—"It is this, Ned, that if I teach you to read, you must teach another to read."

Ned began to learn. As soon as he had learned his alphabet, he called to another negro, "I say you, you want learn read?" "Ay, Ned; I no read, no buckra (white) man teach

me read." "If I teach you read, you teach totter nigger read."

In this way the negroes went on, every one teaching another, until a large number had learned to read. The managers became apprehensive about it, and tried to put a stop to it. Finding it was all Ned's doing, they flogged him very severely till his back bled in many places. As soon, however, as poor Ned recovered from this, he began again to teach the negroes to read, and was punished more severely than before. Still he persevered, and the managers not knowing what to do with him, sent him to another estate, where he went on just in the same way, and so the negroes on this estate learned to read too.

When the slaves were set at liberty, the Bible Society presented every negro who could read with a Testament. A missionary was asked how many negroes on Ned's estate wanted Testaments; he answered, "A good number can read, I suppose fifty Testaments will be sufficient." Instead, however, of fifty, *six hundred* Testaments were required for poor Ned's disciples.

Now, dear readers, why should not you be as active and persevering as poor Ned was? You say you cannot *go* to teach the little black children to read; no, but you can help to send others. You cannot do much, true; but there are many who do nothing, and they might help you in your efforts. Go, then, and tell all the people you are acquainted with about the poor perishing heathen. Tell them that money is required to send missionaries to them. Put your own mite into the missionary box, and invite others to do so, and get them to invite others still, so that all may hear about and do something in the good work.

Do you believe that the heathen perish, unless they be brought to Christ? Then what is to become of your own soul?

## The Golden Lamp.

When it was proposed to place a Bible in every village in Burmah, the missionaries assembled some of the native preachers and Burman christians to ask their advice about it. When assembled the Bible was compared to the golden lamp of heaven, and the question was, whether this lamp should be hung up in every village of Burmah, that the people might see the heavenly light. The matter was discussed how the christian teacher could reach every village in Burmah, as the country was in a state of war, and many bands of robbers were lurking about, so that men could not safely pass from one city to another. As another difficulty, it was said that the people were pagan, and though in darkness, they loved the darkness rather than the light. They might be very glad to receive the Bible for the paper to use in making kites, or to use for wrapping paper, or to make ornaments to wear in their ears, or to wind round their tobacco to make cigars, but they did not wish the Bible to read, nor did they wish it in their houses that their neighbours might read it. Finally, after many difficulties were mentioned by these disciples, one old Burmese christian said it would be a very good thing to hang up this golden lamp in every village in Burmah, but he asked, "Who is to light it?" That is, it would be a good thing to put a Bible in every village of Burmah, but who is to explain it? The figure, to a Burmese mind, was full of meaning. Their lamp is simply a cup of oil, with a small piece of the pith of a plant floating on the surface for a wick, which is easily lighted. But the European lamp, which has been introduced among them, compared with their own is very complicated, and to a native, uninstructed as to the use of the shades, and burners, and screws, and patent wicks, and as to the way of *trimming and lighting* it up, it is a perfect mystery. This

foreign lamp is used to represent this foreign book. The Bible to them contained a great many strange names of persons and countries of which they have never heard, and of customs of which they are ignorant, and of coins which they never saw; and its parables, and poetry, and moral paintings, are all new and strange to them,—and how can they understand unless some one guide them? How can the golden lamp give light to those who sit in darkness, unless there be some one to light it up?

### Poor in this World, yet Rich in Faith.

I went one evening to a village in Tinnevely, principally to see poor David, who is ill, but also to hold divine service with the congregation. I went to David's house, to see him before service. It was, indeed, a picture of poverty. The poor man did not complain, but when I asked him about his food, he answered, "I eat what I can get, but that is very little, for I have not been able to work for many months. I feel as if I should enjoy a little mutton, but I know not how it is to be obtained for me. I cannot even get rice. A little *cholum* (a kind of grain) every day is all that I can get, and I do not know how that comes from day to day, nor how my necessities for to-morrow will be supplied, for I have nothing in the house now." This he said in answer to my questions, and not at all in a murmuring spirit. I have seldom seen so great a sufferer looking so cheerful as he did; and I believe that this cheerfulness was the result of faith in his Saviour, and confidence that he would supply all his need. I asked a little about his bodily health, though this was almost superfluous, for his appearance sufficiently indicated his disease and sufferings. I then enquired of him more particularly respecting his spiritual state. He replied, "My trust is in Christ,

for life or for death. If he is pleased to restore me to health I will praise his mercy. But if he is pleased to take me to himself, oh, what is this poor body," extending his swollen arms, "that I should desire to retain it any longer than he pleases! When I think of my sins I feel that they have been immense; but when I think of my Saviour, I feel that I have one thing to grasp hold of. I have nothing else, and I want nothing else: I neither have nor seek any other hope: I hold by this one grasp." After a few words of consolation and counsel, and a short prayer with him, I returned home. A few weeks after, he died.

### A Hindoo's Idea of the English People.

The Rev. G. Pearce was once crossing a river in India (the Hooghly), when he met with a native carpenter, and entered into conversation with him about idolatry. "Oh," said the man, "the gods I believe in are the English people." Mr. Pearce told him it was wrong to say so. "Why, look," rejoined the man, pointing to an iron steam-boat, "when *we* put iron into the water it *sinks*; but when *you* put it in it *swims*! Then look at that iron bridge which you have made! All our learned men could never have made it. And then," referring to a balloon that had been sent up a short time before, he added, "do not the gods live up in the sky? and one of your people went up in a round thing, I do not know where, flying up where the gods dwell. Then Mr. Jones, who built your house yonder; why, he was walking in the fields, and he smelt coals, and said, Dig down there, and they dug down, and found coals." All this was said in a breath, to the great astonishment of Mr. Pearce, who, while amused with the ingenuity of the reasoning, doubtless left his fellow-traveller with more correct ideas than he found him.

## A Gem Secured for the Saviour.

A dying Hottentot boy spoke in a manner which wonder to everybody, about going to be with Christ. who visited him says, his face was lighted up with a expressive smile, and his confident exclamation was, "going to heaven." It was with great clearness that he of the way of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. dying words were, "I am going home to be with my Saviour. How came he, a poor heathen boy, to possess this heavenly life? He had been to a native Sabbath school. God opened his heart to receive the instructions which there given him.

### *Lines*

Addressed to Esther Alice Francies and Emma Beal Francis by Miss Howard, accompanying some flowers gathered their father's grave at Jacmel, Hayti :—

We come from thy native land, fair child,  
From a sunny isle of the sea ;  
We come from our birth-place, lowly and wild,  
With a message of love to thee.

We have decked the grave where thy father sleeps,  
We have watched for the mourners' sighs ;  
But, alas, no friend or companion weeps  
O'er the spot where the stranger lies.

We asked for his kindred, and angels smiled  
As they gazed at a happy band,  
Where father, and mother, and lovely child,  
Were at rest in the better land.

We come from those angels to thee, sweet child,  
To tell thee that Jesus is love,—  
That he took little children and blessed them and smiled,  
And waits to receive them above.



### The Date Tree.

This tree belongs to the widely spread family of palms. It is generally found in desert lands, where scarcely anything else will grow. It is, therefore, very much esteemed. The fruit hangs in large clusters, and they are often sent as presents with the branches. The people inhabiting Eastern countries are generally fond of sweetmeats, and to them ripe dates are delicious. Its flavour is like that of the preserved citron from Madeira.

Wherever the date tree is found in the desert, it not only supplies good food for man and beast, but it always is a sign that fresh water is at hand. A considerable part of the



inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, live almost entirely on this fruit. Camels feed on the stones; baskets, bags, mats, and brushes, are made of its leaves; cages and fences of its branches; thread and ropes of its fibres; a spirituous liquor from its sap; and the trunk is used for fuel. In this manner, as in numberless other instances, does all nature show forth the goodness of God, who made "every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed," meat for his creatures, who are every moment dependent on his care.

### The Priest and the Bible.

In Normandy, among the Breton people, Popery still retains its power. But although for many hundreds of years the priests have pretended to instruct the people in the gospel of Jesus Christ, they have not translated into their language the Word of God. This was left to be done by the missionary of our Society, Mr. Jenkins, who about four years ago finished the translation of the New Testament into the Breton tongue, and it was then printed by the Bible Society.

For a little while it was sold by colporteurs from house to house. The colporteurs are book-pedlars. They go from place to place laden with a pack of Testaments and Bibles, which they sell to whomsoever they can, and at the same time speak to the buyers about their souls. By the influence of the priests, who are always afraid of the circulation of the Scriptures, the colporteurs have been stopped. The missionary then thought of another plan to give the people a knowledge of salvation. He employed two or three good women, who loved the Saviour, to go to the villages and offer to teach the men, and women, and children to read. Their lesson-book was the New Testament, and thus, while learning to read, the people learned to know Jesus and his love for sinners.

But lately the priests have begun to interrupt the teachers, and last Easter endeavoured to hinder the people from receiving their instructions. Some refused to go to confession, and were therefore refused absolution. Others were turned out of the church because they would not cease to receive the teachers. The priests preached from the pulpit against them. They also visited the houses where the teachers went, demanded to have the Testaments, and burnt some they obtained.

Mr. Jenkins has sent us the following account of some of these visits :—

“The priest entered the house of a weaver, who, with his son, took lessons of the teachers. When this man commenced he had no knowledge of reading, but got on so well that he was reading in the New Testament. He was not at home when the priest called, which gave the priest a good opportunity to tell his wife the teachers were not christians but heretics, and that their books were bad ; which so frightened the poor woman, that she said they should not come there any more. The priest, without asking leave, took away the poor man’s Testament, and said in case he would continue taking lessons he was sure to lose his work. This threat was also held out to a blacksmith, should he continue to transgress by taking lessons of the teachers. This man had three of his children receiving instruction, and it appears they were of the few that prefer learning to read in a small Latin book commonly made use of in this country, according to the Romish church. This man lives about three miles from the parish village, and yet the curé told him the priests would send him their horses to be shod, if he would comply with his request. The priest even told some neighbours to watch and let him know whether the teachers gave any more lessons in these families. However, the weaver came the following Sunday for another Testament, quite resolved to continue reading it.”

"Among those receiving instruction, there is one very interesting family where the father, mother, and children, learn to read, take great pleasure in hearing the gospel explained, and receive it joyfully. The priest called upon this family. The husband was not at home; the wife and eldest son were, and had to plead the cause of truth. The following is the substance of the conversation which took place, as related to me:—

"*Priest.*—'Do the Protestant females come here to teach?'

"*Wife.*—'Yes, certainly.'

"*Priest.*—'How do you take lessons of such persons, they are people who seek to change our religion?'

"*Wife.*—'Their religion is good.'

"*Priest.*—'No, no; they don't believe in Jesus Christ, that he is the Son of the everlasting Father; and they don't adore the virgin. The Protestants glut themselves with eating, and when they come together they brawl so much that they cannot understand each other.'

"*Wife.*—'I don't believe that, for their religion is good.'

"*Priest.*—'Their books are bad.'

"There were three New Testaments on the table, two Breton and one French. 'Louis,' said the woman to her son, 'give a Testament to M. le Curé, that he may show us what is bad in it.' As the boy was going to give him a Breton Testament, the priest said, 'Oh, that one is good enough, but the other,' pointing to the French Testament, 'is not good.' The priest probably calculated upon their total ignorance of French, but the son has lately learnt to read French, and to understand that language a little, and even to begin writing, by the assistance of the teachers. The good mother, nothing daunted, told her son to hand the priest the French Testament to point out what was bad in it. This the boy was going to do, when the priest, extending his arm so as to keep him from the book, said, 'No, no, I don't require it.' Turning to the wife, the

priest addressed her, 'Well, Marie Anna, you were formerly a parishioner of mine for six or seven years, and now you are become so again, and I always considered you to be a woman of religion.'

"'Yes,' replied the woman, 'that is very true. My grandmother left you ninety francs to have masses said for her; do you know whether she is gone to Paradise?'

"The priest's reply was a shrug of the shoulder. 'You will obey me, Marie Anna,' said he, 'as you are one of my parishioners.'

"'Yes, Sir,' said she, 'when you speak well according to God's word; I desire but that.'

"The priest said he hoped she would not change her religion, and asked her if she was not afraid of the persecution which befell the Vaudois.

"To this she made no reply, but the son said, that if all the priests in France preached to him he would not believe them.

"They told the priest that, according to her usual time, the teacher would soon arrive; but he replied he did not want to see her. So he said he had warned them, and went away."

Since this the teachers have been arrested, and a fine imposed upon them. The missionary hopes, however, there will be no stop put to their labours, as he has taken measures to have the unrighteous judgment altered. It is quite clear that the priests cannot bear to have the light of God's word brought where Popery prevails, and that rather than the poor people should be made acquainted with it, they will let them perish in their ignorance and sins.

### Hindoo Pilgrims.

*The following article contains the substance of a Sunday school address by an interesting young Hindoo convert, named*

Golah Shah, only twenty-one years of age, who was in England about a year ago, when we had the pleasure of a visit from him. It is feared that he has perished in returning to his native country, as the ship that conveyed him, "The Dalhousie," was lost, and only one who sailed in it, the steersman, is known to have survived.\* Our young readers will perhaps read the account with greater interest from knowing these circumstances :—

"There is no country upon earth where pilgrims and devotees of every description abound so much as in Hindostan. Will this be a matter of surprise, when it is known that the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon amount in number to three hundred and thirty millions? Not a day passes in this 'land of sunshine and of storm' but some festival is celebrated; and the entire lives of thousands of enthusiasts are passed in performing the revolting discipline of a devotion which consists not only of numerous absurd and fantastic ceremonies, but frequently of the most profane and sanguinary rites.

"Of the multitude of devotees and pilgrims in India, some idea may be formed, when it is known that in the province of Bengal alone the number of mendicants (and mendicancy is here a religious vocation) amounts to upwards of two millions. These persons are entirely supported by charity. The extent to which mendicancy is carried, especially among the Brahmins in Bengal, is scarcely to be conceived.

"Begging holds a conspicuous place among the religious obligations of the Hindoos. The Yogees, so highly esteemed for their sanctity, are universally beggars; and so complete is their influence over the vulgar, that these latter esteem it an enviable privilege to be allowed to minister to the necessities of these holy men. It is considered degrading for a devotee

\* Golah Shah was intending, on his arrival at Serampore, to enter the college there, to prepare himself for becoming a preacher of the gospel to his fellow-countrymen.

of any repute to submit to the drudgery of an honest trade. Thus it happens that these sacred persons are the most indolent, arrogant, and too often the most sensual wretches alive. It is impossible to help feeling that the begging friars must have derived their origin from these heathen idolators. During the winter, pilgrimages from all parts, especially of upper India, are performed to the Ganges, or holy river. The roads on the banks of the river at this period are crowded with devotees proceeding in large groups to the holy stream. They are usually well dressed, carrying on their shoulders a thick bamboo, from which, at either end, is suspended a frame, generally of coarse rattan work, containing a round wicker basket, covered and filled with provisions and other necessities for the journey. Upon their return, globular jars of earthenware are placed within these baskets, and the sacred water of the Ganges is carried in them, frequently to the distance of many hundred miles, for the services of their temples. The persons who make these stated pilgrimages to the holy river, generally form processions, exhibiting rather an agreeable scene to the traveller. They are attired in their newest garments, their baskets are adorned with feathers from the tail of the venerated peacock, and each party has one among them of superior dignity, who proceeds under an arched screen, ornamented inside with bells, and outside with peacock's feathers. At nightfall, many hundreds sleep or rest together in the magnificent mango groves on the road-sides. After sunset, in the cool of the evening, they assemble in groups for prayers, and a noisy camp is instantly converted into a silent and most imposing scene of devotion. These pilgrimages are not confined to the poor, destitute, and uninformed, but the rich, the independent, and the learned also swell the procession of devotees annually made to so many revolting shrines.

*"Although the Ganges is everywhere sacred, yet there are particular spots especially devoted to pilgrimages, and such are*

holy above all others. Hurdwar or Haridwar is the most venerated place in the estimation of all pious Hindoos. It is situated on the west-side of the Ganges, where it issues into the plains of Hindostan from the northern hills. Haridwar signifies the gate of gods, the term Hari being applied to each of the three persons in the Hindoo triad, although more usually to *Vishnu*. At some of these annual assemblies the crowd is prodigious: in 1796, it was said to amount to upwards of two millions and a half, although the place does not contain a thousand houses; but the great majority of visitors sleep in the open air under the shelter of trees, or under rude tents, during the continuance of the concourse. At the festival in 1814, several hundred persons were crushed to death owing to their eagerness to be first in taking the sacred bath. The street leading to the river was so narrow, and the rush so tremendous, that many were suffocated and others trampled to death by the pressure of the crowd. Since this awful catastrophe, the passages in which the mischief took place have been enlarged by the British Government, in order to facilitate the access to the river. The accident created a great sensation at the time among the superstitious devotees, who were unable to account for so severe a visitation, while some of the more fanatic among them looked upon it as a sacrifice to Siva, preordained by himself, and likely to render him the more favourable to those who survived this wholesale destruction."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

### The King of Cochin China.

The Government of Cochin China is a pure despotism. The nobles, especially in Siam, show the most profound submission, and approach the throne in the most abject manner, lying prostrate on their faces, and creeping on the ground.

The king has many pompous titles, but that of "*shoe*" or "*golden*," is the one most valued, and which must be applied to him on every occasion:—"A sound has reached the golden ears;" "A suitor has arrived at the golden feet;" "A smell has saluted the golden nostrils."



The king appears in public only on state occasions, surrounded by his nobles, in a sitting posture. The costume of the king of Cochin China is very peculiar and extremely splendid.

The golden barge carries from fifty to sixty rowers, each provided with a sword and lance, besides whom there are usually thirty soldiers armed with muskets; while on the prow, which is flat, a piece of ordnance, from a six to a twelve pounder, is mounted.



The state barges are richly decorated with gilding and carved work, and with floating pennons and streamers.



### The Earnest Listener.

A pious clergyman had a careless and idle son, who left his home, went on board a vessel, and sailed to a foreign land. His sorrowful parents could only pray for him, and send him good advice when they wrote to him. The ship which contained their boy reached a distant port, and was there waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kind of music. He amused them for a long time, but at last he said, "You must now take me on shore." The sailors told him that he must not go yet. "Oh, indeed I cannot stay any longer," replied the little black boy, "and I will tell you why. A kind christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ, in whom I now wish to believe. This is about the hour when he meets us under the shade of a tree, to tell us more; I want to go to hear him." The sailors were

quite overcome by the boy's cries, and at once rowed him ashore.

The clergyman's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned by them. "Here am I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus Christ than that poor boy, and yet caring far less about him! That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the word of life, while I am living quite careless about it!" In great distress of mind he retired that night to his hammock; but his pious father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation which he so much needed. He became a real christian; and great was the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached his parents.

Are there none of our young readers to whom the desire of this heathen boy to hear more of Christ, should come with equal force? With so many more ways than he had of knowing the true God, and Jesus Christ his Son, how few children in our own land show half his eager desire for religious knowledge, or are so sincerely desirous to believe in the Saviour!

### A Simple Fact.

A little girl, some ten years of age, had her mind deeply impressed with the truth of God in the Sabbath school. Upon retiring to rest one night, she was in trouble about her soul; and at the midnight hour, her anxiety had so increased, that it waked up the servant girl, who was sleeping in the same apartment. Upon interrogation as to the cause of her trouble, the little girl replied that she felt that she was a great sinner,—that she could not help herself, and that unless she obtained help she must go down to hell. She then requested the servant girl to pray for her. But she replied that she was not a

christian—she could not pray. The little girl then sent for her father. Upon entering the room, she asked him to pray for her. But he made the same reply that the servant girl had made,—he was not a christian,—he could not pray. But sympathising with his child's anxieties, he called her mother to the bedside.

This good woman had often been to the throne of grace; but never on an occasion like this. She poured her soul out in prayer to God for her child. God heard and answered her. During the same night, in the same room, by witnessing the melting scene, the servant girl was also hopefully converted, and in a few days the father became a christian.

But the good work did not stop here. The little girl went from house to house, telling of what a precious Saviour she had found, and inviting others to seek him,—and as a result of these labours, a glorious revival of religion, embracing the conversion of some forty souls, was attributable, under God, to her.

Such facts speak for themselves. They need no comment.

### The Devotee and his Pupil.

“They know not what they worship.”—*John* iv. 22.

About thirty years ago, a “jogi,” or devotee, was accustomed to sit under the shade of a tree near the road which leads from Allahabad down the river, where the Hindoo population went to perform their morning worship and bathing ceremonies. The jogi had a “thela” (pupil) whom he was instructing in his Shashtra (a sacred book). He laboured much and long, but never succeeded in teaching his pupil to read. When he grew old, and found himself near the close of life, he said to his pupil, “Inasmuch as you are not able to read this book, when I am gone you had better bury this book by the root of this

e, and come at certain times and *worship the book*; that will be the next best thing to having learned to read it." The idol did so. As the people continued to pass by for months, going and returning from their bathing-place, they saw this strange man regularly making his "puja," or worship, at the foot of the tree where the book was buried. They gradually began to turn aside, one after another, to join him. After some time, a shrewd shopkeeper of the city perceived that the idol could be turned to account; so he bargained with the owner for half the profits that might arise from the place, and then erected a temple under the shade of a tree. The worship and celebrity of the place have gone on increasing, and now there is a cluster of five or six temples in a cluster of trees, and a regular concourse of worshippers every Monday morning, especially of the devout Hindoo women of the city and surrounding villages, who go there to worship the divinity, which is supposed to reside there; and also a concourse of Mohammedan young men, who go to worship, at least to gaze at them when they come out from the seclusion of the female apartments, and appear in open day with their best clothes on. And once a year there is an immense concourse of many thousand people, who assemble there to make offerings of fruits and flowers, and pay honours to—they know not what.

### Good News from Jessore.

In the province of Jessore, in Bengal, there is a boarding-school for girls. The minister they attend is Mr. Parry, the missionary who is stationed there. He gives a very pleasing account of some of the scholars. In a letter, dated April 4th, 1853, he says that he had the pleasure of baptizing four of them at one time. They had been taught to read the Bible, and they attended worship in the school-room and at chapel.

just as English children do; but they must have read their Bengalee Bible with more attention than many children in this country read their English ones, and God blessed it to their hearts, and made it the means of their conversion.

One of these children said that she used to pray formally before she felt her need of the blood of Christ to cleanse her from her sins; but when it pleased God, some months ago, to awaken her to feel how sinful she was, and that she deserved to be cast into hell, she began to pray earnestly, and hoped that God had heard her prayers, and granted her a new heart and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. One of these young christians is an orphan. Another has a christian father who is blind. The third has a christian father, and the fourth a widowed mother. Two were formerly Mahommedans, and one a Hindoo. Their ages vary from ten to eleven years. Our young friends will join with us in hoping that these dear children will be enabled to remain steadfast, for as they grow up they will have many temptations from the idolatry that is all around them. But if they really love Christ as they appear to do, he will give them grace to resist temptation, and speak boldly in his name to their heathen countrymen around. Mr. Parry says that one of the school girls, who had lately visited Satheria while he was there, for the purpose of meeting her Mahommedan father, afforded Mr. Parry much pleasure, by publicly instructing many Hindoo and Mahommedan women. On the occasion of the Churuk festival, hundreds of men and women had assembled in the market-place to see the Tamasha (one of their gods) and buy trinkets. Thinking this a grand opportunity of making known to the poor blinded women the way of salvation, he proposed to her to take an elderly widow, a member of the Satheria church, to the Churuk market, among the women assembled there. As soon as they arrived at the said spot, they were surrounded by about a hundred and fifty women. Fooli, the name of the young person, commenced

reading a part of the New Testament, and the heathen women seemed surprised to find a female reading fluently a shastra, a name they apply to all sacred writings. The two christian females, the elder and younger, after the Scriptures had been read, exhorted their auditors to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

Dear English children, let not the little Bengalees be more zealous than you are, but imitate the example of this little girl, and try to be the means of leading others to the Saviour.

### The Blind leading the Blind.

Not to fall into the ditch, however. One of our missionaries noticed a woman who seemed quite blind, standing near the entrance of the place of worship in advance of the time for commencing the services, and enquired of her how she got there at all, and why so early. She explained that she was not totally blind, though she seemed so; her very imperfect vision had led her to start too early, had it not been for the habit of trying to make herself useful. "And, pray, what have you busied yourself about here?" "Oh," said she, "I have invited several passers-by to stop and enter the house of prayer!" Very well, said the missionary aside, if a blind woman can do so much for the cause of God, shame on those who have eyes, and yet do nothing!

### A Child's Missionary Hymn.

How precious is the story  
Of our Redeemer's birth,  
Who left the realms of glory,  
And came to dwell on earth!

He saw our sad condition,  
Our guilt, and sin, and shame;  
To save us from perdition,  
The blessed Jesus came.

He came to earth from heaven,  
To weep, and bleed, and die,  
That we might be forgiven,  
And raised to God on high.  
His kindness and compassion,  
To children then were shown;  
The heirs of his salvation,  
He claimed them for his own.

Oh, may I love this Saviour,  
So good, so kind, so mild;  
And may I find his favour,  
A young, though sinful child!  
And in his blissful heaven  
May I at last appear,  
With all my sins forgiven,  
To know and praise him there!

### Next Year.

We are glad to tell our readers that the "Juvenile Missionary Herald" is to be edited from January next by the REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, B.A., of Bradford, author of "Addresses to Children," and other little books. Parents, teachers, and the young people of our schools and families, will, we hope, do all they can to begin the year with a large circulation, and to *keep it up*. Mr. Green will, we are sure, do all *he* can to make every number interesting and useful, as well as helpful to the *Missionary cause*.



### Chalia Modliar.

Modliar is the highest native title in Ceylon, now that they have no king. It is a military title, as it answers to our Colonel. The Chalias are one of the distinct classes into which all the Singalese are divided. Though caste is not a part of the Buddhist religion, as with the Brahmins, yet it is very strictly observed, and some even of the priests maintain its sacred origin.

*About forty years ago, some of the Chalia priests endeavoured*



to bring back their religion to its early purity, by separating it from caste, polytheism, and other corruptions. This made the other priests very angry with them,—and as a proof of their zeal they curse one another, and deny “Nirwan” to each other. This *Nirwan* means annihilation, which Buddhists look upon as the chief good. Many efforts have been made to educate the daughters of the Modliars, but hitherto without effect. There are not enough of one caste to form a school, and the different castes will not allow their daughters to meet even for their improvement. So they are generally taught to read and write Singhalese by a priest, and they leave the benefit of English instruction to the “common people,” who, as in the days of our Lord, “receive it gladly.”

### Hindoo Pilgrims.\*

Next to Haridwar, Benares, or Casi the splendid, is the most sacred spot for pilgrimages. This celebrated city is said by the Brahmins to have been built of gold, but in consequence of the sins of the people it became stone, and latterly, owing to their increasing wickedness, it became clay. No earthquake is ever felt within its holy limits, and, in consequence of its peculiar position, it escaped destruction during a partial overwhelming of the world. With such a high character for sanctity it is no wonder that Benares is a favourite place of resort for devout worshippers and half-crazed enthusiasts. The whole face of the city, which lines the bank of the river, is one continued series of *ghauts* (or steps), for the accommodation of pilgrims.

Allahabad is another sacred spot. Here when a pilgrim arrives, he first sits down on the bank of the river, and has his head and body shaved so that each hair may fall into the

\* Concluded from page 168.

water, the sacred writing promising him one million years' residence in heaven for every hair thus deposited. After shaving he bathes, and the same day, or the next, performs the funeral rites for his deceased ancestors.

The most celebrated place for pilgrimage in India is the temple of Juggernaut, in the province of Orissa. It is difficult to ascertain the number of victims yearly sacrificed under the wheels of the car which contains the idol of Juggernaut, but they are some years said to exceed two thousand, though this is not common. Numbers of pilgrims perish on the road, and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river there are many hundreds of skulls, and the dogs, jackals, and vultures, seem to live on human prey.

The places visited by pilgrims are innumerable; but those that have been mentioned are the most celebrated. Gholah Shah, in conclusion, says, "I shall not say any more regarding the subject. Although I do not at all attempt to give you any contrast between the nature of Hindoo and Christian pilgrims in these few pages, it would not be inappropriate to make a few remarks regarding the nature of christian pilgrims by way of conclusion. The methods of Hindoo pilgrims for setting out for heaven are quite erroneous.

"Heaven is a place of love, and sinless purity, and holy joy. In setting out on our earthly journeys, we prepare in every way for our comfort and pleasure; but in setting out for heaven, the preparation consists not in making arrangements for comfort, but in giving up superfluities,—not in preparing for pleasure, but in practising self-denial, and obeying the word of the Lord. Bunyan's pilgrim begins his career with reading, weeping, and trembling, and crying out, 'What shall I do?' and then, heavy burdened as he is with sin, when he is once told by Evangelist to flee from the wrath to come, and knows which way to take, he sets out at once, not walking but run-

ning. In vain those who were nearest and dearest to him attempt to win him back again, they may as well try to persuade the winds, for he only quickens his pace at the sound of their voices, running on, with his fingers in his ears, crying out, 'Life, life, eternal life!' Thus it is with the true pilgrim; he is in real earnest; soul and body, head and heart, foot and hand, the whole man must be employed and go forward. How is it with you, hearers? have you set out willingly, or hesitatingly, or of necessity, or, indeed, have you set out at all? If not, the path you are treading is a perilous one, the ground is not safe under your feet. Set out, then, in this pilgrimage." Thus speaks Gholah Shah, as if from the borders of the grave, for it was a very short time after he gave this Sunday school address to the editor that he was consigned, as before mentioned, to a watery tomb, and at the same time, we feel assured, entered the heavenly Canaan, to which he beckons his young hearers. Listen to the words of this Hindoo youth, dear young friends, trust to the same Saviour, and you will, like him, be prepared for death whenever it may come, and meet him with joy in heaven.

### The Swearer Rebuked by a Child.

It was an excursion-day, and the carriages were nearly full, when a lady, evidently in ill-health, entered, leading a little son of four or five years.

She paused, and looked around in vain for a vacant seat. The gentleman by my side, perceiving her embarrassment, sprang to his feet, and politely offered his seat, which was accepted with a grateful acknowledgment.

She was about to take the little boy in her arms, when a gentleman on the opposite side extended his hands, saying,

"Come here, my boy, come and sit down upon my knee; I am better able to hold you than your mother is."

The child looked up for his mother's consent, then joyfully sprang to the seat so kindly offered. For some few moments, the gentleman amused himself by asking the child all manner of questions, drawing out his curious ideas, and listening with satisfaction to his artless replies.

Soon, however, his attention was drawn to an article in the paper he had just laid aside, and giving the boy some sweetmeats, he entered into an earnest political discussion with another gentleman by his side. At first it seemed they only sought amusement, and jokes and laughter were frequently intermingled with argument. But the contest gradually waxed stronger, until at length jokes were exchanged for profanity.

The boy had been very happy with his new friend; but when the first profane word was uttered, he looked up with astonishment. Tears gathered in his large black eyes, and laying the watch carefully aside, which had been given to him by the gentleman for his amusement, he slipped quietly to the floor, and fled to his mother.

"Where are you going, my dear?" exclaimed the gentleman, as he saw him moving off. "Come back, my boy, come back; I thought you were very happy a few moments since; what is the matter now? Come, you are a fine fellow, come and see what I can find for you in my pocket." But the boy clung to his mother, utterly refusing the extended hand.

"Well, now," exclaimed the gentleman, with evident chagrin, "this is very strange. I do not understand it. Come, my boy, tell me why you left me."

"Tell the gentleman, my dear," said his mother, encouragingly, "why you do not wish to sit by him."

"Because," said he, as he straightened himself back, and summoned all his resolution for the effort, "the Bible says *we must not sit in the seat of the acornor.*"

The gentleman looked confounded. For a moment the blood rushed to his high, expansive brow, and I thought he was angry. The mother was also surprised. She had not expected such a reply. But the man instantly regained his composure, and pleasantly said, "I hope you do not call me a scorner?" The boy leaned his head upon his mother's shoulder, but made no reply. "Come, tell me," continued he, "why do you call me a scorner?"

The child looked up, and simply but earnestly said, while a large tear stole quietly down his cheek, "I don't like, Sir, to hear you swear so."

"Oh, that is it, is it? Well," continued he, as the mother pressed her son to her bosom, and bowed her head to hide the tears which were starting in her own eyes, "come back and sit with me, and I promise you I will never swear again."

"Won't you?" asked the child earnestly; "then I shall love you very much indeed." Saying this, he allowed the gentleman again to place him on his knee; but it was quite plain to be seen he did not go back with the joyfulness with which he had at first taken the seat. The gentleman saw this. He felt that he had lowered himself in the estimation of that innocent and noble-minded boy. The thought evidently gave him pain; and he did all that he could to efface from his mind the unpleasant impression.

In explanation of this affecting scene, his mother said it was her custom to read a chapter in the Bible every morning to her son—explaining it as she could—and then to pray with him. That morning she had read the first Psalm; and when explaining to him the character of a scorner, among other vices she had mentioned profanity. Not fully comprehending the subject, but resolved at all events to do right, he thought it was really a sinful act to sit for one moment with a man who had taken God's name in vain.



**Hunooman.**

represents Hunooman, the monkey god of performed such wondrous feats in India, and cross the sea to Ceylon, where the deluded people, that was told them of his miraculous powers, their already long list of gods. It is needless to polish this is, and how wicked; for no English in ignorance as not to feel repulsed by the idea a monkey; and the little readers of this magazine most, expected to understand how offensive

such worship is to the pure and holy One, who has said, "Thou shalt have no other God before me."

The forests of Ceylon contain a great many monkeys, some as large as a young child. In their play, for you need not be told how frolicsome they are, they make a loud noise, resembling the puffing of a blacksmith's bellows. When several of them join in thus expressing their pleasure, the noise is more alarming than agreeable. The writer once saw a party of pleasure-takers descending one of the lofty mountains of Ceylon, in the forests of which elephants were the "game" usually met with, when they were suddenly struck aghast with a noise so loud and so near, that they expected a herd of elephants to be close beside them. They all stood—man, and horse, and dog—doubting whether to proceed or retreat; the only lady of the party suggesting the propriety of climbing a tree for refuge, when a native, who had accompanied them, coming up, dispelled their fears, saying to the lady, while he laughed most heartily, "Wanduroo, norua, Wanduroo, monkeys, ane' ane, monkeys."

It is supposed that the sacred tooth of Boodho, the great object of worship to all Boodhists, is the tooth of a large monkey. Be this as it may, there was formerly a monkey's tooth in the kingdom of Jaffuapatam, which was worshipped as one of Boodhos's teeth. Constantine, of Braganzee, carried it away, and destroyed it by fire, even though the king of Pegu offered him 800,000 livres for it. The priests then gave out that it had escaped from the hands of Constantine, and had settled down on a rose, where they had found it, and again enshrined it for the religious worship of the people. Thus do "the blind lead the blind." Oh, that those who are enlightened were but in earnest to save "both from falling into the ditch." And remember that those thus blinded by the Boodhist doctrines are more numerous than any other class of idolaters.

## The Perfect Pattern.

There is one pattern that all children should try to copy at all times, and only one. The best boys and girls that we see do not always do right. They sometimes do wrong. Children who are generally kind, are now and then cross and selfish. Those who often obey their parents do not always do just as they are bidden. Even those who think most about God, sometimes forget and trifle.

But Jesus, the Son of God, became a little child and lived on earth as we do. He felt the same as we feel. Sometimes he was hungry, and thirsty, and tired. Sometimes he was sorry, and sometimes he was glad. Satan tried to tempt him to do things that were not right, and to wish for things that were not proper. But he never once acted or felt amiss. He was always good. He always chose to do right, though it cost him great pain and sorrow. He would not do wrong to gain a very great pleasure.

Dear reader, if you wish to be really good, think how Jesus acted when he was a child. Ask your mother or your teacher to read to you what the Bible tells about it, and try to copy him in all things. Here are a few things that you should think about every day, and try to do the same.

Jesus obeyed his parents. He did as they desired him to do. He was content with what they gave him, and he loved to help them. In this he has set you an example that you should follow in his steps.

Jesus grew in wisdom. The child who does not like to learn, and will do nothing but trifle and play, is not like the child Jesus. Try, dear child, to learn what is good and true. Thank your kind friends who are willing to teach you, and grow in wisdom as you grow in age and size.

*Jesus gave you an example of early piety. He loved prayer.*



He loved the Sabbath. His soul was set on doing the will of God, his Father. Children, the example of Jesus should teach you to mind religion while you are young.

Jesus was always doing good to men. He went about doing good. He pitied those who were in want, and he fed them. He pitied those who were in pain, and he cured them. He pitied the blind, and he gave them sight. He pitied sinful men, and died to save them. You cannot do these things, but, if you try, you may do some good. You can be kind to your little brothers and sisters, and take care of them. The little girl who can sew may help to work for some poor child. The child who can read best may read the Bible to one who only begins to learn, or who cannot read at all. Those who have money need not spend it all for themselves. They may give part to help the poor, or to send Bibles to the poor heathen, or to the poor and needy at home. The child who only picks up what a feeble person has let fall, does some good, and tries, perhaps, to do as Jesus did.

Jesus was always kind and meek. He was never proud, never cross, never in a passion. He spoke so mildly and kindly that little children were not afraid to come to him. When people were rude and unkind to him, he did not hurt them again, or say an angry word. He was sorry for them, and he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Will you, dear child, try to be as Jesus was—always gentle and mild—never spiteful, never selfish—always ready to forgive others? If so, you will be a happy child, and a joy to those who love you.

Are you not sorry that you have so often been unlike Jesus? Do you not feel that you are a sinful child? Then beg the kind Saviour to pity you and forgive your sins, because his blood was shed on the cross for sinners such as you. If you pray with all your heart, he will hear you and pardon your

ins. He will help you by his Holy Spirit, and make you, day by day, more holy, more like himself.

### Praying and Doing.

"Bless the poor children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed the little boy just before he lay down on his nice warm cot, on a cold, windy night.

As he rose from his knees, his mother said, "You have just asked God to bless the poor children,—what will you do to less them?"

The boy thought a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I'd give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what, then, are you willing to do?"

"Why, when I get money enough to buy all the things I want, and have some over, I'll give them some."

"But you haven't half enough money to buy all you want, and perhaps never will have; what will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread,—the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money and buy a loaf myself."

"Take things as they now are; you know what you have of your own; what are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half my money; seven pennies, I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be better?"

## *Lines*

On the death of a young lady, who for many years  
a Sunday School Teacher.

She is gone !  
The young, the beautiful, the blest,—  
Gone to her rest,  
Where shadows ne'er gather, nor sorrows come,  
To darken the sky of the spirit's home,  
Far, far away !  
She is gone !  
Wash'd in the blood of Jesus her friend,  
Hers without end ;  
Whose name was the sweetest she breathed while here ;  
Whose cause was the dearest of all causes dear  
To her warm heart.  
She is gone !—  
From her mother dear, whose love she knew  
Was ever true ;  
Whose spirit is nearing the blissful shore  
Where her child hath gone, but an hour before,  
To welcome her !  
She is gone !—  
From her brother's sight, whose clinging heart  
Can scarce depart  
From the one he loved through each changing year,  
From the one who in death is still more dear  
Than when in life.  
She is gone !—  
And many friends are weeping now !  
And young hearts bow  
Over the cherish'd mem'ry of their dead,  
Their faithful teacher, who had often led  
Their thoughts to God.  
She is gone !  
Farewell ! sweet Christian, fare thee well !  
Where angels dwell  
Is now thy home ! With sainted ones unite,  
And echo through that world which hath no night  
Redeeming love !



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